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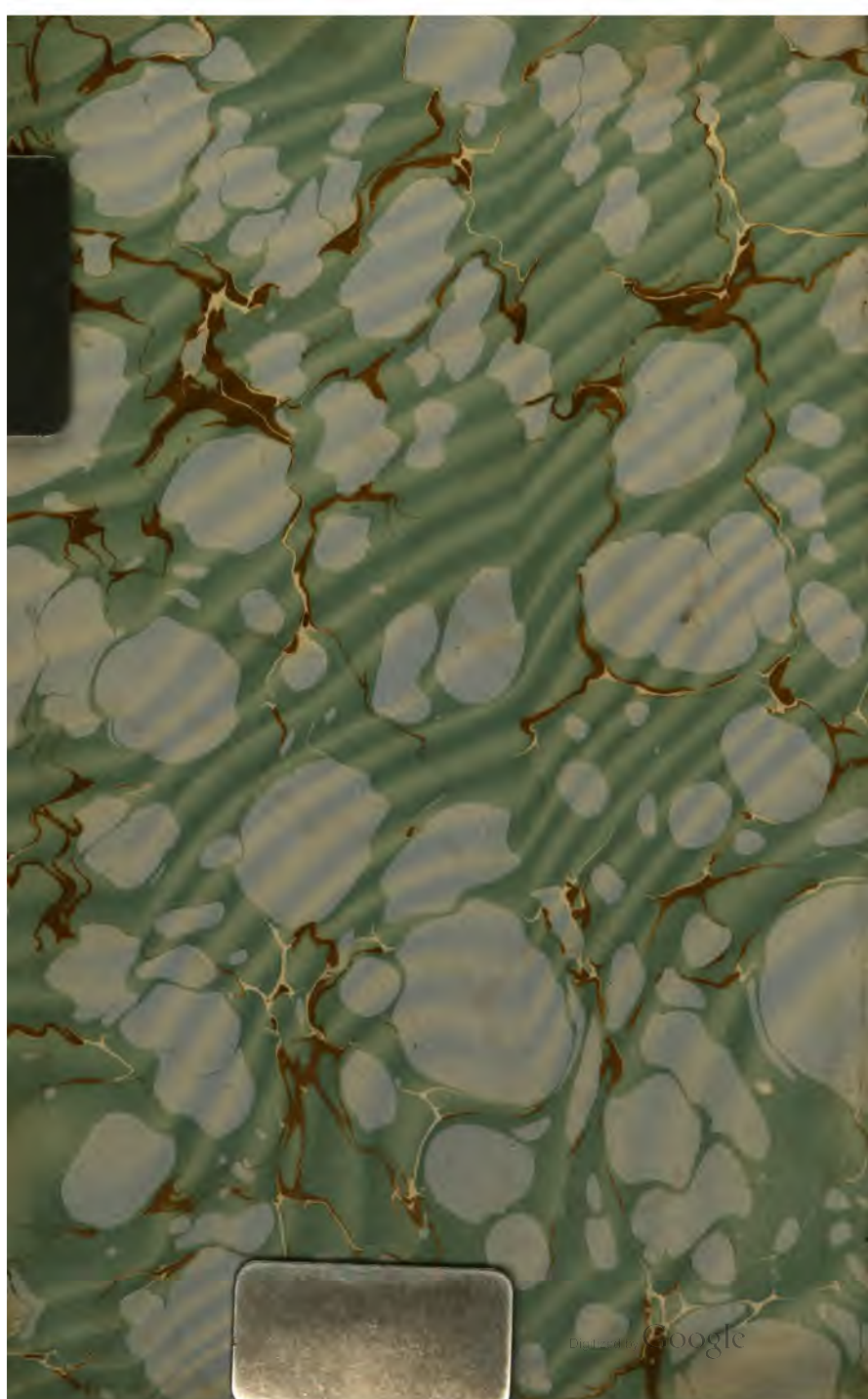
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Case 91

David Laine's copy with his corrections  
and afterwards Thos. Wright  
with his.

James 1007

27418

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The red ink collations were originally made in Mr Laing's pencil; I afterwards went over them with the red ink, in order to preserve them.

abound. The tale of Henry & Blanche forms as far as I am personally concerned, an exception: my own collations are from a beautiful & hitherto unnoticed MS in Bibl. Publ. Cantab. G. g. 4. 27. But the corrections in Red Ink are from the hand of Mr Laing who furnished Hartshorne with the transcript from wh he printed; and who, on this book falling accidentally into his hands for a few days, felt naturally anxious to rescue himself from the charges of carelessness or stupidity, & collated the transcript with the MS.

The Collations of Piers of Fulham also are an exception being taken from another MS. in Bibl. Publ. Cantab. L. l. 4. 14. not so the red ink collations wh record Mr L's variations from his own original in Trinity MS.

The collation of the Greewold's Dance are also from the pen of Mr. Laing. Many of the poems have also been collated by my friend T. Wright Esq of Trin. Coll, while using this volume: all these are noted with his initials or name.

David Laing's Copy sold at his Sale for

£ 1 - 12 - 0<sup>3</sup>

→ bought by Vernon Brewer  
King William St. Strand  
Sale Dec 1st 1879





*The red ink citations were  
originally made in Mr Lais;  
in pencil; I afterwards went  
over them with the red ink, in  
order to preserve them.*

# ANCIENT METRICAL TALES:

CHIEFLY PRINTED  
FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES.



# Ancient Metrical Tales :

PRINTED CHIEFLY

FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES.

EDITED BY

THE REV. CHARLES HENRY HARTSHORNE, M.A.

"Adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema."



LONDON :

WILLIAM PICKERING.

MDCCCXXIX.

**ENGLISH SCHOOL  
LIBRARY,  
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**Thomas White, Printer,  
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TO  
SIR FRANCIS FREELING, BARONET,  
THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED,  
IN ADMIRATION OF HIS  
LITERARY TASTE,  
AND IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE  
KINDNESSES  
CONFERRED BY HIM UPON ITS  
EDITOR.



## A POSTSCRIPT PREFACED.

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Little Wenlock, Salop, Dec. 15, 1893.

THE present Volume is sent forth in a smaller size than that in which its Editor originally intended it should appear. It was commenced during a residence in the University, and purposed for enlargement as future opportunities might occur. But as nearly four years have now elapsed since the transcripts were first made, and as there appears every probability of a still longer delay if the Editor's earlier plans are adhered to, he has thought it prudent to abandon them, and commit it to the press in its present state.

The professional duties of a large parish, together with a want of access to those books illustrative of Early Poetry, which are to be found only

in the Libraries of the curious, have prevented him from elucidating his subject by more copious notes or a glossary.\* To the reader, already initiated into these mysteries, such helps would be unnecessary, whilst the wants, or the complaints of those who are but beginning to tread in the "primrose path," may be answered by the words of Sir Philip Sidney; "that there are many mysteries contained in poetry, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused."

\* The earliest transcript was *Piers of Ffulham*; to this are appended some scanty notes at the end of the present volume, which may serve to show, in part, what was the editor's plan of illustration.



## CONTENTS.

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I. KING ATHELSTONE. Page 1.

THE volume in Caius College Library from which this Romance is transcribed, contains the following pieces: it is in small quarto, and written upon vellum, about the middle of the 14th century.

1. Vita Ricardi regis prima (imperfect).
2. Hic incipit de milite Isumbras. (*Imperfect.*)
3. . . . . vita S<sup>ma</sup> Katerine Virginia.

This contains about seven hundred and sixty lines: there is also in the Library her life in Latin verse, written by Carolus Scotus, and dedicated to the Bishop of Lincoln: this latter appears to have been the author's own copy.

*Incipit hic Matrimas*

4. ~~Eight~~ ~~Matin~~ ~~Masses~~ De cruce in Anglicis verbis transpositi.

~~At myd day he was sayd foot and hande~~

~~Ihu to the roode.~~

*Erly in a morewen þe uives þu gan take  
þys ffrendys and þys dysceples wone þy m hadde fforsake &c.*

6 s. Bevyys of Hamptoun.

110/  
3/3/29. 4/

Lordyng lystnith to my tale  
That is meryer than the nightingale.

3/ 5 s.

KING ATHELSTONE.

Lord that is off mytys most  
Ffadyr and sone and holy gost.

7. *Hic incipit de spiritibus guidonis. Imperfect.*

II. A TALE OF KING EDWARD AND THE SHEPHERD. Page 35.

The Manuscript from which this tale is transcribed is in the Public Library, lettered Ff. v. LXVIII. it is a paper book in small quarto, written in the 15th century, containing a collection of English poems, ascribed in the Old Catalogue of this Library to Gilbert Pilkynghon, because at the end of one of them there is written "Explicit q<sup>d</sup>. Gilbert Pilkynghon;" a form often used by transcribers of MSS. and which I have several times met with at the end of Treatises, whose titles plainly shewed them to have been written by persons different from those who placed their signatures after this manner at the conclusion. When therefore such modes of expression as "Explicit A. B." or "Finis quod A. B." occur in MSS. it can only be inferred that A. B. was the transcriber, and not that he was the author. I see no sufficient ground for ascribing even the single poem at the conclusion of which the forementioned rubric is found, to this Gilbert Pilkynghon, much less for making him the author of the miscellaneous contents of the volume.

The beginning of this MS. is wanting : the first article now is :—

No.

1. A Fragment of a Poem, which might not unaptly be stiled, The Manual of Parish Priests, containing directions for preaching, and other parts of the ministerial function.—*Quere*, whether not the work of John Merks, canon of Lillesbull, who translated into English verse the treatise of Pagutas,\* entitled *Pars Oculi Sacerdotis*.—*Vide Tanneri Bibl.* p. 436.
2. The A B C, or short moral rules under each letter of the Alphabet.
3. A tabull of diverse moneth in the Yere, if thonder be herd in theym, what it betokeneth, after her seyngs that ar holdyn wyse men of sich things.
4. *Contra fures et latrones, oratio latina.*
5. *Passio Domini.*

“ Herkyne now if y’ wille

“ Off mycull pyle ye mowe lere

“ Off I. H. S. that us alle wrought

“ And syn he oure sowles bowgt.”

At the end, “ *Explicit Passio domini nostri Jesu Christi*  
2<sup>d</sup> *dominus Gilbert Pylkynton.*”

6. *Memento Homo.*

“ When the hed waketh memento.”

+ John de Burgo.

No.

7. Against the seven deadly sins from the example of the contrary virtues in our Saviour.

*With a garlande of thornes here.*

8.

~~A TALE OF A LADY.~~

*The unnatural daughter. p. 131.*

*"With garlande of thornes here."*

*Herkyus now better more and less.*

9. A TALE OF KING EDWARD AND THE SHEPHERD.

This is one of those popular tales, which represent our Kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. It seems to be a different work from the very ancient poem entitled John the Reeve, mentioned in the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, (vol. ii. p. 169, edit. 1767,) because the adventure here described passed between the King and a Shepherd, and because this poem appears to exceed the other in length, (what we have here consisting of about 900 lines,) and the rubric at the end, "Non finis sed punctus," shewing it to be imperfect. The language is, I think, as old as Edward IV.

10.

THE NIGHTINGALES SONG.

"In a morning of May as I lay on slepyng  
 "To here a Song of a foule I had gret likyng  
 "I hard a nytyngale syng I likyd hir full welle  
 "She seid to me a wondrous thyng I shall tell the  
 every delle."

No.

11.

## THE BASON, A TALE.

A ludicrous story of a Parson and his Brother, the latter of whom having an unthrifty and incontinent wife, the Parson contrives by a spell to expose her and her paramour to shame, and the tale ends with her repentance and amendment ; the incidents are highly laughable, and the whole is a good specimen of that humour which made it

Merry in the hall  
When beards wagged all.

It has been printed incorrectly by Jamieson.

12.

## THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM.

This poem is printed in the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, (vol. II. p. 13,) and the ingenious editor rightly observes, that Bedwell, who first published it in 1631, reduced the orthography to the standard of his own times. The first stanza in the MS. is as follows :

“ Of all these kene conquerours to carpe is oure kynde

“ Offe fel feghtyng folke ferly we fynde

“ The Turnament of Tottenham have in I mynde

“ Hit were harme sich hardynesse were holdyn behynde.

“ In story as we rede

“ off Hawkyn, of Harry

“ off Tymkyn, of Tyrry

“ of thaim that were dughty

“ And hardy in dede.”

No.

Bedwell, we are told, held this poem to have been written by one Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been sometime parson of Tottenham, and authour of another poem entitled " Passio domini Jesu Christi." From these circumstances I apprehend that Bedwell published from this very MS. and that his authority for attributing either poem to Pilkington was no other than the rubric before noticed, which led the compiler of the former Catalogue to make him the author of the whole contents of the volume.

13. Prognostications of the following year, from the day of the week on which Christmas-day happens to fall.

14. A poem against Adultery, including a Tale of two Brothers.

" Man for thy mischief thou the amende  
 " And to my talkyng thou take gode hede  
 " Fro vii dedly synnes thou the defende  
 " The lest of alle is for to drede."

15. The Virgin's tale of her Son's Death.

" Lystyn Lordyngs to my tale  
 " And ze shall her of on story  
 " Is better than ony wyne or ale  
 " That ever was made in this cuntry  
 " How Iewys demyd my son to dy."

No.

## 16. The Lamentation of the Virgin.

" Of alle women that ever borne  
 " That berys children abide and se  
 " How my son liggns me beforne  
 " Upon me kne takyn fro tre."

## 17. A Poem to the Virgin.

" Mary Moder wel thou be  
 " Mary Mayden thynk on me  
 " Maydyn and Moder was never non  
 " To the Lady but thou allon."

## 18. Prophetick rules to know will happen according to the day of the week on which the year beginneth—

" A man that will of wisdom lere."

## 19. Poems on the Festivals and Gospells, beginning with Saint Michael's day. Written in a different hand—

" Saint Michael the archangel and his fellagh also  
 " Er be twene God and us to schewe quat we shall do."

## 20. Principium Angliæ, or a Chronicle of England from Gogmagog to Edward II.

" Herkenet hideward Lordinges  
 " Ze that willen here of kynges."

## THE MOURNING OF THE HARE.

" Fer in frith as I can fere

" Myself syzand alone

" I hard the mourninge of an hare

" Thus dolfully she made her mone."

22. Prognostics of the seasons in prose.

23. A Ballad.

" I have forsworn hit while I life to wake the well."

24.

## A BALLAD.

" NOW OF THIS FEEST TELLE I CAN."

25. TALE OF A LADY, THAT LIVED NOT IN GRACE, THAT  
VERY GOD WAS IN FORM OF BREAD.

" God that on the Rode was sent

" Grant me grace redely to know the case

" To mewe this matter I have ment

" Clerely to declare God give me grace."

The Lady carried home the consecrated bread, and  
buried it under a pear-tree, and a wonderful miracle  
ensued for her conviction.

26.

## TALE OF THE LADY AND THOMAS.

" As I me went this andyrs day

" Fast on my way making my mone

" In a merry mornyng of may

" Be Huntley banks myself alone."



No.

## 27. THE TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.

" In somer serson when shawes be sheyn  
 " And leaves be large and long  
 " Hit is full mery in feyre foreste  
 " To here the foulys song."

The first stanza of the story of Robinhood and Guy of Gisborne, printed in the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, is evidently borrowed from this, but the tale in the MS. is different from the printed one. The MS. is here so damaged by the damp as to be nearly illegible, and would require much pains and trouble to decypher. From a cursory examination, it appears to me to contain the story of this celebrated robber and the Sheriff of Nottingham.

" Hit is a fourtnett and more seyde Robyn  
 " Syn I my Savior se  
 " To day will I to Notyngham."

He goes to church, where

" Be side hym stode a gret heded munke."

who incurs the malediction of the poet—

" I pray to God, woo he be  
 " Ful sure he knew gode Robyn  
 " As sone as he hym se."

b

The gates of the town are shut, and Robin Hood imprisoned, but released by a stratagem of Little John. Very few of these poems have any titles in the MS. I have adopted such as seemed best to suit the contents of each, and I have inserted their several beginnings, that the curious in Ancient English Poetry may the easier identify them when met with in other MSS.

III. FLORICE AND BLANCHEFLOUR. Page 81.

The Editor is indebted to David Laing, Esq. of Edinburgh, for the transcript of this beautiful fragment. *But I hope not for the mistakes that are found in it. D.L.*

IV. PIERS OF FFULHAM. Page 117.

Transcribed from a folio MS. in Trinity College Library, written upon paper about the beginning of the 15th century, containing chiefly piece by Lydgate.

V. HERE FOLOWETH A GOOD ENSAMPLE OF A LADY THAT WAS IN DYSPEYRE. Page 134.

Transcribed from a paper book in folio, written late in the 15th century. Lettered Ff. 11. xxxviii. in the Public Library. The beginning of the MS. is wanting. Its contents are—

No.

1. The seven salmes.

2. A salutation of oure Lady.

“ Heyle fareest that ever God fonde

“ Heyle modyr and maden free

“ Heyle floure of Josep wonde

“ Heyle the fruyt of Jesse.”

No.

3. The ten Commandements of Almyghty God.
4. The vii werkes of merci bodili.
5. ————— gostli.
6. The v bodyly wyttes.
7. ——— goostly ———
8. The vii deedly synnes.
9. The vii vertues contrarie to the vii dedle synnes.

The next 7 articles are in prose.

10. The xii articles of the beleve.
11. The xii Sacraments shortly declared of St. Edmonde of Pounteneye.
12. A treatice of thre arowis that shullen be schott on Domesday agenste them that shullen be dampnedd.
13. The viii tokens of Mekenes.
14. The Life of Marye Mawdelyn.
15. The Lyfe of Seynte Margaret.
16. ————— Seynt Thomas [of Canterbury.]
17. xii profyts that men may gete in sufferiing of bodely anger.
18. The mirror of vices and of virtues, which also ys clepyd the Sevene Ages.

“ His wondre to descriye soo

“ In name he ys begeten with synne

“ The chylde ys the modres deedly foo

“ Or they be fully partyd on twynne.”

19. The ix lessons of Dirige, which is clepyd Pety Ioob.

No.

20. The Proverbis of Salamon. "Waste bryngyth a kyngdom in nede."
21. The markys of medytacyonis. "Almighty God in Trynite."
- ✕ 22. On the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

"A lovely tale y yowe tell may."

23. The Lyfe of Seynt Kateryn.

"All tho that be crystenyd and dere."

24. The Chartire of Criste. "Who so will over rede this boke."
25. The xv tokenys before the day of dome. "The grace of the Holy Goste."
26. How the goode man taght hys sone. "Lystenyth all and ye shall here."
27. A good ensampl of a Lady that was in despeyre.

"Cryst that was crucyfyed for synners untkynde."

- + 28. The Lamentation of the Blessed Virgin for the Death of her Son.

"Lystenyth Lordyng to my tale."

- + 29. Another Poem on the same subject. "Of all wemen that ever were borne."

No.

30. A Poem against Adultery. "Man for myschefe thou  
the amende."  
31. How a merchande did hys wyfe betray. "Lystenyth  
Lordyngs y yow pray."  
32. A gode mater of the merchand and hys sone.

"Lystenyth ye godely gentylmen and all that ben  
hereyn

"Of a ryche franklyn of ynglond a song y wyll begyn."

33. The Erle of Potous.

"Jesu Cryste in Trynite

"Oonly God and Persons thre

"Graunt us wele to spede

"And gyf us grace so to do"

That we may come thy blys unto

On rode as thou can blede.

34. Sir Eyllamour of Artus. "Jesu Lorde oure hevyn  
kynge."

35. Syr Tryamowre. "Heven blys that all schall wynne."

36. The Tale of the Emperor Octavian. "Lytyll and  
mykyll olde and yonge."

37. Befyse of Hampton. "Lordyngs lystenyth grete and  
small." \*

38. Dioclesean the Emperor. "Some tyme was a noble  
man."

\* This differs so much from the copy in the Latin MS. (vid my house-  
script A. a. 1) which I have followed that it would be desirable to have a  
separate reprint of it. It begins thus;

Lordyngs lystenyth grete & small  
Meryer þou þe myghtyngale  
I wyll you syng  
Of a knyght, y wyll you telle  
That hight Befyse of Hampton  
wythout lesyng &c.

It changes its metre also, at  
rather you to hys chaimayr by Cad &c.

No.

39. Guy of Warwick. " Sythe the tyme that God was borne."

40. " Lystenyth now y schall yowe telle  
 " As y fynde in parchement spelle  
 " Of Sir Harrowe the gode baron  
 " That lyeth in Awfryke in pryson."

41. Le bone Florence of Rome.

" As ferre as men ryde or gone."

42. Robert King of Cysyll.

Pryncys that be prowde in presse.

43. Sir Degarre, imperfect.

" Lystenyth Lordings gent and free.

VI.	A BALLAD.	Page 145.
	From the same Manuscript. ✕	
VII.	A TALE OF THE UNNATURAL DAUGHTER.	Page 151.
	From the Manuscript Ff. v. lxviii.	
VIII.	THE MOURNING OF THE HARE.	Page 165.
	From the same Manuscript.	
IX.	A TALE OF A FATHER AND HIS SON.	Page 169.
	From the same Manuscript.	
X.	A TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.	Page 179.
	From the same Manuscript.	
XI.	THE TALE OF THE BASTY.	Page 198.
	From the same Manuscript.	

✕ This must be part of some of this Romance, but I looked the list so rapidly over that I could not see it.

## XII. THE COKWOLDS DAUNCE. Page 209.

The Editor has again the pleasure of thanking his friend David Laing, Esq. of Edinburgh, for his obliging transcript of this poem, from a manuscript in the Ashmolean Museum, written about the middle of the 15th century.

This ancient bourd may serve as a companion or counterpart to the well known poem of *The boy and the Mantle*, published by Bishop Percy in the *Reliques of English Poetry*, vol. 3, p. 1, in which the trial of the Horn is alluded to in the following lines :

“ The little boy had a horne,” &c.

The allusion to the Drinking Horn in the *Morte d' Arthur* is supposed to have suggested to Ariosto the tale of the Enchanted Cup.

## XIII. TO ALL FALSE FLATTERING FREEMEN OF CAMBRIDGE, &amp;c. Page 222.

Transcribed from a manuscript upon paper in Archbishop Parker's collection in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

## XIV. BILLA POSITA SUPER HOSTIUM MAJORIS. Page 225.

Transcribed from Cole's manuscripts in the British Museum.

## XV. DOCTOUR DOUBBLE ALE. Page 227.

Transcribed from a black letter volume, supposed to be unique, without printer's name, place or date, in the Bodleian. From the style it appears to have been written by Skelton.

**XVI. HERE BEGYNNETH THE JUSTES OF THE, MONETH  
OF MAYE. Page 246.**

Transcribed from a black letter volume in the Pepysian Library, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and supposed to be unique.

**XVII. WILLYAM AND THE WERWOLF. Page 256.**

This fragment is printed as a specimen of a much larger fragment, beautifully written upon vellum, in folio, towards the close of the 14th century.

[The Editor takes this opportunity of expressing his thanks to the Provost of King's College, for his permission to transcribe so curious a romance.]

**XVIII. JACKE OF THE NORTHE. Page 288.**

Transcribed from a folio manuscript, upon paper, in Archbishop Parker's collection.

**XIX. THE KYNG AND THE HERMIT. Page 293.**

Reprinted from the British Bibliographer, volume iv. p. 81.

**XX. HEERE BEGINNETH A MERY TALE OF DANE HEW  
MUNK OF LEICESTRE. Page 316.**

From a black letter copy, printed by John Allde.



THE ROMANCE  
OF  
KING ATHELSTONE.

EX MSS. No 174. APUD COLL: CATH: CANT.

175.

LORD that is off myȝtys most  
Ffadyr and sone and holy gost  
Bryng us out off synne  
And lene us grace so for to wyrke  
To loue both god and holy kyrke  
That may hefene wyne  
Lystnes lordyngs that ben hende  
Off ffalsnesse hou it wil ende  
A man that ledes hym therin.

3.5/

u./

Off ffoure weddyd brethryn I wole yow tel  
That woldȝ yn yngelond go dwel  
That sybbe wer nouȝt off kynde

3ow i tel/  
wolden/  
3/

B

geres./  
wolden yn/  
kynde/  
wir/  
And alle four messangres they were  
That wolde you yn yngelond lettrys bere  
As it wes here yfynde  
By a fforest gan they mete  
With a cros stood in a strete  
Be leff undyr a lynde.

And as the story telles me  
Ylke man was of dyvers cuntere  
In book iwreten we fyfynde.  
Ffor loue of here metyng thar  
They swoor hem weddyd brethryn for every man  
In trewthe trewely dede hem bynde.  
The eldeste off hem ylkon  
He was hytt Athelston  
The kyngs cosyn der

He was of the kyngs blood  
Hys eemes sone i undyrstood  
Therefore he neydyd hym ner  
And at the laste weel and fayr  
The kyng hym dyyd wythouten ayr  
Thenne was ther non hys pere.  
But Athelston hys eemes sone  
To make hym kyng woude they nouzt schen  
To corowne hym wyth gold so clere.

Now was he kyng semely to se  
 He sendes afftyr hys brethryn thre  
     And gaff hem her warysdom.  
 The eldest brothir he made eerl of Downe  
 And thus the pore man gan come.  
     Lord off tour and toun.  
 That othir brothir he made eerl of Stane  
 Egelond was hys name  
     A man of gret renoun.  
 And gaff hym tyl hys weddyd wyf  
 Hys owne sustyr. dame Odyth  
     With gret deuocoun.

*warisoun.**douere**coure. i. e. }  
toun for recover**s.**off**odyth.*

The ferthe brother was a clerk  
 Mekyl he cowde off goddys werk  
     Hys name it was Alryke  
 Cauntyrbury was vacant  
 And fel in to that kynges hand  
     He gaff it hym that wyke  
 And made hym bysschop of that stede  
 That noble clerk on book cowde rede  
     In the world was non hym lyche.  
 Thus avaunsed he hys brothir thorw all gras  
 And Athelston hym seluen was  
     A good kyng and a ryche.

*i**a**y. - lrs - j. goddis*

*s.* And he that was eerl of Stane

*e.* Ser Egeland was his name

Was trewe as þe schal her.

*Thorw. j.*

Thorw the myȝt off goddys gras

He gat vpon the countas

Twoo knave chyl dren dere

That on was ffyftene wynty r old

That othir thryttene as men me told

*here*

In the world was non her pere

Also whyt so lyl ye fflo ur

Red as rose off her colour

*j. here.*

As bryt as blo s me on brer.

*both.*

Both the eerl and hys wyff

The kyng hem louede as hys lyff

*here*

And her sones twoo

And often sythe he gan hem calle

*both*

Both to boure and to hal le

To counsayle whenne they scholde goo

Theratt ser Wymound hadde gret envye

*that were wy.*

*that e.o.d. wyth the* Th \* \* \* eerl of doner wyn \* \* \*

In herte he was ful woo

He thouȝte al for here sake

Ffalse lesyngs on hem to make

To don hem brenne and sloo.

And thanne ser Wymound hym bethoufte  
Here loue thus endure may noufte.

Thow~~w~~ wurd oure werk may spryng.  
He bad hys men maken hem far  
Vnto Londone wolde he far

To speke with the kyng.  
Whenne that he to Londone come  
He mete with the kyng ful sone

He sayde welcome my dere kyng  
The kyng hym frayned soone anon  
Be what way he hadde igon  
With oute ony dwellyng.

Come thou ou~~tt~~ be Countyrbery  
There the clerke syngen mery  
How fa~~ry~~th that noble clerk  
That mekyl canon goddys west

Knowest thou ou~~tt~~ hys state  
And come thou ou~~tt~~ be the eerl of stane  
That wurthy lord in hys wane

Wente thou oute that gate  
How fares that noble kny~~tt~~  
And hys sones fayr and bry~~tt~~  
My sustyr ~~iff~~ that thou wate.

serc wy. j.  
thorw. j.  
jare.

derelyng

outen.

ou~~tt~~ b. caun  
clerkys  
\* Bothe erly and late.

can on'g. werk.

j.  
j. s.

ou~~tt~~

j.  
j.  
j.

Sere outen  
caunt...

Ser thanne he sayde withoute les

Be Countyrbery my way i ches

Ther spak i with that dere

j... with clerk.  
work

Ryft weel he greetes thee that noblesest

That mykyl can off goddys west

In the world is non hys pere

s... drowj

And also be Stane my way i drow

e. nowj.

With Egeland i spak i now

clere.

And with the countesse so dere

j.

They fare weel is nougt to layne

here... fayne

And both her sones the kyng was frayne

And in his herte made glad chere.

sere. j.  
w.

Ser kyng he sayde iff it be thi wille

To chaumbyr that thou sholdest wenden tylle

Counsayl for to here

by dande

I schall the telle a swete ydande

Ther.

That comen nuer non swyche in this lande

j

Off all this hundryd ter

The kynges herte than was ful woo

With that traytour for to goo

forth in ffere

They wente bothe forth in sper

were chas. with inme

And whenne that they wer the chaumbyr wythynne

lesyngis

False lesyng he gan begynne

deri

On hys weddyd brothyr der.

Ser kyng he sayde woo wer me  
 Ded that I scholde see the  
 So moot I haue my lyff  
 Ffor by hym that that al this worl wan  
 Thou hast makyd me a man  
 And i hope me ffor to thryff  
 Ffor in thy land sere is a fals traytour  
 He wol doo the mykyl dyshonour  
 And brynge the on lyve  
 He wole deposen the slyly  
 Sodaynly than schalst thou dy  
 Be crystys wondys ffyve.

*Sere were*

*this world*

*i holpe*

*lyue*

*wondrous fyve.*

Thenne<sup>s</sup> sayde the kyng so moot thou thee  
 Knowe i that man and i hym see  
 His name thou me telle  
 Nay sayde that traytour that wole i nouzt  
 Ffor al the gold that ever was wrouzt  
 Be masse book and belle  
 But ziff thou me thy trowthe wil plyzt  
 That thou schalt never bewrong the knyzt  
 That the the tale schal telle  
 Thanne the kyng his hand up rauzte  
 That ffalse man his trowthe be tauzte  
 He was a deuyl off halle.

*says. nouzt  
ever. j.*

*never be wrong. j.*

ser. kynge.  
 flyjt.  
 were

Ser kynge he sayde thou madyst me<sup>+</sup>  
 And now thou hast thy trowthe me playzt

Our counsayl for to layne

Sertaynly it is non othir

e  
 those were

But Egeland thy weddyd brothir

He wolde that you wer slayne

v.

He dos thy sustyr to undyrstande

He wole be k yng off thy lande

And thus he be gynnnes here trayne

j

He wole the poyoun ryft slyly

Sodaynly thanne schalt thou dy

Be hym that suffryd ~~the~~ payne.

roode.  
 meete

Thanne swoor the k yng be cros and rood

Mete ne drynk schal do me goode

Tyl that he be dede

two  
 neuere

Bothe he and hys wyff hys soones ~~also~~ two

Schole they neuer be no moo

In Yngelond on that stede

Nay says the traytour so moot i the

j

Ded wole i nougt my brothir se

But do thy best rede

o. there  
 douere

No lenger ther then wolde he lende

He takes hys leve to douer gan wende

God geve hym schame and dede.



Now is the traytour hom i went  
 A messangre was aftyr sent  
     To speke wyth the Kynge  
 I wene he bar his owne name  
 He was hoten Athelstane  
     He was foundelyng  
 The lettrys wer i maad fullyche thar  
 Vnto Stane for to ffar  
     Withouten ony dwellyng  
 To ffette the eerl and his sones twoo  
 And the countesse alsoo  
     Dame Edyve that swete thyng;

And in the lettre þit was it tolde  
 That the kyng the eerlys sones wolde  
     Make hem bothe knyȝt  
 And therto his seel he sette  
 The messangre wolde nouȝt lette  
     The way he rydes ful ryȝt.  
 The messangre the noble man  
 Takes hys hors and forth he wan  
     And hyes a ful good spede  
 The eerle in hys halle he fande  
 He took hym the lettre in his hande

that  
 -ger. offtyr  
 k.

a

share  
 s. ffare

e.

j

j

-ger. j.  
 j.

-ger

Anon he bad hym rede

*sece*

Ser he sayde al so swythe

*j*

This lettre ouȝte to make the blythe

*There to*

• • thou take good hede.

The kyng wole for the cuntas sake

*i*

Bothe thy sones knyȝtes make

*- there*

The blyther thou may be

*ffayre*

Thy ffayr wyff wyth the thou bryng

*there. j. lettyng*

And that be ryȝt no levying

*syȝte*

That so that sche may see.

Thenne sayde that eerl wyth herte mylde

*j with*

My wyff goth ryȝt gret wyȝth chyld

And for thynkes me

*nouȝt*

Sche may nowȝt out off chaumbyr wyn

*here*

To speke with non ende of her kyn

Tyl sche delyveryd be.

But in to chaumbyr they ganne wende

*u*

To rede the lettrys before they hende

*- that*

And tydyng tolde her soone

Thene sayde the cuntasse so moot i the

*s here.*

I wil nowȝt leve tyl i ther be

*nouȝt lette*

To morwen oȝ it be noone

*or*

To see hem knyȝt my sones ffre

*knyȝtis*

I wole nouȝt lette tyl i ther be

*j*

I schal no lenger dwelle  
 Cryst for ~~z~~elde my lord the kyng  
 That has grauntyd hem her dubbyng  
 Myn herte is gladyd welle.

-gure  
 j.  
 here  
 dd

The erl hys men bad make hem far  
 He and hys wyff fforth gunne they far  
 To London ffaste they wente  
 At Westemynstyr was the kyngs wone  
 Ther they mette wyth Athelstone

jare  
 fare

That after hem hadde sente ~~†~~  
 And fetryd faste verayment ~~†~~  
 Fful lowde the countasse gan to cry  
 And sayde goode brothyr mercy

w.  
 d.  
 † The gods eere soone was lent  
 † And hys souer twoo

Why wole ~~ze~~ us sloo  
 What have we a ~~zens~~ ~~zow~~ done  
 That ze wole haue vs ded so soene  
 Me thynkith ~~ze~~ am oure ffoo  
 The kyng as wood ferde in that stede  
 He garte hys \* \* \* \* to pryson lede  
 In herte he was ful woo

je  
 j. j.  
 je orn

Thenne a squyer was the countasses ffrende  
 To the qwene he gan wende  
 And tydyngs tokle her soone

sustyr pryson

g. Serlondes off charyes off sche caste  
 Into the halle sche come at the laste  
 or it Long of it was noone  
 here Ser kyng I am before the come  
 j. r. Wyth a chyld douȝtyr of a sone  
 Graunte me my bone  
 r. My brothir and sustyr that I may boȝwe  
 r. Tyl the nexte day at moȝwe  
 here. Out off her paynys stronge  
 common That we mowe wete be common sente  
 In the playne playne parlement.

ff. Dame he sayde goo fro me  
 j. Thy bone schal nowȝt grauntyd be  
 4. I doo the to undyrstande  
 the off Ffor be hym that weres crowne of thorn  
 schole They schal be drawen and hangyed to morn  
 Jiff Ziff I be kyng off lande  
 u. And whenne the qwene these wordes herde  
 j. As sche hadde be beten with ȝerde  
 u. The teeres sche leet down falle  
 Certaynly. j. telle Certynly as I ȝow tell  
 u. On her bare knees down sche felle  
 j. And prayde hit for hem alle  
 A dame he sayde verrayment  
 commandement Hast thou broke my commandement

Abyyd ful dere ~~you~~ schalle  
 With hys ffoot he wolde nouȝt wende  
 He slowȝ the chyld ryȝt in her wombe  
 Sche swownyd, amonges hem alle

*thou.*

*j. o.*

*j. j.*

Ladyys and maydeȝnys that theȝe were  
 The qwene to here chaumbyr bere

*del. a/. r.*

And there was dool i nowȝ

*j.*

Soone wȝthinne a lytyl spase

*i.*

A knaȝe chyld iborn ther was

*u.*

*was.*

As bryȝt as bloȝine on bowȝ

*j. bloȝine. j.*

He was bothe whyt and red

Off that dynt was he ded

Hys owne fadyr hym slowȝ

*j.*

Thus may a traytour *baret rayse*

And make manye men ful euele *arise*

*at arise*

Hym selff nowȝt. afftyr it *towz.*

*j. lowj.*

But ~~it~~ the qwene as ~~ȝe~~ schole here

*j. j.*

Sche callyd vpon a messangre

*gere.*

Bad hym a lettre fonge

And bad hym wende to Cauntyrbery

*c.*

There the clerkys syngen mery

Bothe masse and euensonge

This lettre thou the bysscop take

*chop*

And praye hym for goddys sake

Come borowe hem out off here bande  
 He wole doo more for hym I wene  
 Thanne for me thouþ I be qwene  
 I doo the to vndyrstande.

An eerldom in Spayne I haue of land  
 Al I sese in to thyn hand  
 Trewely as I the hyt  
 An hundryd besauntys off gold red  
 You may sare hem from the ded  
 Ziff that thyn hors bē wyt  
 Madame broþke weel thy more gete  
 Also longe as thou may lete  
 That to haue I no ryt  
 But off thy gold and off thy ffee  
 Cryst in hevene ffor þelde it the  
 I wole be there to nyt.

Madame thrytty myles off hard way  
 I haue reden sith it was day  
 Fful sore I gan me swynke  
 And for to ryde now ffyve and twenty threw  
 An hard thyng it were to doo  
 Ffor so the ryt as me thynke  
 Madame it is ner hand passyd prime  
 And me behoves al for to dyne

Bothe wyne and ale to drynke  
 Whenne I haue dynyd thenne wole I fare  
 God may coure hem off here care  
 Oþ that I slepe a wynke.

r

Whenne he hadde dynyd he wente his way  
 Al so faste as that he may

He rod be Charynge cros  
 And entryd into Fflete Strete  
 And seththyn thorw London I þow hete  
 Vp on a noble hors.

e.

f. s.  
j. j.

The messangre that noble man  
 On Londone brygge sone he wan

ere

Ffor his travayle he hadde no los  
 From Stone into Steppynge bourne  
 For sothe his way nolde he nowt tourne  
staryd he nougt for myre ne mos

s. s.

j.

staryd. j.

And thus hys way wendes he  
 Ffro Osprynge to the Blee

Thenne mygt he see the toun  
 Off Cauntyrbery that noble wyke  
 Ther in lay that bysscop ryke

j.

e.

ch.

That lord of gret renoun  
 And whenne they rungen undern belle  
 He rod in London I þow telle

v.

as. j.

*j.*  
*L*  
He was nouer redy  
And fit to cauntyrbery he wan  
Songe or euensonge began  
He rod mylys ffyfty.

*ch.*  
*j. a.*  
The messanger no thyng abod  
Into the palays forth he rod  
There that the bysschop was inne  
Ryft welcome was the messanger  
That was come ffrom the qwene so cleer  
Was off so noble kynne  
He took hym a lettre ful good speed  
*and*  
And sayde sir bysschop haue this I reed  
And bad hym come with hym  
Or he the lettre hadde halff iredde  
*j.*  
Ffor dool hym thougte hys herte bledde  
The teeres ffyl ouyr hys chyn.

*sadeli*  
*j.*  
The bysschop bad saddle hys palfray  
Also ffaste as thay may  
Bydde my men make hem fare  
And wendes before the bysschop dede say  
*ces.*  
To my manres in the way  
*j.*  
Ffor no thyng that he spare  
*u.*  
And loke at ylke ffyre mylys ende.  
A ffresch hors that I ffynde



Schod and no thyng bare  
 Blythe schal I neuer be  
 Tyl I my weddyd brothyr see  
 To kenve hym out off care.

*kenere.*

On nyne palfrays the bysschop sprong  
 Ar it was day from euensong

In romance as we rede  
Certainly as I fow telle  
 On Londone brygge ded doun felle

The messangres stede  
 Allas he sayde that I was born  
 Now is my good hors forlorn

Was good at ylke a nede  
Fistyrday vpon the grounde  
 He was wurth an hundryd pounce  
 Ony kyng to lede.

*an.*

*S. j.*

*eres.*

*J.*

Thenne he spak the ørchebysschop  
 Oure gostly fadyr vndyr God

Vnto the messangre  
 Lat be thy menyng off thy stede  
 And thynk vpon oure mykyl nede

The whylys that we ben here  
 Ffor þiff that I may my brothyr borwe  
 And bryngen hym out off mekyl sorwe

*a.*

*ere.*

*j. i.*

c

Thou may make glad chere  
 And thy warysoun ~~f~~schal the geve  
 And God haue grauntyd the to leue  
 Unto an hundryd ~~þ~~ere.

The bysschop thenne nou~~g~~t ne bod  
 He took hys hors and forth he rod  
 In to Westemynstyr so ly~~g~~t  
 The messangre on his ffoot alsoo  
 With the bysschop come no moo  
 Nether squyer ne kny~~g~~t  
 Upon the morwen the kyng aros  
 And takes the way to the kyrke he gos  
 As man of mekyl my~~g~~t  
 With him wente bothe preest and clerk  
 That mykyl cowde off goddys werk  
 To praye God for the ry~~g~~t.

Whenne that he to the kyrke com~~g~~  
 To ffore the rode he knelyd a non  
 And on hys knees he felle  
 God that syt in trynyte  
 A bone that thow graunte me  
 Lord as thou harewyd helle  
 Gyltles men ziff they be  
 That are in my presoun ffree

Ffor cursyd there to ~~f~~elle  
 Off the gylt and ~~th~~y be clene  
 Lene it moog on hem be sene  
 That garte hem there to dwelle.

*j.*  
*a.*  
*t.*

And whenne he hadde maad hys pryer  
 He lokyd vp in to the qweer  
 The erchebysschop saw~~t~~ he stande  
 He was for wondryd off that caas  
 And to hym he wente a pas  
 And took hym be the hande  
 Welcome he sayde thou erchebysschop  
 Oure gostly fadyr vndyr God  
 He swoor be god lenande  
 Weddyd brothyr weel moot thou spede  
 For I had neuyr so mekyl nede  
 Sith I took cros on hande.

*e.*

*were*

Good~~t~~ weddyd brothyr now the thy rede  
 Doo nou~~t~~ thyn owne blood to dede  
 But ~~iff~~ it weer thy were  
 For hym that weres the corowne off thorn  
 Let me bo~~g~~we hem tyl to morn  
 That me mowe enquer  
 And weten alle be comon~~n~~ asent  
 In the playne parlement

*tourne*  
*j.*  
*j. worthy.*  
*r*  
*re.*  
*oun.*

j. j. the.  
 Who is wurthy be schent  
 And but ~~iff~~ ~~te~~ wole graunte my bone  
 It schall vs rewe both or none  
 Be God that alle thynges lent.

j.  
 Thanne the kyng wax wroth as wynde  
 A wodere man my~~te~~ no man fynde  
 Than he began to bee  
 He swoor be othis sunne and mone  
 They scholde be drawen and hongyd or none  
 With eyen thou schalt see.  
 Lay down thy cros and thy staff  
 Thy mytyr and thy ryng that I ~~am~~ the gaff  
 Out of my lande thou flee.  
 Hy~~te~~ the faste out off my syt  
 Wher I the mete thy deth is dyt  
 Non othir then schall it bee.

H.  
 j. j.  
 j.  
 Thenne be spak that erchebysschop  
 Oure gostly fadyr vndyr God  
 Smerly to the kyng  
 Weel I wot that thou me gaff  
 Bothe the cros and the staff  
 The mytyr and eke the ryng  
 My bysschoprycke thou renes me  
 And crystendom forbede I thee

Prest schal ther non syngge  
 Nethyr maydyn chyld ne knave  
 Crystendom schal ther non have  
 To care I schal the brynge.

*heyther . u.  
 y. u.*

I schal gare crye thorw ylike a toun  
 That kyrkes schole be broken doun  
 And stoken agayn with thorn  
 And thou schalt lygge in an old dyke  
 As it wer an heretyke

*j.  
 y.*

Allas that thou were born.  
 If thou be ded that I may see  
 Asoyld schalt thou neuer bee  
 Thanne is thy soule in sorwe  
 And I schal wende in uncouth ~~†~~ lond.

*j.  
 o. ere.*

And gete me stronge men of hond  
 My brothir pit schal I borwe  
 I schal brynge vpon thy lond  
 Hungyr and thyrst ful strong  
 Cold drouthe and sorwe  
 I schal nouzt leue on thy lond  
 Wurth the gloues on thy hond  
 To begge ne to borwe

*j.*

*j.  
 j.*

The bysschop has his leye tan  
 By that his men were comen ylkan

*u.*

They sayden sere haue good day.

He entryd into Flete strete

With lordys of Ynglond gan he mete

Vp on a nobyl iay

On her knees they knelede a doun

And prayden hym off his benyson

He nykkyd hem with nay

Neythyr off cros neythyr offryng

Hadde they non kyns wetyng.

And thanne a kny<sup>tt</sup> gan say.

A kny<sup>tt</sup> thanne spak wyth mylde voys

Sere where is thy ryng<sup>t</sup>, wher is thy croys ?

Is it ffor the tan ?

Thanne he sayde ~~four~~ cursyd kyng

Hath me refft off al my fyng

And off al my worldly wan

And I haue entyrdytd Yngelond

Ther schal no preest synge masse with hond

Chylde schal be crystenyd non

But ~~iff~~ he graunte me that kni<sup>tt</sup>

His wyff and chyldryn fayr and bry<sup>tt</sup>

He wolde wyth wrong hem slon.

*j. tourne.* The kny<sup>tt</sup> sayde bysschop the agayn

Off thy body we are ful fayn

Thy brothir þit schole we borwe  
 And but he graunte vs oure bone  
 Hys presoun schal be broken soone  
 Hymselff to mekyl sorwe  
 We schole drawe doun both halle and boures  
 Bothe hys castelles and hys toures  
 They schole liggelowe and holewe  
 Thouȝ he be kyng and were the corown  
 We scholen hym sette in a deep dunȝoun  
 Oure crystendom we wole folowe

Thanne as they spoken off this thyng  
 Ther comen twoo knyȝt ffrom the kyng  
 And sayden bysschop abyde  
 And haue thy cros and thy ryng  
 And welcome whyl that thou wylt lyng  
 It is nouȝt for to hyde  
 Here he grauntys the the knyȝt  
 Hys wyff and chyldren fayr and bryȝt  
 Agayn I rede thou ryde  
 He prayes the þer charyte  
 That he myȝte asoyld be  
 And yngelond long and wyde

Here off the bysschop was ffyl ffayn  
 And turnyȝ hys brydyl and wendes agayn

1/  
 Vnto the brokene cros off ston  
 Thedyr com the kyng ful soone a non  
 4/  
 And there he gan a byde  
 Up on hys knees he knelyd a doun  
 And prayde the bysschop off benysoun  
 And he gaff hym that tyde  
 With holy watyr and orysoun  
 He asoyld the kyng that weryd the coroun  
 And yngelond long and wide.

12/ 3/  
 3/  
 Thenne sayde the kyng a non ryzt  
 Here I graunte the that knyzt  
 And his sones ffree  
 And my sustyr hende in halle  
 11/ 11/  
 0/  
 Thou hast sayd here lyfys alle  
 Iblessyd mozt thou bee  
 Thenne sayde the bysschop also soone  
 3 fu/  
 And I schal ~~geve~~ swylke a dome  
 With eyen that thou schalt see  
 3/ 1-1/  
 Ziff thay be gylty off that dede  
 Sohere the doome thay may drede  
 Than schewe here schame to me.

a/ 3/  
 au/ ce/  
 Whanne the bysschop hadde sayd soo  
 A gret ffyr was maid ryzt thoo  
 In romans as we rede



It was set that men myzte knawe

Nyne plow lengthe on rawe

As red as any glede.

Thanne sayde the kyng what may this mene

Sere off gylt and thay be clene

This doom hem thar nouzt drede.

Thanne sayde the good kyng Athelston

An hard doome now is this on

God graunte vs alle weel to spede.

They fetten forth sere Egelan

A trewer eerl was ther nan

Before the ffyr so bryzt

Ffrom hym they token the rede scarlet

Bothe hosyn and schoon that weren hym met

That fel al ffor a knyzt.

Nyne sythe the bysschop halewid the way

That his weddyd brothir scholde goo that day

To praye God for the ryzt.

He was ynblemeschyd ffoot and hand

That sawe the lordes off the land

And thankyd God off hys myzt.

They offeryd hym wyth mylde chere

Vnto seynt Powlys heyze awtere

That myekyl was off myzt

Doun vpon hys knees he felle

And thankyd God that harewede helle

And hys modyr so bryzt

1<sup>e</sup>/3/  
1<sup>e</sup>/3/

3/

8/3/

12/

3/

3/

3/8/3/

8/

3/

3/ 0/

3/

1e/

4/ 8/ 3/

3/

3/

3/

3/ 2/ u/

3/

Kanne/i/

u/ 3/

3/

And ~~fit~~ the bysschop the gan say  
 Now schal the chydryn gou the way  
 That the fadyr ~~fede~~.  
 Ffro hym they tooke the rede scarlette  
 The hosen and schoon that weren hem mete  
 And all her worldly wede  
 The ffyr was bothe hydous and red  
 The chydryn swownyd as they were ded  
 The bysschop tyl hem ~~fede~~  
 With careful herte on hem gan look  
 Be hys hand he hem vp took  
 Chydryn haue ~~fe~~ no drede.

Thanne the chydryn stood and low~~f~~  
 Sere the fyr is cold i now~~f~~  
 Thorw~~f~~ out he went a pase  
 They weren ~~yn~~blemeschyd foot and hand  
 That saw~~f~~ the lordys off the land  
 And thankyd God off his grace.  
 They offeryd ~~he~~ wyth mylde chere  
 To seynt Powlys that hye awtere  
 This myracle schewyd was there  
 And ~~fit~~ the bysschop eft gan say  
 Now schal the cōntasse goo the way  
 There that the chydryn were.

They fetten forth the lady mylde  
 Sche was ful gret igon w~~th~~ chylde  
     In roma~~nce~~ as we rede.  
 Before the fyr when that ~~he~~ come  
 To Jhu Cryst ~~he~~ prayde a bone  
     That leet his woundys blede.  
 Now God lat neu~~er~~ the kyngys foo  
 Quyk out off the ffyr goo  
     Th~~o~~ff hadde sche no drede.  
 Whenne sche had maad her pr~~ay~~er  
 Sche was brou~~gt~~ before the ffeer  
     That brennyd bothe fayr and ly~~ft~~  
 Sche wente ffro the lengthe into the thrydde  
 Styлле sche stood the ffyr amydde  
     And callyd it merye and bry~~ft~~  
 Harde schonrys thenne took here stronge  
 Both in bak and eke in wombe  
     And sith then it ffel at sy~~ft~~.

Whenne that here paynys slakyd was  
 And sche hadde passyd that hydous pas  
     Here nose barst on bloode  
 Sche was vnblemeschyde ffoot and hand  
 That saw~~z~~ the lordys off the lande  
     And thankyd God on rode.

i/  
 au/  
 sc/  
 ff/  
 re/ ff/  
 the/  
 a de/ d/  
 3/  
 3/  
 3/  
 3/  
 3/  
 3/

au/ 1 c/

They commandyd men here away to draw  
As it was the landys lawe

3/

And ladyys thanne tyl here rode

e/

Sche knelyd down vpon the ground

And there was born seynt. Edemound

e/

Iblessyd be that ffood

1/

And whanne this chyld iborn was

It was brouzt in to the plas

3/

And was bothe hool and sound

1/ 3/

Bothe the kyng and bysschop ffree

ny/ 3/

They crystyd the chyld that men myzt see

And callyd it Edemound

1/ 1/

Half my land he sayde I the gey

1/

Also longe as I may leye

With markys and with pounce

And al afftyr my dede

Yngelond to wysse and rede

Now iblessyd be that stounde.

1/

Thenne sayde the bysschop to the kyng

Sere who made this grette lesyng

3/

And who wrougt al this bale

1/ 1/

Thanne sayde the kyng so moot I the

1/

That schalt thou neuer wete for me

In burgh neythyr in sale  
 For I have sworn be seynte Anne  
 That I schal neuer bewreye that manne  
 That me gan telle that tale  
 They arn sayyd thorw thy red  
 Now lat al this be ded  
 And kepe this counseyl hale.

e/ f/ u/ d/  
 a/  
 u/ 3/

Thenne swoof the bysschop so moot I the  
 Now I have power and dignyte  
 For to asoyle the as clene  
 As thou were hounen off the fount ston,  
 Trustly trowe thou that vpon  
 And holde it for no wene  
 I swere bothe be book and belle  
 But if thou me his name telle  
 The ryzt doome schal I deme  
 Thy self schalt goo the ryzt way  
 That thy brother wente to day  
 Thou it the euele be seme

r/  
 d/ f/ e/  
 or/  
 3/  
 3/ f/  
 3/ d/  
 e/  
 3/

Thenne sayde the kynge so moot I the  
 Be schryfte off mouthe telle I it thee  
 Therto I am vnbllye  
 Certaynly it is non othir  
 But Wymound oure weddyd brother

f/  
 u/ d/

æ/ u/

He wole neuer <sup>^</sup>thryfe  
 Allas sayde the bysschop than  
 I wende he were the trêweste man

æ/ 3/ u/ u/

That euer <sup>^</sup>hit leyde on lyfe  
 And he with this ateynt may bee  
 He schal be hongyd on trees three  
 And drawen with hors ffyfe.

u/

e/  
at/

And whanne that the bysschop the sothe bade  
 That the traytour that lesyng made

æ/  
Bad/ure/

He callyd a messangre  
 And hym to Dou<sup>^</sup> that he scholde founde  
 Ffor to fette that Eerl Wymound<sup>^</sup>  
 That traytour has no pere.

æ i/

Sere Egelane and hys sones be slawe  
 Bothe i hangyd and to drawe  
 Doo as I the lere <sup>^</sup>

æ/  
3/

The countasse is in presoun done  
 S<sup>^</sup>che schal neuer out off presoun come  
 But <sup>^</sup>iff it be on bere.

æ/

Now with the messenger was no badde  
 He took his hors as the bysschop radde  
 To Dou<sup>^</sup> tyl that he come  
 The eerl in hys halle he ffand  
 He took hym the lettre in his hand

On hy~~z~~ wolde he nou~~z~~t wone  
Sere Egelane and his sones be slawe  
Bothe i hangyd and to drawe

3/3/

Thou getyst that eerldome  
The countasse is in presoun done  
Schal sche neu~~z~~t more out come  
Ne see ney~~z~~th~~z~~ sunne ne mone.

re/  
e/

Thanne that eerl made hym glade  
And thankyd God that lesyng~~z~~ was made

a/  
3/

It hath gete me this eerldome  
He sayde ffelawe ry~~z~~t weel thou bee  
Haye here besauntys good plente  
Ffor thyn hedyr come

3/  
u/

Thanne the messanger made his mon  
Sere off ~~z~~oure goode hors lende me on  
And graunte me my bone  
Ffor ~~z~~ystyrday deyde my nobyl stede  
On ~~z~~oure arende as I ~~z~~ede  
Be the way as I come.

3/  
Now/  
3/  
3/3/

Myn hors be fatte and corn fed  
And off thy lyff I am a dred  
That eerl sayde to hym than  
Thanne ~~z~~iff myn hors scholde the sloo  
My lorde the kyng wolde be ful woo

3/

To lese swylk a man.

5/3/ The messenger ~~fit~~ he brouz~~te~~ a stede  
 On off the beste at ylke a nede  
 1 e/ That euer on grounde dede gange  
 Sadelyd and brydelyd at the beste  
 The messenger was ful preste  
 3/ Wy~~ttly~~ on hym he sprange  
 Sere he sayde haue good day  
 e/ Thou schalt come wh~~an~~ thou may  
 2/ I schal make the kyng~~e~~ at hande  
 i/ Wy~~th~~ sporys faste he strook the stede  
 To Graus ende he come good spede  
 Is ffourty myle to ffande

There the messenger the traytour abood

1<sup>th</sup>/ And sethyn bothe in same they rod  
 To Westemynstyr wone  
 3/ In the palays there thay ly~~zt~~  
 3/ In to the halle they come ful ry~~zt~~  
 And mette with Athelstone  
 1 3/ i/ He wolde haue kyssed hys lord swete  
 3/ 3/ He sayde traytour nou~~zt~~ ~~fit~~ lete  
 Be God and be seynt Ihon  
 Ffor thy falsnesse and thy lesyng  
 3/ I slow~~e~~ myn heyr scholde haue ben kyng  
 1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup>/ When my lyf hadde ben gon.



There he denyyd faste the kyng  
 That he made ~~never~~ that lesyng  
 Among hys peres alle.  
 The bysschop has ~~hym~~ be the hand tan  
 Fforth in same they are gan

u/1e/

2/.

Into the wyde halle  
 My~~ght~~te he neuer ~~wyth~~ crafft ne gynne  
 Care hym schryyen off hys synne  
 Ffor nouzt that my~~ght~~ be falle

3/1e/i/  
g/u/  
3/3/

Then~~ne~~ sayde the goode kyng Athelston  
 Lat hym to the ffyr gon

2/2/

To prove the trewethe in dede  
 Whanne the kyng hadde sayd soo  
 A gret ffyr was maad thoo

e/  
e/

In romance as we rede  
 It was set that men my~~ght~~on knawe  
 Nyne plow~~z~~ lenge on rawe

1u/  
3/e/  
3/o/

As red as ~~any~~ glede  
 Nyne sythis the bysschop halewes the way  
 That that traytour schole goo that day

The wers hym gan to spede  
 He wente ffro the lengthe into the thrydde  
 And ~~down~~ he fel the ffyr amydde

there/  
3/

Hys eyen wolde hym nouzt lede

D

<sup>1 y/</sup>  
<sup>3/</sup>  
 Than the eerlys chyldrn were warful smerte  
 And wyttly to the traytour sterre  
 And out off the ffyr hym hade  
<sup>sayden/e/</sup>  
<sup>1 e/</sup>  
<sup>8/</sup>  
 And ~~swore~~ bothe by book and belle  
 Or that thou deye thou shalt telle  
<sup>S/ 1 e/</sup>  
<sup>1 e/</sup>  
<sup>3/ 8/</sup>  
 Why thou that lesynge made  
 Certayn I can non othir red  
<sup>S/</sup>  
<sup>3/ 8/</sup>  
 Now I wot I am but ded  
 I telle /ow now thyngs gladdes.  
 Certayn ther was non othir wyte  
 He louyd hym to mekyl and me to lyte  
<sup>Th/ u/</sup>  
 Perffore enfyre I hadde

<sup>e/</sup>  
<sup>u/ 8/</sup>  
<sup>8/ 3/ 3/</sup>  
<sup>3/ 1 #/</sup>  
<sup>3/</sup>  
<sup>3/</sup>  
<sup>ere/ 1 e/</sup>  
 Whanne that traytour so hadde sayde  
 Ffyr goodde hors to hym were tayde  
 That alle men myghten see with yfe  
 They drowen hym thorow ylike astrete  
 And seththyn to the elmes I /ow hete  
 And hongyd hym ful hyte  
 Was that neuer man so hardy  
 That durste ffelle hys ffalse body  
 This hadde he ffor hys lye  
 Now Ihu that is heuene kyng  
<sup>n/ 1 e/ 8/ 7/</sup>  
<sup>1 e/</sup>  
 Leue neuer traytours haue better endyng  
 But swych dome ffor to dye.

Explicit.

Collated by me. Not by any means perfect.  
 J. M. Kemble.

A copy of this romance made by me from the  
 Cairns MS. is to be found among my Trans-  
 scripts. A.2.1. from p.1. to p.32.

A

TALE OF KING EDWARD  
AND THE SHEPHERD.

EX. MS.<sup>10</sup> FF. 5. 48. APUD BIBLIOTH: UNIV: CANT.

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God that sittis in trinite  
Gyffe theym grace wel to the  
    That lystyns me a whyle,  
Alle that louys of melody  
Offe heuen blisse god graunte tham perty  
    Theyre soules shelde fro peryle.  
At festis and at mangery  
To tell of kyngs that is worthy  
    Talis that byn not vyle.  
And ze wil listyn how hit ferd  
Betwene kyng Edward and a sheperd  
    Ze shalle lawgh of gyle.

a/  
i/  
d/o/ r/f

Oure kyng went hȳm in atyde  
To pley hȳm be a ryver side

In a mornyng of may,  
Knyzt ne squyer wold he non,  
But hȳm self and a grome

To wende on that jorney.  
With a shepherde con he mete  
And gret hȳm with wordis swete

Without any delay,  
The shepherde louyd his hatte so well  
He did hit of never a dele  
But seid "sir gudday?"

The kyng to the herde seid than  
"Off whens art thou gode man?"

Also mot I the

"In wynsour was I borne

"Hit is a myle but here beforne

"The town then maist thou see,

"I am so pyled with the kyng

"That I most fle fro my wonyng

"And therefore woo is me

"I hade catell now haue I non

"Thay take my bestis and don thai slone

"And payen but a stick of tre."

The kyng seid " hit is gret synne  
 " That thei of sich werks wil not blyne  
 " And Edward wot hit nozt  
 " But come to morne when it is day  
 " Thou shalbe seruyd of thy pay  
 " Ther of haue thou no thozt,  
 " Ffor in your towne born I was  
 " I haue dwellid in diuerse place  
 " Sithe I thens was broght,  
 " In the courte I haue sich a frende  
 " The treserer or then I wende  
 " Ffor thy luffe shall be soght.

This gret lord the herd con frayne  
 " What wil men of your kyng seyne  
 " Wel listull gode I trowe,"  
 The herd onsweryd hym riht nozt  
 But on his shepe was all his thozt  
 And seid agayn " charhow."  
 Then loogh oure kyng and smyled stille  
 " Thou onsweris me not at my will  
 " I wolde thei were on a lowe  
 " I aske the tythyngs of our kyng  
 " Off his men and his wyrkyng  
 " Ffor sum I haue sorow.

" I am a marchant and ride aboute

" And fele sithis I am in doute,

" Ffor myn owne ware

" I tell it the in preyete

" The kyngs men oen to me

" A M pounde and mare,

*owe/* " . . . . he ouzt mycull in the cuntre

*ne/* " What siluer shall he pay the

" Ffor goddis haly are

*Ab<sup>d</sup> myne/* " Sith thou art noght, *neighbour/*

" I wil my nedis do and thyne

" Thar of haue thou no care.

*ow/* " Sir," he seid " be seynt Edmonde

*? eight/* " Ther is owand MI pounde.

" And odd twa schillyng

" A stikke I haue to my witnesse

*wene/* " Off hasill I ~~meue~~ that hit is

" I ne haue no nother thyng

" And gif thou do as thou has me hote

" Then shall I gif the a cote

*with out/* " With ~~two~~ any lesyng.

" Seuon schelyng to morne at day

*ef* " Whan I am siruyd of my pay."

" Graunte" seid oure kyng.

" Tel me ~~sir~~ what is thy name? e/

" That I for the haue no blame

" And wher thy wonnyng is"

" Sir" he seid " as mot I the

" Adam the ~~schepherde~~ men callen me d/

" Ffor cert~~ain~~ soth I wysse." a/

The ~~schepherde~~ seid " who~~s~~ son art thou of our h/ d/ a/  
towne?"

" Hat not thy ~~fadyr~~ Hochon?"

" Also haue thou blisse."

" No for god;" seid oure kyng

" I wene thou kny~~ght~~ me no thyng u/

" Thou redis alle amysse."

" My ~~fadyr~~ was a walsshe kny~~ght~~,

" Dame Isabell my mod~~er~~ hy~~gh~~,

" Ffor sothe as I tell the,

" In the castell was hir dwellyng

" Thorow comman~~dment~~ of the kyng h/ au/

" Whene she thar shuld be.

" Now wayte thou wher that I was borne

" The tother edward here beforne

" Fful well he louyd me.

" Sertanly with owte lye,

" Sum tyme I lyve be marchandye

" And passe well ofte the see.

*where/*

" I haue a son is with the ~~queene~~

" She louys hym well as I wene,

" That dar I sauely say.

" And he pray hir of a bone

" Zif that hit be for to done

" She will not onys say nay.

" And in the courte I haue sich a frende

" I shall be seruyd or I wende

" With out any delay

*v/*  
" To morne at yndern speke with me,

" Thou shall be seruyd of thy mone

" Er than hye mydday."

*e/*

" ~~Sir~~ for seynt thomas of ynde

" In what place shall I the fynde ?

*10/*

" And what shall I the calle ?

" My name" he seid "is Joly Robyn.

" Ilke man knowes hit well and fyne

*e/*

" Bothe in bowys and halle,

" Pray the porter as he is fre

" That he let the speke with me

" Soo faire hym mot be falle.

" Ffor fer owtward shall I not be

" Enquer I trow thou shall me see

" With in the castell wall.



" Ffor thou and other that leue your thyng]

" Wel ofte sithes ye banne the kyng

" And ~~ye~~ ar not to blame.

" Hit er other that do that dede

" Thei were worthy so god me spede,

" Ther for to haue great shame.

" And if I wist whilke thei were

" Hit shulde come the kyng to ere

" Be god and be seynt Iame

" Then durst I swere thei shuld aby

" That dose oure kynge that vilayne

" Ffor he berys all the same."

The herd onswerd to the kyng

" Sir be seynt Iame of the tithyng

" Thou seist ther of right well

" Thei do but gode the kyngs men

" Thei ar worse then ~~sich~~ ten

" That bene with ~~hy~~ no dell

" Thei goo aboute be viii or nyne

" And done the husbandys mycull pyne

" That carfull is their mele.

" Thei take geese capons and henne

" And alle that euer thei may with renne

" And reves vs our catell.

16/ " Sum of them was bonde sore

16/ " And afterwarde honget therfore

" Ffor soth as I yow say,

12/ " Zet ar ther of them nyne moo

12/ " Ffor at my hows ther were also

" Certis zisturday

" Thei toke my hennes and my geese

" And my schepe with all the fleese

12/ " And ladde them forth away.

" Be my doztur thei lay alnyzt

" To come agayne thei haue me hyzt

" Of helpe I wolde yow pray.

16/ " With me thei lefte alle their thyng

" That I am sicur of theire comyng

10/ " And that me rewes sore

" I haue fayre chamburs thre.

12/ " But non of them may be with me

" While that thei be thore

12/ " Into my cart hows thei me dryfe

" Out at the dur thei put my wyfe

12/ " Ffor she is olde gray hare

15/ " Had I helpe of sum lordyng,

14/ " I shulde make with them recknyng

" Thei shulde do so no more.

" Ffor oth<sup>er</sup> iii felowes and I

" We durst wel take party

" These nyne for to mete,

" I have slyngus smert and gode

" To mete with them <sup>if</sup> thei wer wode, 1<sup>c</sup>/ 1<sup>c</sup>/

" And reve hem her lyves swete.

" The best archer of ilkon

" I durst mete hym with a stone

" And gif hym leve to schete.

" Ther is no bow that shall laste 1<sup>c</sup>/

" To draw to my slyngs caste

" Nought be feel fete.

" Ther is non archer in this lande 1<sup>c</sup>/

" And I have my slyng in hande

" Ffor I dar lay with hym ale

" That who so sonyst hitts abanke

" Ffor to haue the toth<sup>er</sup> hant

" To what thyng he will hale

" That who so furst smyts a thyng

" Off his bow or my slyng

" Vnd<sup>er</sup> stande my tale

" Be the deth that I shall dye

" That to my hed then dar I ley

" Now sone in this swale.

With talis he made the kyng to dwell,  
With mony moo then I can tell,

*ts/*  
Till hit was halfe gon prime,  
His hatte was bonde vnder his chyn  
He did hit nothyng of to hym

"He thozt hit was no tyme,  
"Robyn," he seid, "I pray the  
"Hit is thy will come hom with me

"A morsell for to dyne  
"The kyng list of his bourds lere."  
"Gladly," he seid, "my lefe fere  
"I will be on of thyne."

*a/s/*  
As thei homeward con gon  
The kyng saw conyngs mony on,  
*ts/*  
Ther at he can smyle,  
*e/*  
"Adam," he said, "take up a ston,  
"And put hit in thy slyng anon,  
"Abyde we here awhile,

"Gret bourde it wold be  
"Off them to slee twoo or thre  
*ts/*  
"I swere this be seynt gyle."  
*e/*  
"No way," quod Adam, "let be that  
"Be god I wolde not for my hat  
"Be taken with sich a gyle.

- " Hit is alle the kynges waren  
 " Ther is nouth<sup>r</sup> knyzt ne sqwayne  
     " That dar do sich a dede.  
 " Any conyng here to sla  
 " And with the trespass away to ga  
     " But his sides shulde blede  
 " The warner is hardy and fell  
 " Sertainly as I the tell  
     " He will take no mede.  
 " Who so dose here sich maistrye  
 " Be thou wel sic<sup>r</sup> he shall aby  
     " And vn to preson lede.  
  
 " Ther is no wilde foule that will flyne  
 " But I am sic<sup>r</sup> him to hittyne  
     " Sich mete I dar the hote,  
 " Zif it be so my slyng will last,  
 " Zif I fayle of him acaste  
     " Brok thou well my cote.  
 " When we come and sitten in same  
 " I shall tech the a game  
     " I canhit wel berote.  
 " Then shal thou se my slyng slaght  
 " And of the best take vs a draght  
     " And drynk well right be note."

The scheperd hows ful mery stode

Vndur a forest fayre and gode,

Off hert and hynde gret mynde.

The kyng seid, " be god almyght

" In thy hert thou may be lizt

" Homwarde when thou shall wende

" I the swere be goddis grace,

" And I had here sich a place,

" I shoulde haue of that kynde,

" Outher an evon ar on morning

" Sum of them shuld come to ryng

" Ther with to make me afrende."

The herd bade, " let sech wordis be

" Sum man myzt here the

" The were bettur be still—

" Wode has erys felde has sizt,

" Were the forstur here now right

" They wordis shuld like the ille.

" He has with hym zong men thre

" Thei be archers of this contre

" The kyng to serue at wille.

" To kepe the dere both day and nyzt

" And for theire luf a loge is dizt,

" Ffull hye vpon an hill.

" I wolde haue here no stondyng  
 " But ride now forth in my blessing,

" And make vs wel at ese,

" I am glad thou come with me

" Goo sit now wher thy willes be

" Right at thine owne ese.

" Though sum det of my gode belorne

" I shall haue more and god beforne

" He may hit increse

" And I shall tech the play:

" When tyme comys thou shalt asay

" Whille play be not lese.

A feyre cloth on the borde he leyd

Into the boure he made abrayde,

Gode mete for to fette,

Brede of whete *bultid* small

ii penny ale he brouzt with all

" Ther of wolde he not lett,

Asse *saund* bred and that with a crane

Othur fowles were there gode ane

Before the kyng he sette.

" Adam," seid the kyng, " blessed thou be

" Here is bettur then thou hertist

" To day when that we mette."

"Sir," he seid, "do now gladly,  
"Zet haue I mete that were worthy  
"A gret lord for to fech."

He brozt a heron with a poplere  
Curlews bocurs both in fere,  
The mandlart and hurmech,

And a wylde swan was bake  
"Sich fowle con my slyng take,  
"Ther off am I no wreck.

"I bade felowes to my dynere  
"And sithen thei wil not cum here  
"A deuell haue who that rech.

"Zif thou wilt ete thou shalt non wave ;

"But gif thou will any drynk have  
"Thou most con thy play ;

"When thou seest the cuppe anon,

"But thou sei passelodion

"Thou drynks not this day.

"Sely adam shall sitt the hende

"And answer with berafrynde

"Lene vpon my ley."

The kyng seid that he wold lere,

"Me think it bourde for to here

"Teche me I the pray."



" Passilodyon that is this,  
" Who so drynks furst I wys  
    " Wesseyle the mare dele.  
" Berafrynde also I wene  
" Hit is to make the cup clene  
    " And fylle hit efte full wele.  
" Thus shal the game go aboute,  
" And who so falys of the route,  
    " I swere be seynt michell,  
" Let hym drynk wher he will  
" He gets non here this is my skill,  
    " Mozt to a nother sele."

The kyng seid " let so that drynke  
" I shall say rizt that I thynke  
    " Me thirstis swyth sore."  
The scheperde bade the eur fill  
The kyng to drynk hade gode will  
    With passilodion more,  
    " I can rizt wel my lore."  
" Berafrynde," I yseid Adam,  
" I wysse thou art a wytty man  
    " Thou shalt wel drynke therfore."

E

Thus thei sate with oute strife,  
The kyng with adam and his wyfe,  
    And made hym mery and glade,  
The scheperde bade the cuppe fill ;  
The kyng to drynke hade gode will,  
    His wife did as he bade.  
When the cuppe was come anon,  
The kyng seid, " passylodion."  
    When he the cuppe hāde ;  
Hit was a game of gret solas,  
Hit comford all that euer ther was  
    Ther of thai were noght sade.

The scheperde ete till that he swatte,  
And than non erst he drew his hatt  
    Into the beuke ende,  
And when he feld the drynk was gode,  
He wynkid and strokyd vp his hode  
    And seid, " Berafrynde."  
He was qwyte as any swan,  
He was a wel begeton man,  
    And comyn of holy kynde,  
He wolde not ete his cromys drye  
He louyd nothyng but it were trie,  
    Nether fer ne hende.

Then seid the kyng in his reſon,

“ Who ſo were in a gode town

“ This would ha costed dere,

“ In this maner to be fed

“ With alkyn deinteth wol be ſted

“ As we haue had now here

“ I ſhalle the whyle be hode myne

“ How hade I leuer a cony

“ In my manere.

“ But zif hit were of buk or doo

“ Ther is no mete I louyd soo,

“ And I come there hit were.”

The ſcheparde seid “ ſo mot thou the

“ Con thou heyle a privete

“ And thou ſhalt ſe gode game

“ Ze,” ſeid the kyng, “ be my lerte;”

“ And ellis haue I mycul mangre

“ Zif hit be for my frame,

“ What man that wrye a gode frende

“ Thouz he were ritz ſibbe of my kynde

“ He were worthy gret ſhame.”

Then ſeid adam, “ thou ſeis ſoth

“ Zet I haue a morsel for thy toth

“ And ellis I were to blame.”

He went and fett conyngs thre,  
Alle baken well in apasty  
    With wel gode spicerye,  
And othur baken mete alsoo  
Bothe of hert and of roo

    The venyson was full trye.

“ Sir,” he seid, “ asay of this

“ Thei were zisturday qwyk I wysse

    “ Certan with outen lye

“ Hidur thei come be mone lizt

“ Eete ther of well aplizt

    “ And schewe no curtasye.”

To the scheperde seid the kyng

“ The forsters luf this our althyng

    “ Thou art alle thaire felowe

“ To thaire perfett thou con foulis slyng

“ And thei will venyson to the bryng

    “ Ther of stande thei non awe.

“ Were thou as perfette in abowe

“ Thou shulde haue moo dere strowe

    “ Soth to say in sawe.

“ Zet I zede that thou fande

“ Than any forstur in this land

    “ An arow for to drawe.”

Then seid the scheperde, "no thyng soo

" I con a game worth thei twoo,

    " To wynne me a bridde

" Ther is no hert, ne bucke so wode

" That I ne get with out blode

    " And I of hym haue nede.

" I haue a slyng for the nones

" That is made for gret stonys

    " Ther with I con me fede,

" What dere I take vndur the side,

" Be thou siker he shall abide

    " Til I hym home will lede.

    " Conyngis with my nouthur slyng

" I con slee and hame bryng,

    " Sum tyme twoo or thre ;

" I ete tham not my self alon

" I send persandes mony on

    " And sury fryndes make I me

" Til gentlemen and zomanry

" Thei haue tham all thei ar worthy

    " Those that are prive.

" What so thei haue it may be myne

" Corne and brede ale and wyne

    " And alle that may like me.

" Do now gladly joly Robyne  
" Zet shall thou drynk a drauzt fyne  
    " Off gode drynk as I wene,  
" Off lanycoll thou shall prove  
" That is a cuppe to my be behove  
    " Off maser it is ful clene.  
" Hit holdis a gode thryden dele;  
" Fful of wyne euery mele  
    " Be fore me it is sene.  
" Ffil the cuppe," he seid, anon,  
" And play we passilodion  
    " Sith no moo that we bene."

When the drynk was filled,  
The wife askid, " who shuld be gynne,  
    The godeman sir or ze,  
" Take my geyst," seid Adam than,  
" Sith he his game con  
    " I wil that it so be."  
The kyng toke the cuppe anon  
And seid, " passilodion."  
    Hym thozt it was gode gle,  
The sheperde seid " certanly  
" Berafrynd shall be redy,  
    " Also mot I the."

He drank and made the cuppe ful clene,  
And sith he spake wordis kene,

That game was to here,

" This cuppe hit hat lanycoll

" I luf hit wel for it is holl

" It is me lefe and dere,

" Ffil it ofte to Joly Robyn,

" I wysse he drank no bettur wyne,

" Off alle this seuen zere,

" To alle that wil my game play

" Ffill it be this ee I the pray

" My bourdis that wil leue."

Then dranke oure kyng and toke his leue,

The sheperd seid, " sir not the greue

" And it thy wille be,

" I shalle the schew joly Robyn

" A litull chaumbur that is myne

" That was made for me."

The kyng therof was ful glad,

And did as the scheperde bad,

Moo bourdis wold he se

He lad hym in to a prive place,

Ther venyson plente in was,

And the wyne so clare.

Vndur the erth it was dizt  
Fferre it was and clene of syzt,  
And clerghially was hit wrozt.  
The kyng seid, " here is feyre ese  
" A man myzt be here wel at ese  
" With game zif he were souzt,"  
The kyng seid, " gramercy and haue goday."  
The scheperde onswerid, and said, " nay  
" Zet me gose thou nought,  
" Thou shalle preue furst of a cøstrell tre  
" That gode frendis send to me  
" The best that myght be bouzt.

" Telle me now whylke is the best wyne,  
" Off lonycoll cuppe myne  
" Als thou art gode and kynde.  
" Play onys passilodion  
" And I shall answer sone anon  
" Certes berafrynde.  
" This chambur hat Hakderne my page  
" He kepis my thyng and taks no wage  
" In worde wher that I wende,  
" Ther is no man this place con wrye,  
" But thy self zif wilt say,  
" And than art thou vnkynde.



" Ther is no man of this countre  
" So mycull knowes of my priuete  
    " As thou dost Joly Robyn ;  
" Whil that I liff welon to me  
" Wyne and ale I dar hete the  
    " And gode flesshe for to dyne."

The kyng his stede he can stride,  
And toke his leue for to ride,  
    Hym thozt it was hys tyme,  
The scheperde seid, " I will with thee goo  
" I dar the hete a foule or twoo  
    " Perauntur with a conyne."

The kyng rode softely on his way  
Adam folowyd and wayted his pray  
    Conyngus saw he thre,  
" Joly Robyn chese thou which thou wytt,  
" Hym that renmys er hym that sitt  
    " And I shall gif him the.  
" He that sitts and wil not lepe  
" Hit is the best of alle the hepe  
    " Fforsoth so thynkith me."  
The scheperde hit hym with a stone  
And breke in two his brest bone  
    Thus sone ded was he.

The kynge seid, "thou art to slow,

"Take hym als that rennyth now

"And thou con thou thy crafte,"

"Be god," seid Adam, "here is a stone

"It shall be his bane anon,

"Thus sone his life was rafte

"What fowle that sitts or flye

"Whethur it were ferre or nye,

"Sone with hym it laste,

"Sir," he seid, "for soth I trowe

"This is behette any bowe

"Ffor alle the Fedurt schafte."

"Joly Robyn brok wel my pray

"That I haue wone here to day

"I vouchsafe wels more,

"I pray the telle it to no man

"In no maner that I hit wan

"I myzt haue blame therfore.

"And gif thou do my errand of rizt

"Thou shalle haue that I the hyzt

"I swere be goddis ore."

The kyng seid, "take me thy tayle

"Ffor my hors I wolde not the fayle

"A peny that thou lore."

The kyng to court went anon,  
And Adam to his shepe con gon,  
His doggs lay ther full stille,  
Home er nyzt come he nozt  
New mete with hym he brozt  
Ffor defaute wolde he not spill.  
“ Wife,” he seid, “ be not sory  
“ I wil to courte certainly,  
“ I shalle haue alle my wille,  
“ Joly Robyn that dynet with me  
“ Hase behette me my mone  
“ As he conlawe and skill.

“ He is a marchande of gret powere  
“ Many man is his trespere  
“ Men owe hym mony a pounce ;  
“ The best frend he had sith he was borne  
“ Was the tothur Edwart here beforne  
“ Whil he was holl and sounde.  
“ He hase a son is with the qwene  
“ He may do more then othur fyftene  
“ He swerys be seynt edmounde.  
“ Thouz he shuld gif of his catell  
“ I shalle haue myne euery dell  
“ Off penys holl and rounde.”

On morow when he shuld to court goo  
In russet clothyng he tyret hym tho,  
    In kyrtil and in surstbye,  
And a blak furred hode  
That wel fast to his cheke stode,  
    The typet myght not wrye.  
The mytans clutt for gate he nozt  
The slyng-euen ys not out of his thozt  
    Wherwith he wrouzt maystre.  
Toward the court he can goo  
His douztur lemman met he thoo  
    And alle his cumpanye.

He thozt more then he seyde,  
Towarde the court he gaf abrayde,  
    And zede a well gode pas,  
And when he to the zatis come  
He askid the porter and his man  
    Wher Joly Robyn was.  
He was warned what he shuld sayn  
Off his comyng he was fayne,  
    “ I swere be goddis grace  
“ Sir I shall tel the where he is  
“ And than be thaire gamen I wis  
    “ When he come forth in place.”

- The kyng seid to erles tweyne,  
" Ze shall haue gode bourd in certayne,  
    " If that ze will be stille  
" Off a scheperde that I see  
" That is hidur come to me  
    " Ffor to speke his wille.  
" I pray you alle and warne betyme  
" That ze me calle Joly Robyne  
    " And ze shalle lawz your fille  
" He wenys a marchande that I be  
" Men owe hym siluer here for fe  
    " I shalle hym helpe ther tille.
- " But a wager I dar lay,  
" And ze will as I yow say,  
    " A tune of wyne I wysse,  
" Ther is no lorde that is so gode  
" Thouz he avayle to hym his hode  
    " That he wil do of his.  
" Sir Raufe of Stafforde I pray the  
" Goo wete what his will be  
    " And telle me how hit is  
" Whilke bourdis I wolde fulfayn se  
" Gladly lord so mot I the  
    " Off thyngus that fallis amysse."

And when he to the herde came,

He seid, " alhayle gode man

    " Whidur wil thow goo?"

He onsweryd as he thouzt gode,

But he did not of his hode

    To hym neuer the moo.

" Joly Robyn that I yondur see

" Bid hym speke aworde with me

    " Ffor he is not my foo."

Then onswerid the erle bolde

" Take the porters staffe to holde

    " And the mytens also."

" Nay felow," he seid, " so mot I the

" My staffe no shal not goo fro me

    " I wil hit kepe in my hande

" No my mytens gets no man,

" Whil that I tham kepe can

    " Be goddis sone alweldande.

" Joly Robyn that I yondur see

" Goo bidde hym speke a worde with me

    " I pray the for goddis sande.

" I wolde wete how hit is

" I am aferd my schepe go mysse

    " On othur mennys lande."

And when he to the kyng came,  
Then seid the kyng, "welcom adam /

"As to my powere."

"Joly Robyn," he seid, "wel mot thou be

"Be god so shuld thou to me

"On othur stede than here.

"I am commyn thou wot wherfore

"And trauayle shal not be for lore

"Thou knowis wel my manere."

"Ffor god," seid the kyng tho,

"Thou shalbe sauyd er thou goo

"Ffor thy make glad chere."

"Joly Robyn," he said, "I pray the

"Speke with me aworde in priuate."

"Ffor god," seid the kyng gladly :

He freyred the kyng in his ere,

What lordis that thei were

That stondis here hym bye,

"The erle of lancastur is the ton,

"And the earl of waryn sir John,

"Bolde and as hardy :

"Thei mow do mycull with the kyng,

"I haue tolde hem of thy thyng :"

Then seid he, "gramercy."

The scheptrde seid, "sir god blesse zew,

" I know yow not be swete ihu,"

And swere awel gret oth.

" Ffelow," they seid " I leve the well

" Thou hase seen Robyn or this sell

" Ze ne ar no thyng wrothe."

" No sirs," he seid, " so mot I the

" We ar neghtburs I and he,

" We were neuer loth."

As gret lordis as thei ware

He toke of his hode neuer the mare

But seid, " god saue you bothe .'

The lordis seid to hym anon,

" Joly Robyn let hym nozt gon

" Till that he haue etyn

" Hym semys a felow for to be

" Moo bourdis yet mow we see

" Er his errand be gettyn."

The kyng to the scheperde con say,

" Fro me thou gost not away

" Tille we to gedur haue spokyn.

" An errande I hyzt the for to done

" I wolde that thou were siruyd sone

" That hit be not for getyn.



"Goo we to gedur to the marshall  
 "And I my self shall tel the tale  
     "The bettur may thou spede."  
 "Robyn," he seid, "thou art trew,  
 "I wis it shalle the neuer rew  
     "Thou shalt haue thy mede."  
 To the hall he went a full gode pase,  
 To seke wher the stuards was,  
     The scheperde with hym rede,  
 Long hym thouzt til mydday  
 That he ne were siruyd of his pay  
     He wolde haue done his dede.

When he into the hall came,  
 Ther fonde he no maner of man  
     The kyng hym bade abyde.  
 "I wil go aboute thy nede  
 "Ffor to loke gif I may spede,  
     "Ffor thing that may be tide.  
 "Robyn dwel not long fro me,  
 "I know no man here but the,  
     "This court is nozt but pride;  
 "I ne come of no sick fare  
 "These hye halles thei are so bare  
     "Why ar thei made so wyde."

F

Then lowz the kyng and began to go,  
And wyth his marsshale met he tho,  
    He commandit hym azeyne  
“ Ffelow,” he seid, “ herkyn alizt  
“ And on myne errand go thou tyte  
    “ Also mot thou thynne  
“ A scheperde abides me in hall  
“ Off hym shall we laz alle  
    “ At the meyte when that we bene.  
“ He is cum to aske iij pounde  
“ Goo and fech it in astounde  
    “ The sothe that I may sene.

“ Twey schelyng ther is more  
“ Ffor gete hem not be goddis ore  
    “ That he ne haue alle his pay  
“ I wolde not for my best stede,  
“ But he were siruyd er he zede,  
    “ Er then hye mydday.  
“ He wenys amarchande that I be,  
“ Joly Robyn he callis me,  
    “ Ffor sertayn soth to say,  
“ Now sone to mete when I shall goo  
“ Loke ne be nozt for me fro.”  
    “ Lorde,” he seid, then. “ nay.”

Fforthe the marshale can gon  
And brouzt the stuard sone anon  
And did adowne his hode,  
" Herstow felow hast thou do  
" The thyng that I seid the to ?"  
" Ffor the gode rode"  
" Sir," he seid, "it is redy  
" I know hym not be oure lady  
" Before me thoz he stode."  
" Goo take zond man and pay be tyme  
" And bidde hym thonk Joly Robyne  
" We shall sone haue game gode."

Fforthe thei went all thre  
To pay the scheparde his mone  
Ther he stode in the halle,  
The stuard at hym frayued tho,  
" What askis thou felow er thou goo ?  
" Telle me among vs alle."  
" Sir," he seid, "so mot I the,  
" Ffoure pounce de owe to me  
" So fayre mot be falle,  
" Tway schillyngs is the rodde,  
" I haue wytnesse ther of begod,  
" Within the castell walle.

" Hit is skorid here on atayle  
" Haue brok hit wel with owt fayle  
    " I haue kept it long enoz.  
" The stuwarde ther of I ne rech  
" I wisse I haue ther to no mech."  
    At hym ful fast thei looz,  
" Ne were Joly Robyn that I here se  
" To day no gate no mone of me  
    " Made thou it neur so towz.  
" But for his luf go tel it here."  
Then made the scheperde right glad chere,  
    When he the siluer drowz.

He did it vp the sothe to say,  
But sum therof he toke away  
    In his handful rathe.  
" Joly Robyn," he seid, " herkyn to me,  
" A worde er tweyn in priuete  
    " To gedur be twene vs bath.  
" I hizzt the zisturday seuen shylling,  
" Haue brok it wel to thy clothyng,  
    " Hit will do the no slathe  
" And for thou hast holpyn me now  
" Ever more felowes I and thou  
    " And mycull thanks sir now haue ze."

“ Graunt mercy,” seid than he,  
“ But siluer shalt thou nou gif me  
    “ I swere be seynt martyne.”  
“ Be god,” seid the scheperde, “ zys :”  
“ Nay,” seid oure kyng, “ I wys  
    “ Nozt for a tunne of wyne  
“ Ffor thy luf I wolde do more  
“ Then speke aworde or ij therfore,  
    “ Thou may proue sum tyme,  
“ Zif thou be fastyng cum with me  
“ And take a morsell in priuete  
    “ To gedur then shall we dyne.”

“ Nay sir,” he seid, “ so god me spede,  
“ To the kyngs meyte haue I no nede  
    “ I wil ther of no dele.  
“ Ther is non of his proud meny  
“ That hase alway so gode plente  
    “ I ha ne euery sele.”  
The kyng bare witnesse and seid, “ za  
“ But thou myzt onys er thou ga  
    “ Ety n with me a mele.  
“ The grettist lordis of the lande  
“ Haue bidde the tary I vnderstonde  
    “ And therfore bere the well.”

- " Ffor thy luff robyne I wil gladly  
" To day then mett I myne enemye,  
    " Ffor sothe as I the tell  
" He that be my doztur lay,  
" I tolde the of hym zisturday  
    " I wolde he were in hell.  
" At my howse is alle the rowte  
" They wil do harme whil I am oute  
    " Fful yuel then dar I dwell.  
" Wolde thou speke for me to the kyng  
" He wolde avow me my slyrgyng  
    " Thaire pride then shulde I fell."

Kyng Edwart onswerid agayne,

- " I will go to these erles twane  
    " That stode lang ore be me.  
" Thai ar a partie of my knowyng,  
" Thei shall speke for thee to the kyng  
    " That wrokyn shall thou be  
" In this courte thai ar twenty  
" At my bidding to bidde redy  
    " To do a gode iornay,  
" When thou comys home make no boost  
" Thei shal be takyn er thou it wost  
    " Thouz thai were sech thre."

Thus the kyng held hym with tale,  
That alle that euer was in the sale,  
    Off hym hade gret ferly,  
To gedur thei zede vp and down  
As men that seid thair orison,  
    But no man wist why,  
The scheperde keppid his staf ful warme,  
And happid it euer vndur his harme  
    As he romyd hym by,  
He wold no man toke it hym fro,  
Til that he shulde to meyte goo,  
    Sich was his curtasy.

The kyng commandit al his  
That no man speke to hym amysse  
    As thei wolde be his frynde,  
When tablys were layd and cloths sprad  
The scheperde in to the hall was lad  
    To begynne a bordis ende.  
His mytans hang be his spayre  
And alway hodit like a frere  
    To mete when he shulde wende.  
And when the waytis blew lowde hym be  
The scheperde thoht what may this be  
    He wende he hade herd a fende.

And alle that hym aboute stode  
Wende that man hade bene wode.

And lowz hym to hethyng.  
Ffor he so nycely zede in halle  
And bare a staffe among tham alle

And wolde take it no thyng,  
The stwarde seid to Joly Robyn,  
“ Goo wesshe sir for it is tyme

“ At the furst begynnyng  
“ And for that odor Edwart loue

“ Thou shalt sitte here aboue  
“ In stidde alle of the kyng.”

When he had wasshen, and fayr i sett,  
The qwene anon to hym was fett,

Ffor sche was best worthy,  
At euery ende of the deyse,  
Sate an erle withowte lese

And a fayre lady.  
The kyng commandit the stward tho,  
To the scheperde for to go,

And pray hym specially,  
A tabul dormant that he begynne  
Then shal we lawz that be here in  
Off his rybaudy.



"Adam," he seid, "sit here down  
" Ffor Joly Robyn of the town  
    " He gifs the gode worde.  
" And for thou art of his knyng  
" We vouch safe olde and zong  
    " That thou begynne the borde."  
" Perdy," seid the scheperde now,  
" Hit shal be thouzt if that I mow  
    " Hit is wel kept in horde  
" But if I do Robyne a gode tourne  
" Ellis mot I hangyt be  
    " Wyth a hempyn corde."

And when the hall was rayed out  
The scheperde lokid al aboute,  
    How that hit myzt bene  
Surkets ouer al he con holde,  
Off knyztz and of persons bolde,  
    Sich had he non sene.  
The prince was feched to the borde  
To speke with the kyng aworde,  
    And also with the qwene.  
Then he frayned hym in his ere  
If he wolde "passilodion" lere  
    And "berafrende" be dene.

"Lorde," he seid, "what may that be?"

"I know it not be goddis tre

"It is a new language."

"I leue the well," seid the kyng,

"Thou may not know al thyng

"Thou ther to ne has non age.

"There is a mon in this town

"That will it preue gode reson

"To kyng squyer and page

"And gif thou wille gif any mede

"I shal do ther to hym lede

"Vnto his scole astage."

"Hit is a scheperde that I of mene

"At his howse then haue I bene

"With in this seuene nyzt

"A dosan knyghts and thai had cum with me

"Thei shulde haue had mete plente

"Off that I fonde zedy dyzt."

Then he tolde hym alle the case

Off "passilodion" what it was,

And "berafrynde" I plyzt.

"He sitts yonde in a furrid hode

"Goo bere hym here a golde ryng gode

"And that anon right."

" And thank hym mycul for Joly Robyne

" He wenys that it be name myne

" Ffor soth as I the say.

" He wot I haue a son here

" That is the qwene lefe and dere

" I tolde hym so zisturday.

" As ofte as thou wilt to hym gon

" Name passilodion

" And wete what he will say."

" Lorde," he seid, " I wil gladly

" I can hit wel and perfytely

" Now have I lornyd a play."

When he to the scheperde came,

He seid, " do gladly gode adam

" And mycull gode hit the doo

" Micul thanke for Joly Robyn

" That thou did my lorde to dyne

" And othur ther is also.

" Whi playes thou not passilodion

" As thou did zisturday at home ?

" I will answer ther to

" I know the game to the end

" Ffor to say berafrynde

" As haue I zest and zoo."

Then looz the herde and liked ille  
And seid, " lefe childe be stille

" Ffor goddis swete tre.

" Go sei thy fadur he is to blame

" That he for gode dose me schame—

" Why has he wryed me ?

" Have I maugre for my god dede

" Shall I neuer more marchande fede

" Ne telle my pryete."

He stroked vp his hud for tene

And toke a cuppe and made it dene

A gret drauzt then drank he.

The prynce seid, " that was wel done

" Hit shalle filled azeyn ful sone

" Alle of the best wyne.

" Play passilodion and haue no drede

" And haue a gold ryng to thy mede

" And were it for luf myne.

" I wil it not for soth to say

" Hit shulde not laste me halfe aday

" Be goddis swete pyne."

When it were brokyn farewell he

An hatte wer bettur then sech thre

Ffor reyne and sonne schyne.

When the prince hade hym be holde,  
He zede and sate hym wher he wolde,

As skille and reson is.

And alle the lordyngs in the halle  
On the herd thei lowzen alle

When any cuppe zede amys.

When they hade etyn and clothe draw  
And wasshen as hit is landis lawe

Certayn sothe I wysse,

Thei drank thei aftur sone anon

And played passilodion

Tille ilke man hade his ———.

The lordis anon to chaumbur went,  
The kyng aftur the scheperde sent,

He was brozt forth full sone,

He clawed his hed his here he rent

He wende wel to haue be schent

He ne wyst what was to done.

When he french and latyn herde

He hade mervell how it ferde

And drow hym euer alone

“Jhū,” he seid, “for thy gret grace

“Bryng me fayre out of this place

“Lady now here my bone.”

" What eyled me why wis I wode

" That I cowth so litell gode

    " My seluen for to wrye?

" A lord god that I wis vnslye

" Alasse that euer he come so nye

    " The sothe that I shulde seye.

" Wolde god for his modurs luf

" Bryng me onys at myn abote

    " I were out of their eye.

" Shulde I neuer for no fair spech

" Marchande of my cowncell teche

    " Loo aferde I am to dye."

The kyng saw he was sory,

He had ther of gret myrth for thy,

    And seid, " come nere adam,

" Take the spices and drynk the wyne

" As homely as I did of thyne

    " So god the gif the dame."

Ffulle carfully in he zede.

" Haue I this for my gode dede

    " Me rewes that I here came."

He toke the wyne, and laft the spice,

Then wist thei wel that he was nyce,

    Wel carfull was that man.

He ete the spycethe, wyne he drank  
Oure kyng on the scheperde waanke,  
Priuely with his eye.

Joly Robyn he thozt wo thou be  
That tyme that I ewer met with the,  
Er ewer that I the seye.

Be god, he thouzt, had I the nowe  
Ther were zisturday I and thow  
Paynes then shulde thou drye.  
I shulde chastis the so with my slyng  
Thou shulde no moo tythyngs bryng  
On horse thowz thou were hye.

The kyng commandit a squyer teie,  
“Goo telle the scheperde in his ere  
“That I am the kyng  
“And thou shalt se sich cowntenence  
“That hym had leuer be in fraunce  
“When heris of that tythyng.  
“He has me schewid his preuete  
“He wil wene ded to be  
“And make therfore mournyng.  
“Hit shalle hym mene alto gode  
“I wolde not ellis be the rode  
“Nouzt for my best gold ryng.”

The squyer pryuely toke his leue,  
And plucked the scheperde be the sleue,  
Ffor to speke hym with,  
"Man," he seid, "thou art wode  
"Why dose thou not down thy hode  
"Thou art all out of kith.  
"Hit is the kyng that spekes to thee  
"May do what his willis be  
"Be refe this lym and lith  
"And gif thou haue do any trespas  
"Ffall on knees and aske grace  
"And he will gif the grith."

Then was that herd a carful man  
And neuer so sory as he was than  
When he herd that sawe.  
He wist not that hym was gode,  
But then he putte down his hode  
On knees he fel down lawe.  
"Lorde," he seid, "I crye the mercy,  
"I know the not be oure lady,  
"When I come into the sale;  
"Ffor had I wist of the sorowe  
"When that we met zistur morow  
"I had not ben in this bale."



The collations of the following poem are made from a MS. in the public Library at Cambridge. G. g. 4. 27. Francis Leveson Gower has another MS. of the same; which will be collated in Red-ink.

These collations were made by D. Laing Esq. from his own transcripts of the Auchinleck MS. as Mr. Laing furnished the Editor with the copy from which that silly gentleman printed this romance, these corrections will be seen to be valuable. The transcript was originally made by Sir. W. Scott who gave it Mr. Laing, & he in turn gave it Hartshorne with a caution respecting its probable inaccuracy. When Mr. L. heard that H. was printing it, he begged him to send down the proofs for collation: but Hartshorne answered that it was not worth while to take so much trouble.

I in k.

## FLORICE AND BLANCHEFLOUR.

I NE kan telle zou nowt

u/ Hoy richeliche the sadel was wrount;

The arsouns were gold pur and fin,

e/ Stones of vertu set thair in;

Bigon abouten wiz orfreis,

g/ The quene was hende and curteis;

3/e/ 3/ She cast hir hond to hire fingre,

And drouz ther of a riche ringe;

r/ "Haue now, sone, here this king

"While thou hit hast, doute the no thing,

We for/n/ Bestir the brenne, ne drenches in se,

"Ne iren ne stel schal derie the.

"And, be hit erli and be hit late,

i/ "To the will thou schalt haue whate."

1 Weping thai deþted nouthe,

i/ And kuste him wiz softe mouthe

Hee tok forþ a wel fair þing  
Of hire fingir a riche ring.

His sone hee eode haue þis ring

He is þin/ ne/ o/ o/

f/ þur/ a/ o/ sa/

o/ a/ ne mai þe sle/

and to þi wil þu schalt habbe grace

late and rathe in eche place.

1 Floris misseþ om his leue

He longer holdis he bilene

He cilete hem wiþ softe muþe

al weþinge hi deþarted muþe

he makede his moder.  
 But also he was elaid/  
 for him ne wende hi neura mo  
 oft to see, he dunda hi no.  
 If he wende / B / d / e /  
 and wif him his fader / A / e /  
 fort to be hause he best recome  
 and per hakep here in inome  
 at so selua huse hi best aligt.  
 Blancheflour was for nigt.  
 richa sofor per was idigt.  
 and merie hi verden for anigt.  
 Florice let for ne for  
 to finden at to need beo.  
 of flet of flet of tender head  
 of whit win & eke ned.

And eblige hi weren alle  
 to waren wif hase in so hulle  
 of flet & gamenade eke wif of  
 ac Florice fenchep al on ofor

for he net ne drink righ / d /

of / d /  
 of / d / A / i / me /

to he murninge /

to hire toward heo sadu / B / A /

of / A / e / d /

of / u / e / A / e /

ne / A / e / na bet /

to net mate ne he ne drinkep

of / A / e / f /

Thai made for him non other chere,

Than thai seze him legge on bere!

How forth thai fine wiz alle main,

Himself, and his chamberlain.

So long thai han undernome,

To the hauene thai bez icome,

Ther blancheflour lai a nigt;

Richeliche thai wer idigt.

The louerd of the hous was wel hend,

The child he sette next his hende,

In the althfest fairest sete.

Gladlie thai dronke and ete

All that ther were,

Al thai made glade chere,

And ete and dronke echon wiz other:

And Florice thouzte all another!

Ete ne drinke mizte he nouzt;

On Blancheflour was al his thouzt

The leuedi of the hous underzat

How this child murning sat

And seide her loverd wiz still dreme

"Sire," ze said, "nimstou no zeme

"How this child murning sit?

"Mete and drink he forzit;

Litel he etez and lasse he drinkez,

"He nis no marchaunte as me thinkes"

- To Florice than spak zhe, Florice has sode what mai þe beo.*
- o/* "Child, ful of mourning y the se; *þus mourning as ike þe seo*
- "Thus sat her inne, this enderdai *of ofer day/*
- "Blancheflour that fair mai *1 Sat/ 2/ 1 2/ 3/*
- "Herinne was that maiden bouzt *And o ender he haf him tolde, þus Blancheflour was þarinne isold.*
- "And ouer the se sche was ibrocht
- "Her inne thai bouzt that maiden swete
- y i* "And wille her eft selle to bezete,
- "To babilone thai wille here bring,
- "And selle hire to Kaisar other to king
- ilich/* "Thou art rich here of alle thinge, *i/i/*
- "Of semblant and of mourning, *1 boþe / 1 2/ of 1 2/*
- o' e* "Bot thou art a man and she is a maide *of fairnesse & of muchelade, 1 1 2/ 2/ 1 2/ 1 2/*
- Thous the wife to Florice saide, *of*
- The Florice herde his leman neuene, *of 3/ 2/ 1 2/ 1 2/ 1 2/*
- So blithe he was of that steuene. *blisful him þuste i like steuene/*
- p/* That his herte began alle lizt. *he lette fulle a coupe of win*
- p/* A coupe of gold he lette fulle rizt;
- "Dame, he saide, this haill is thin *e. 2/ 2/*
- ef* "Bothe the gold and the win
- "Bothe the gold and the wineke *but win o pat gold eke.*
- "For thou of mi leman speke. *of*
- "On her I thougt, for here I firt; *for hire / 3/ 1 2/ 1 2/ 1 2/*
- i' i' i' i'* "And, west ich wher hire fende mest, *for i not wher hire seche mighte,*  
*Hire to seche she wille iuende*  
*þez has beo at þe waddes wordles ende.*

“ ~~The~~ scholde no weder me assoine  
 “ That ine schal here seche at babeloine.”

Florice rest, him there al nitz.

Amorwe, whanne hit was dai lizt,

He dide him in the salte flod:

Winder and weder he hadde ful god.

To, the mariners he zaf largeliche,

That brouzten him ouer bletheliche,

To the londe thar he wold lende.

For thei founden him so hende.

Sone so Florice com to londe,

Welc zerne he thankede godes sonde,

To the lond ther his leman is,

Him thout he was in paradis.

Wele sone men Florice tiddingls told,

The amerall wolde feste holde

And kinges and dukes to him come scholde,

Al that of him holde wolde,

For to honour his hezhe feste,

And also for to heren his heste.

**Tho Florice herde this tiding,**

Than gan him glade in alle thing ;

And in his hert, thouzt he,

That he wolde at that feste be :

wel  
a  
e  
inff inome

iliche

# #  
2 2

ffiffe

#

ick  
n  
i  
g  
e

For ~~wol~~ he hopede, in the halle,

His lemen sen among hem alle,

So long Florice hath undernome,

To a fair cite he is icome,

Wel faire men hath his in one,

Ase men scholde to a kinges sone,

At a palais was nou him alch,

The louerd of the hous was welë riche,

And god inow him com to honde,

Bothe biwater and belonde.

Florice he sparede for ~~no~~ no fee,

I now that there ne scholde be,

Of figsch, of flesch, of tendre bred,

Bothe of whit win, and of red.

The louerd hadde ben wel wide;

The child he sette bi his side,

In theatherferste sete.

Gladliche thai dronke and ete,

And Florice etc an drank riztoowt,

On Blanche flour, was al in thouzt.

Than bespak the bourgeis,

That hende was fre, and courteys,

" Child, me thinkk swiche wele,

" Thi thouzt is mochel on thi catel!"

8/10/ among hem alle!

a/ in þe halle!

8/ richest biþ/ in/

8/10/ he hadde here/ inome/ as one paleis rufe riche þe lord of þer inme was non his liker.

him feel gold inoz/

in/ in/

8/

8/

8/

he hadde glad his lif feel!

in/ next/

glad and blife he weren alle so fele so were in þe halle

as 3/8/12/ of he dronk next/

fl 12/ of 8/ his 8/

þe lord of þer inme undertat

þe þis child murringe sat

Floriz he seke what mai þe bea

þus murringe þe ike þe seo

11 "Nai on mi catel is hit nowt;  
 11 "On othe think is al mi thouzt,  
 11 "Mi thouzt is, on all wyse,  
 11 "Mochel on mi marchaundise,  
 11 "And zit, that is mi ~~maist~~ wo,  
 11 "Gif ich hit finde and schal forgo!"  
 11 Thanne spak the louerd of that inne,

(sic)

e  
mefte  
3

11 *Ther inne þis oþer dai* Thous sat, this other dai, her inne,  
 11 *sat Blanchefleur þat þis may* That fare maide Blanchefleur,  
 11 *in halle ne in bour ne at bord* Bothe in halle and eke in bour.  
 11 *of hire ne herde wa neura* Quere zhe made mourning chere,  
 11 *bute of Floriz was hire moer* And bimette Florice here leue sere;  
 11 *heo) wadda in herte icore*  
 11 *heo) herde he rompoun his lath* And bimette Florice here leue sere;  
 11 *glad) he was icore for þan*

2  
2  
6

11 "Joie ne bliss ne hadde þe none,  
 11 "And on Florice was al here mone."

3/

Florice het a coupe of silver whitt,  
 And a mantel of scarlet,

3/

mine (? mine-k)

Ipaned al wif meniver,  
 And gaf his hostesse ther.

3/3/

"Have this, "þe saide," to thine honour;

3

"And thou hit mytþe thonke Blanchefleur

3 2 2

"Stolen þe was out mine countreie,

3/

"Her ich þere seche by the wale.

e 2 i

"He mytþe make mi herte glad,

"Thaþ couthe me telle whider zhe was lad."

6

\* The edge of the MS. here is unfortunately worn away, but the lines run thus:

..... brings a coupe of silver  
 ..... a pance of meniver  
 ..... he sode hane þis to þin honur  
 ..... þu speke of Blanchefleur  
 ..... (myt)st make min herte ful glad  
 ..... þe one worder heo were ilad  
 ..... sode þe þingais  
 ..... wel humble & curteis  
 ..... þoques he was iboght  
 ..... smal hirez hæg iboght  
 ..... to his nest  
 ..... efler he þoght mest  
 as restu ne mytþe he habbe none  
 forþ þe dide slap him none

or.

271 " Child, to babeloyne zhe his ibrouzt;  
 " And ameral hir had ibouzt.  
 " He zall for hire, as zhe stod uprizt,  
 " Seuen scheshere gold of wizt  
 " For hire faired (hire faired) and for hire schere,  
 " The ameral hire bowzte so dere.  
 " For he thinkez, wizouten wene,  
 " That fair mai to hopen to quene.  
 " Among other maidnes in his tour,  
 " He hath hire ido wiz mochel houn."

haue & ber him þis/  
 on mine halue/ *n*/  
 alle/ *a*/  
 as he wolde/  
 Floriz her of was wel blise/  
 and þus he toke his othe wel wight/  
 þeire of him he misast/  
 no longer wolde/ *i*/  
 t/ middeðen hig/  
 Floriz was þe brigge nig/  
 þe he com to þe gate/  
 þe þer he fond anon forate/  
 itrinde one *n*/  
 þe þe faire & hende mon/  
 and so him sode child Floriz/  
 rest þe miserie sode þeire/  
 and let him to þe þe ring/  
 and þe þe þe þe þe þe þe þe

"Thou schalt beren him a ring,  
 "Fram mi selue, *in* *n*/  
 "That he the helpe in eche helue,  
 "So hit were þe falle mi selue." *i*

Florice tok the ring, and nam his leue,  
 For ther no leng wold he þe leue, *e i*  
 Bi that his was þe ndren heghz, *v*  
 The brigge he was sithe negz,  
 When he was to the brigge ifome, *n*

The burges he fond at þe frome;  
 Stondeð on a marbel ston, *g*

Fair man, and hende he was on,

The burges was i hote daye, *g*

Florice him grette swithe faire, *g*

And hath him the ring irawt, *g*

And wel faire him bitawt, *g*

Thourgh tokning of that ilke ring. *de*

Florice had there god gestning, *g*

Of fichss, of flesch, of tendre bred, *s*

Bothe of whit win and of red,

And euere Florice sizte ful cold,

And þearys gan him behold.

"Leue child, what mai the be?"

"Thous carfoul as I the se,

"I wene thou nart nowt al fer,

"That thou makest thous doelful cher."

\* Glade & blise hi weren alle  
 so þe so weren in þe halles  
 as Floriz met me dronk most  
 on blanchefleur was at his post  
 sode þeire sodeþet  
 þe Floriz sodeþet  
 Floriz he sode what mai þe be  
 so þe þe sode  
 me þe þe þe þe  
 þe met most glad of þe sode.



"Other the liker nowt thin in."

Now Florice answered him,

"Zis, fre, be godes more,

"So god me ne hadde fore,

"God late me bide thiwe day,

"That ich the zelde may!

"Ac I thenke, in alle wise,

"Upon myn owen merchaundise,

"Wherefore ich am hider come.

"Lest I ne finde hit nowt at a frome.

"And zit is that mi meste wo,

"Zif ich it finde and sschal forgo!"

"Child, woldest thou tel me thi gref,

"To helpe the me were ful leg."

Now euerich word he had him told,

Now the maide was fram him sold,

And how he was of Speine a kinges sone,

And for hire loue thides icome

For to fond wiz som gine,

That faire maide to biwne.

Daris nou that childe bihalt,

And for a fol he him halt.

"Child," he seith, "I se how goth;

"I wis thou zernest thin owendez!

"The ameral hath, to his iustening,

"Other half hondred of riche kiz"

ane/pe/3f/5/

3/1/3/2/ u/11 c/

o/5/11 he sode/11 i/ o/

ni nandede the wel/

one lounde/mi lute/11/pe/11/

he/ ee/ y/

the/ ch/11 uie/ o/ fe/

11 uie/ v/ o/ o/ a/

ft purg for whi the/11 e/ u/

a/ o/3/12/ o/ u/

and þez the hit finde hit is mi wo

dest the schulle hit forgo.

þe sode Daris þe þez burgais

þe was wel hande & curteis

fram the wolde þe nede ilere

þe þe muche þe hatera were

þe þe toldest one þe gref

to nede þe me were les.

þe Floriz bigan his conseil schewe

and to Daris becom it newe

þe Blauncheflur was is old

o he he was a kinges sone

for hire loue piden icome

to fonde purg sume cunnes ginne

his lemmann blauncheflur biwonne

þanna Floriz/

more þanna/ 11/

Floriz/ de/11 o/ u/ o/11 hit/ ee/

þe ert abute þin oze des/

11/ i/11 ue/ ze/ o/11 u/11 e/

u/11 u/11 e/

he for his son so / i /  
 the entermeten of eme, such hit  
 billa made to awnise  
 as for wif strenghe as wif gines  
 the neuere of his life / a /  
 "That al ther richest king, =  
 Ne dorste begine swich a thing,  
 For, mizte the ameral hit underzete,  $\frac{1}{2}$  and  $\frac{1}{2}$  / i / might write,  
 Some thow were of him quite. n u # line  
 "Abouten babeloin, wczouten wene, i e i  
 "Sexte longe milen and tene; i  
 "And ate walle thar beth ate,  
 "Seuen sithe twenti zate,  
 "Twenti towris ther begine, #  
 "That euerich dai che ingine. pi / # #  
 "This no dai thurg the zer,  
 "That cheping nis the ynpleuer. f n #  
 "An hundred toures also therto,  
 "Mez in the bofwe and somdel mo. n  
 "That alderest feblest tour,  
 "Wolde kepe and empower,  
 "To comen al ther wiz line, in hont  
 "Yotther wiz strengze newiz ginne. n i #  
 "And thei alle the men that beth ibore,  
 "Adden hit up here deth is whore; e  
 "Tha scholde winne the mai so sone, i  
 "As fram the heuene hez the sonne and mone,  
 "As in the bofgh, amide the rizt, ur  
 "Ther stat a riche a tour, the aplizt,

and babilonia he understonde  
 Ourap aboute firsennigt gonder  
 aboute he walle for bup ate  
 seue ripe ticeenti gales  
 and in he bupz amiddle right  
 bof two toures of iust  
 of lym and of marbil ston  
 oche day in al he gere  
 he faire is for iliche planere  
 seue hundred toures & two  
 bof in he burg bipuhte mo  
 and in he burg amiddle right  
 bof two toures of iust  
 of lym and of marbil ston  
 in he world is swich tur mon.  
 In he tur for is a walle  
 as for aler hit is wif alle  
 he ornap in of ipe of bras  
 whiden so hit ned was

fram floure into floure  
 þe strimmes ornep ston  
 fram bure into halles  
 þe stromes of þis welles  
 in þe tur is o kernal  
 of delure & of crestel  
 on þe tur an (?)  
 as a charbucle ston

FLORICE AND BLANCHEFLOUR. 91

- “ Agonsang taise he his treize,  
 “ Wo so it be alt wit fer and nagge,  
 “ And an hundres taises he is wid,  
 “ And I makid wiz mochel prid,  
 “ Of lim, and of marbel ston.  
 “ In cristience nis guilk none.  
 “ And the morter is makid so wel,  
 “ Se mai no man hit breke wiz no stel,  
 “ And the pomel, aboue the led,  
 “ Is wroȝt wiz so moche red,  
 “ That men ne ferren a nize berne  
 “ Neither torche ne lanterne.  
 “ Swiche a pomel was neuer bigonne  
 “ Hit schinez a nize so a dai doth the sone  
 “ Son beth therinne that riche toure  
 “ Four and twenti maidenes boure,  
 “ So wel wer that ~~te~~ man,  
 “ That mizte ~~women~~ in that an,  
 “ Now thowrt him neuere ful I wis  
 “ Willen after more blisse.  
 “ These beth the seriantes of the stage,  
 “ To seruen the maiden~~es~~ of page.  
 “ So mai no seriaunt be ther inne,  
 “ That in his brech bereth the ginne,  
 “ Neȝther bi dai ne bi nize,

st ginep lanne day & nize.  
 na bi hit allere so dork nize  
 in þe burg ne darf me berne  
 þe he ne ginep list & lanne  
 as dop a day þe sunne beane.  
 þe porten is brud wipalles  
 cohe day he gop on the walles  
 and of þer comep eni man  
 bi þinne pilke barbecan  
 bute he him gawe leue  
 he wile him þopa late and reue  
 þe porten is culwart a felun  
 he wile him sette a reison.

per biþ in þe hize tur  
 forti maiden~~es~~ and four

o/ð/æ/æ/!k/o/

wunice/ wiþ/o/

e/ð/!æ/e/ð/ð/

na/o/ð/æ of paradis/o/

per/i/ð/æ u/ð/ in/

þe/þ/ þar/

ac ne mot per nom ben/

one þe/æ/

o/ð/æ/

n  
i e

Swich

N

u/

Non

e ilke  
n

Non in  
page  
Ne

" But he be as capoun dizt.  
 " And at the gate is a gateward;  
 " He nis no fol, n<sup>o</sup> no coward.  
 " Zif the comez ani man,  
 " Wif inne that ilche barbican,  
 " Out hit be bi his leue,  
 " He wille him bothe bete and reue.  
 " The porter is proud wiz alle;  
 " Euerich dai he goth in palle.

" And the ameraill is so wonder agoine,  
 That euerich zer, hit his wone,  
 To chesen him a newe wif,

" And whan he a newe wif under fo,  
 He knawez how hit sal be do,

" Than schollemen fechche down of the stage

" Alle the maidenenes of parage,

" And breng hem in to on orchard,

" The fairest of al middelhard,

" Ther is foulen song,

" Men mizte leuen ther among,

" Aboute the orchard, goth a walle,

" The werste stone is cristal.

" Ther man mai sen, on the ston,

" Mochel of this werldes wisdom,

" And a welle ther springe inne, In þe orchard is a welle  
 " That is wrowt wiz mochel gine, It is sape cler wif alle  
 " The welle is of mochel pris, The mai seggen iwis  
 " The strem com fram paradis. As a of /  
 " The grauel in the grounde of preciose stone for in þe streames, þe smale stones  
 " & and of vertu, I wis, echone, hi beoþ þor funden eweak one  
 " Of Sapheres and of Sardoines toþa / i / d / d /  
 " Of oneches, and of calsidoines, and swiþe richa / s /  
 " Son is the wat of so mochel eye, and intinctes and toþacas  
 " Zif the comez ani maiden that is forleie, and mawle of muchel grace  
 " And bowe to the grounde, above þe walle stant a tree  
 " For to waschen hire honde, It fairste þe myȝt in orþe heo  
 " The water wille zelle als hit wer wod, hit is ihoþe þe tree of þene  
 " And bicom on here so red so blod, for lef v bloome beoþ þor beuea  
 " Wich maiden the water fareþ on so, as some soþe olde beoþ iden  
 " Hyf schal sone by fordo, for springeþ niwe riȝt anon  
 " And thilke that beth maidenen clene, alle þilke þe clene maidenen beo  
 " Thai mai hem wassche of the rene, schulle sitte anene vnder þe tree  
 " The water wille erne stille and cler, and which falleþ on þe furste flour  
 " Belle hit hem make no danger, schal beo quene o fonge þenur  
 " At the welle heued ther stant a tree, 3ef þor is ani maiden forlai  
 " The fairest that mai in erthe be ; þe wal is of so muchel eis  
 " Hit is icleped the tre of loue, an heo stepe to þe grounde  
 " For floures and blofmes beth aboute for to wassche hire honde  
 " He beluofeþ of so he were wedd and chaungeþ from water into blod  
 " The welle heued ther stant a tree, on wiche þe welle fareþ so  
 " The fairest that mai in erthe be ; also swiþe he wureþ fordo.  
 " Hit is icleped the tre of loue, as ȝef þen ani maiden is  
 " For floures and blofmes beth aboute þe admirall beuþ mast of þor  
 " He beluofeþ of so he were wedd on hire schal beo þe flour ewent  
 " The welle heued ther stant a tree, þen he chaueþ his wif þen ȝe flour  
 " He beluofeþ of so he were wedd alle weneþ hit schulle beo Blaweschefleur  
 " He beluofeþ of so he were wedd ȝe queson.

10/5/5/1 gud/c/

- " Bihold the tour up and down, *of / d / so highede /*
- " The porter is colured and feloun; *and was so fot met so brode*
- " Wel sone he wil come to the, *for he will wile sotten his resoun*
- " And aske what mister man thou be.
- " And ber upon the felonie, *ac /*
- " And sai thou art comen the tour aspie. *segge / d / d / d / # /*
- " Thou shalt answeren him sweedlych, *so / na / d / a wel / londe / ac /*
- " And speke to him wel undelich, *d / wis / sueteliche /*
- " And sai thou art aginour *and reis first become fram farren londe*
- " To biheld that fiche tour, *for to seeke and for to fonde*
- " And for to lerne and for to fonde, *if mi lif so longe ilast*
- " To mak another in the londe. *to make a turn after his cast*
- " Wel sone he wil com the ner, *in fere londe ate fume*
- " And bidde the plaien at the scheker *whanne þu eat home iscome*
- " To plaien he wil be wel fous, *whanne he bi hit speke so hendeliche*
- " And to winen of thin wel confitous. *and anouerie so sueteliche*
- " When thou art to the scheker brouzt; *þenne þu wile come so ner*
- " Wizuten þou ne plai thou nowt. *e / d / ac /*
- " Thou shalt have redi mitte, *a / ac / d / d / is forp i / d /*
- " Thritte mark under thi slitte, *e / d / d / d / p / na / ac / e / d / 3 /*
- " And gif he winne ouzt al thin, *d / smot / 66 /*
- " Al leue thou hit wiz him, *twenty / one /*
- " And gif thou winne ouzt of his, *þeg þu biwinne ert of his*
- " Thou lete therof ful litel pris. *hold hit of wel litel pris*
- " Wel þeron he wille the bidde & praie, *if he biwinne ert of þe*
- " That thou come amorewe and plaie, *þif him of þine suche þre*
- much he wile þouke þu*
- and of þe ouste iurindred beo*
- for he is supe conetous*
- and at þescheker unuies.*

zer ne (zerne. K)

grawente him *to / 2 /*

lde / mid / 1 / 3 / 1 / 4 / 12 /

and wel he needed for to do  
the pridda day for weerd him to  
and how with for forty perend  
and pine cups hol to round

blanne for lest him for cups *100*  
wel anguours he wile beo

he wile beo wel coultures  
and hire to bigga cups for

muschel he for wiles beoda  
if him mizte for beore spade

the wot he wille jidde day  
howeure for to musche so he may

he wile for lode to his moute  
for cups of for to be wille

forne has wile for bidda *100*  
for for legge for cups to plaie

to him answere alle forste  
it no lenger pleie for no lude

answere him wel handeliche  
in beo for cups seie blufeliche

in his gods compaignie  
e wille he has for darenie

the wot for he wille alre best  
of pine needs halpe for most

he mizt segge for no failor non  
wot ne selue ne richa won

seie for wile forste with him of for  
it he schal eue beo richa mizt

blanne he lenger for spoke so richeliche  
and answere so handeliche

forne he wile beo wel blebe  
and bigune to lene for suie

and bigune to lene for suie

and bigune to lene for suie

and bigune to lene for suie

and bigune to lene for suie

and bigune to lene for suie

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and bigune to lene for suie

and bigune to lene for suie

and bigune to lene for suie

and bigune to lene for suie

and bigune to lene for suie

"Thou schalt sigge thou wilt so,

"And min wile the amorewe swich two,

"And euer thou shalt in thin owen wolde,

"Thi golde cop wile he at holde,

"That ilkeself coppe of golde,

"That was for Blanche flour golde.

"The thridde dai bere wile the an hondred pond

And the coppe al hol and sond

Zif him markes: and pans fale,

Of thi mone tel thou no tale,

"Wel zerne he the wille bidde and praie,

"That thou legge the coupe to plaie.

"Thou shalt answeren him ate first,

So lenger plai thou no list.

"Wel moche he wile for thi coupe bede,

Zif he mizte the better spede.

Thou schalt blufeliche ziuen hit him,

"Thai hit be gold for and fin,

"And sai, me thinkez hit wel besemez the

"That hit wer were worz swiche pra.

"Sai also, the ne faille non,

"Gold ne seluer ne fische won,

"And wil thanne so mochel loue the,

"That thou hit schalt bothe here and see,



" That he wil falle, to thi fot,

and / he wile / x e /

“ And bicome thi man /if he mot,

2/12/

"His manred thou shalt afonge.

10/10/10

“ And th trewthe of his honde,

his/ 'u/ s!

“ Zif thou mizt thous his loue winne,

dat he se bere al se held  
 It man schal to his lound gelde  
 and ses junes se cepe. & his giene  
 se mist se lennonen best awinne  
 fenne se mist beon ikaswe  
 and se cunvail to him seche.

"He mai the helpe wiz som ginne."

20/5/6/3/

See also Florice hath iwrowt,

Also darie him hath. i. awt;

That though his gold and his garsons.

ao/d/ez/pe cupe/purez/e/u/

The porter is his man bicom.

u/Λc/

“ Now quath Florice thou art mi man,

u/s/s/s/s/s

"And al mi trest is the upan.

2/2/01

“ ~~See~~ thou mezt-wel ethe,

paruoni pu most me halpe node  
bi putu pa na mai me spada.

**"Arede me fram the dethe."**

ord and ende/

And euerich word he hath him told,

*8/ 6<sup>th</sup> maide / 8/ i /*

Hou Blancheflour was fram him sold;

8/ 77/ i/ u/

And how he was of Spaine a kinges sone,

8/11/19 he was 11/

And for hire loue, thider icome;

æ/ mid/ u/ e kunnas/

To fond, wiz ~~som~~ ginne,

he he onizte hira / 1a /

The maiden azen to him winne.

$\pi\beta/\sigma/\pi i/\pi i/\sigma\sigma/\pi h/\pi$

The porter that herde, and sore sizte ;

he/1 he sede/ wip./

"Icham bitraied thourz rizte

<sup>t</sup> *purag pis cupa & pis geroume*

"Thourz the catel icham bitraid

“ And of mi lif icham dismaid

su the soe/ d/  
 he/ d/ a/ u/

best for pan wile the mai go

one schal be faillt neuere mai

What one bitide ofor bifalle

the schal be forward holden alle

d/ d/ one Florig/ a ne/

d/ a/ bi/ e/ che/ u/ a/ e/

the wille fonde what I do may

bitwene þis o þe þridde day

"~~Then~~ ich wot child hou hit geth

"For the ich drede to tholie deth

And natheles ich ne schal the neuere faile mo

Ther whiles mai ride or go.

Thi foreward ich wil heldenalle,

What so wille betide or falle

"Wende thou hom into thin in,

"Whiles I think of som ginne,

Bitwene this and the thridde dai,

"How ich wille that I mai."

Florice spak, and wepe among;

That ilche terme him thouzte wel long

The porter thouzte what to rede.

He let floures gatheren in the mede,

He wist hit was the maidenes wille,

Two coupen he let of floures fille;

That was the red that he thouzt tho,

Florice in that o coupe do;

~~And were~~ gegges the coupe bere,

So hem charged that wroth thai were,

Thai bad god zif him fuel fin,

That so mani floures dede therin,

Thider that thai weren yede,

Se wer thai nouzt arizt birede;

d/

d/ d/ d/ d/

cupen he lett fulla of floures

to strauen in þe maidenas bere

his to helpe him so/

he let/ 3 d/ o/ a/ u/ d/ g/

Twice/ d/

and for hecie/ hi/

hi baden/ u/ e/

he/ d/ u/

þe þe chambra þor hi scholden

þe goden hi arizt no

Non

er

#

Don

d

(Repetar)  
 in ma

Twice

ib/  
 v/ e

Ac thai turned in hire left hond,  
Blanche flour es bour an hond.  
To Clarice bour the coupe thai bere,

to answer chaumbre he begg agone  
to Blanche flour es chaumbre anon  
he coupe he sette to the grounde  
and goth forþ & letyn hire stonde

Wiz the floures that therinne were;

Ther the coupe thai sette adown,

And safe here malisoun,

That so fele floures embrouzte on honde;

Thai wenten forth, and leten the coupe stonde,

Clarice to the coupe com, and wolde

The floures handlede and biholde.

Floris wende hit hadde ben his swet witz,

In the coupe he stode uprizt.

And the maid, al for drede,

Bigan to schrichen an to grede

Tho sche seghz hit nas nowch hye

And held him bitraied al clene,

Of his dez he ne zaf nowt abene.

Ther com to Clarice maiden es lepe,

Silen bi twenti in one hepe;

And askede what her were,

That hyn makede so loude bere?

Clarice hire understod anon ritz,

That hit was Blanche flour that syete witz,

For here boures nez were,

And seldn that thai sefen I fere,

o maiden/

o do/

3/88/ were/ a/ e/

ot of/ d/ left/ a/ d/

at/ a/ e/ d/ a/ be/

crie/ a/ d/

he muste know what to rede  
for he ferliche ft he hadde  
in to he coupe he sterte agone  
and with þe floures he hadde him

þis maide þette/

Floris/ u/

chaumbres/ e/

d/ e/ d/ a/ was/ hi/ togedere were/

line omitted

In to þe coupe he ferte a zo

x And ather of other counseil that wite,  
 And michel ather to other triste.  
 His zaf hire maidenenes answere anon,  
 That into boure thai scholde gon,  
 "To his coupe ich am, and wolde  
 "The floures handle, and byholde;  
 "Ac ther ich hit euer wiste,  
 "Aboterfleze to zain me fluste;  
 "Ich was sor adrad of than,  
 "That schrichen and greden I began."  
 The maidenenes hadde ther of gle,  
 And turnede azene and lete, Clarisse be,  
 So sone so the maidenenes weren agon,  
 To Blauncheflours bour Clarice went anon,  
 And saide leyende to Blauncheflour:  
 "Swiche a flour that the schal lik  
 "Haue thon send hit alite!"  
 "Anoth, dameselle," quath Blauncheflour,  
 "So skorne me is litel hour!  
 "Ich I here, Clarice, wizoute gabbe,  
 "The ameral wil me to wiue habbe;  
 "Ac thilke dai schal neuer be,  
 "That men schal at wite me,  
 "That I shal ben of loue xntrewe,  
 "So chaung, loue for non newe;

(line omitted)

Wilton sen aful fair flour

for the wene bithute

"Nicht/d/i/d" woula

"y/a ne/ne

for schal me neuere

"The beo/ue/v/

ne/c/ue/d/

x and ofte blauncheflour hire hadde told  
 he was from him cold  
 his maidenenes comen in to hire lepe  
 wel fiftene in on hepe  
 and axede hire what hire were  
 and heu hee made such beas  
 wel hee was biþort and where  
 to fenden hem answere.

f. Clarice hadde þat maide hende  
 to blaunchefloures chaumbre hee gan wende  
 and orde suate blauncheflour  
 wille see a wel fair flour  
 hit ne graue noȝt on þis londe  
 þat flour þat he bringe þe to londe  
 away Clarice quoth blauncheflour  
 he þat leueþ þar amere  
 and þat þe y. i. g. mai leue floures  
 he lube in þe i. g. in þis londe.

na leta po olde for no news be

3/2/0/2/22/

Acpez Floriz forse me

ne sohal ihs neuere forzete so.

3/8/ iherde pes ille/

$$d/w$$
 and  $d^3/w$ 

For trees glide of hirs here

deux sucta blanchefleur

cuon & se a wel fair floor  
togethers hi gob one iwis

and Floriz kept them at his

et of the cups he left alone  
and to Blanche after he gave you

bofa nupa / hi / u / p / o / u / o /

*o/ e/ a/ one i/ u/ o/*

to gaderen wipute word hi lopen

1/10/12/

e/k/le/ni/e/

1 m/8/14

cc/

2/2

*S/e/1 e/1 Clarice/S/*

ður ?  $\frac{d}{dt} u / \frac{d}{dt} d / \text{gate} / \frac{d}{dt}$

 $\lambda = 2/3$ 

e! d/d/d/ e/ am/

x certes qu'elz Blanchefleur to Clarice  
 his is men ofene suete Floriz  
 to be admiral for hem ne wisse  
 for panne were here overge niwe  
 Clarice hadde of hem fute  
 noþing has sede ne dute ge

"He moste gonne wel mochel of art,  
 "That thou woldest zif therof ani part!"  
 Bothe thise syete thinges, for blis,  
 Fallez down here fet to kis;  
 And criez hire merci, al weping,  
 That zhe hem briwaie nowt to the king.  
 To the king that zhe hem nowt bewreie  
 Wher though thai were siker to dethe?  
 Tho spak Clarice to Blaunchefflour,  
 Wordes ful of fin amour.

"He doute zof na more wiz alle,  
 "That to miself hit hadde bifalle.  
 White zhe wel wisli,  
 "That hele ich wille zoure both drufi."

To on bedde zhe hath him ibronzt,  
 That was of silk and sendel wrouzt,  
 Thai sette hem there wele softe adoun,  
 And Clarice drouz the courteyn rown.  
 Tho began thai to chipe and kisse,  
 And made joie and mochel blisse.

Florice ferst speke began,  
 And said, "Howerd that madest man,  
 "The I thanke, godes sone,  
 "Nou al mi care iche haue ouercome,

(ic) i

N  
 with li  
 v r

i d clippe  
 e L

" And now ich haue mi lef i founde, *mi lef ou the habbe þe ifunde*

" Of al mi fare ich am unbounde!" *he/v/d/*

Now hath aither other told *u/d/ a i/*

Of mani a car, foul cold, *here orrage/ and care/*

And of mani pine strong, *þe hi hadde ifunde þe*

That thai had bene atwo so long, *suffe hi were ideld atre.*

Clarice hem serued al to wille, *þe hi cluppest & cursost*

Bothe derneliche and stille. *and maket to gadere muchel blisse*

Bot so ne mizte zhe long i wite, *if þe was ogt bute custe*

That hi ne scholde ben anderzete. *owate blauncheflour hit wiste.*

Now had the amera swich a wone, *þe of herene hi na bode*

That eueri dai ther scholde come, *bute oure swich lif to lede.*

Ther maidenen out of hire bower, *as longe ne might hi hem wite*

To seruen him up in the tour, *þe/ a/ d/ i/ hadde/ u/ d/ u/*

Wiz water and cloth and bacyn, *eche mortid/ moste/ u/*

For to wasche his hondes in, *u/ wif muchel honour/*

The thridde scholde bringge comb & mefour, *into þe hazeste ture.*

To seruen him wiz gret honour, *þe were feire & supe hende*

And thai serued him neuer so faire. *þe on his hende for to kembe*

Amorwen schold another pair, *þe bringe towaille and bacin*

And mest was wened into the four, *Swiche him/ þe/ a day/*

Ther to Clarice and Blauncheflour. *a/ 3/ d/ moste/ e/ a/ e/*

So longe him serued the maidenen route, *ac/ era/ a/ i/ u/ t/ d/*

That hir seruice was comen aboute; *Maide/ 3/ d/ d/*

On the morewen that thider com Florice,  
Hit fel to Blaunchefflour & to Clarice.

Clarice, so wele hire mote betide,

Aros up in the morewented,

And cleped after Blaunchefflour,

To wende wif here into the tour.

Blaunchefflour said ich am comende,

Ac here answer was al slepende.

Clarice in the wai is nome,

And wende that Blaunchefflour had come

Sone so Clarice com in the tour,

The amiral asked after Blaunchefflour.

"Sire, zhe saide anon ritz,

"Zhe had iwaked al this nitz,

"And ikyeled, and iloke,

"And irad upon hire boke,

"And bad to god hfe onfesoun,

"That he the ziue benisoun,

"And the held long alive,

"Now sche slepeth also swithe,

"Blaunchefflour that maiden swete,

"That hir ne mai nowt comen zhet."

"Certe, said the king,

"Now is he a swete thing,

ire/i/

v/3/i/1e/

1 h a p / i / u / d /

g o / f / i / d /

q u a f / d / d / h c / i / g /

q / d / h i t s o d e / p / i / g /

d / 3 / d / 1 a t / d /

1 d / i / a n d e / d /

See above has set at hire boke  
and hap peron irad v loka  
and peron ikede hire onfesoun  
st god st polede passion

d / o / 1 a e / i r e / u / 1 e /

a n d / u / d / 1 h e o i s / 1 a / d / d /

st heo ne mai come to ge.

st st rof sode he.

heo sode ge sira wifute lesing

heo / 1 a sode / u /

# tide  
e

n  
e  
his  
e  
u

i d

i



"Wele a~~nt~~zte ich here ~~ferne~~ to wine,

*ŋ/ŋ/he/i/ willen/f/ŋ/*

"When the bit so for mi'liue."

*þe ɪ ʒaʁne biðdeþ mi lif.*

Another dai Clarice arist,

*amorega þo / ʒ/ŋ/*

And Blaunchefflour at wist,

*ŋ/ŋ/ ʌ heo/*

Whi h<sup>ɪ</sup> made so longe demere?

*þe/ e/ ʌ he/ ŋ/*

"Aris up, and go we ifere."

*heo seðe/*

Blanchefflour saide, "icome anon."

*ʒwaþ/ ŋ/ŋ/ ʌ he/*

And Florice he k<sup>l</sup>eppe bigan,

*e/ŋ/ ʒ/ŋ/ ŋ/ e/ ʌ<sup>a</sup>/ ʌ hire/ o/*

And felle aslepe on-thise wise,

*and he him also unwise*

And after hem gan sore agrise.

*and feble aslepe one þis wise.*

Clarice to the piler cam,

*ʌ þo/ o/*

The b<sup>a</sup>yn of gold zhe nam,

*ʌ and/ ei/ ʌ e/ ŋ/ o/*

And had icheped after Blaunchefflour,

*heo lekeðe/ ŋ/*

To wende wiz here into the tour.

*here/ þ/ i/ ŋ/*

Zhe ne answerede nai ne zo,

To wende Clarice zhe ware ago.

Sone so Clarice com in to the tour,

*þo/ ŋ/*

The ameral asked after Blaunchefflour,

*he/ axede/ ŋ/*

Whi and wharfore zhe ne come,

As h<sup>ɪ</sup> was woned to done?

"Zhe was arisen ar ich were,

*þis he wende hire finde here*

"Ich wende her hauen ifonden here."

*he was arise and he were*

"What, ne is zhe nowt icomen zit?"

*his heo nyst icome zete*

"Now zhe me doutez al to lit."

*þat he heo douteþ one to lit*

d/ u/ de/ 1 to him/ 1 u/ a/  
 he/ go/ y/  
 for to/ whi/ hee/ 1 e/

to his heste outhe come.  
 as he wende some anon  
 to hire chaumbre so he come  
 in hire bedde he found two  
 wel faste i chapt adre be

1 d/ d/ d/  
 1 e/ e/ here/ e/ 1 n/ d/

so admiral some he to/

tolde him what/ 1 i/ e/  
 1 d/ i/ u/ d/ 1 e/

d/ 1 e/ u/  
 1 d/ d/ wende/ 1 d/ d/ 1 his/

1 u/ a/  
 1 n/ be bed hee fonde twee  
 fast; was he slop/ e/

he/ let adre be/ e a/

here breste he knee anon  
 then was maide so of a man

Forthe he clepeth his chamberleyn,  
 And hit him wende with alle main,  
 And wite withat zhe ne com,  
 As he was wone before to don.

The chamberleyn had undernome,  
 Into his bour he his come,  
 And stant bfore hire bed,  
 And find thar twa neb to neb.

Neb to neb, an mouth to mouth,  
 Wele sone was that sorwe couth!

In to the tour up he seiz

(And said his louerd al that he sez.

(The) ameral het his syerd him bring,

(I wite he wold of that thinge.

(For he minz, wiz alle mayn,

(Himself and his chamberleyn,

Til thai com thar thai two laie;

Zit was the slepfast in hire eie.

The ameral het hire clothes keste,

(A litel binethen here breste,

And sez he wel son anon,

That on was a man that other a woman,

He quok for anguisse ther he stod;

Hem to quelle was his mode,

u  
 # i  
 n i  
 r i  
 i  
 (repeated in text)

From this point again the  
 edge the text is a little  
 defective. e e

e  
 u  
 e e

Phan e  
 z

He him bethowzte ar he wolde hem quelle,

What thai wer that schold him telle,

And sithen he thowzte hem of dawé don.

The children awoken under thon.

Thai segh the swerd ouer hem i drawe,

Adrad thai ben to ben islawe.

Tho bispak the ameral bold,

Wordes that schold sone be told.

"Sai me now, thou belami,

"Who made the so hardi,

"For to come in to mi tour,

"To ligge ther be Blauncheflour?

"To wrotherhale wer ze bore;

"Ze schollen tholie deth therfore."

Tha<sup>n</sup> he said Florice to Blauncheflour,

"Of oure lif is no socour."

And mercy thai crideon him so swifthe,

That he zaue hem respite of her liue,

Til he had after his baronage sent.

To awreken him thourgz jugement.

Up he bad hem sit bothe,

And don on other clothes,

And siththe he let hem bindefast,

And in to prisoun hem he cast,

Til he had after his baronage sent,

To w<sup>e</sup>ken him thourgh jugement.

*he children awoken be anon  
and sege be admiral biuore hem gon  
with his swerd al adrage  
sone hi beap offord o wel maza*

*seie quaf be admiral belamy*

*h/ake/ y/*

*d/*

*and/ h/i/ d/*

*he crying him merci bofe swife*

*be he giue hem first of liue*

*h/ d/ he had/ h/i/ d/*

*h/ wip/ i/*

*and let hem be while/ h/ h/*  
*ben i-/*

What helpez hit longe tale to schewe,

Ich wille zou telle, at wordes fewe,

Now al his baronag had undernome,

And to the ameral zhe beth icome,

His halle that was heize ibult,

Of kinges and dukes was ifult.

He stod up among hem alle,

Bisemblaunt swithe wrotht wizalle.

He said, "lordingges, of mochel honour,

"Ze han herd speken of Blauncheffour,

"Hou ich hire bouzte dere, aplizt."

For seuen siches of gold hire wizt.

For hire faired and hire chere,

Ich hire bouzte allinge so dere.

"For ich thouzte, wizouten wene,

"Here haue i had to mi quene.

"Bifore hire bed miself icome,

"And fond bi his naked grom.

"Tho thai were me so wrothe,

I thouzte to han squeld hem bothe,

"Ich was so wraze and so wod:

"And zit ich wizrrouz mi mod.

"Forthe ich haue after zou went,

"To awreke me thourgz jugement.

"Now ze witen how hit his agon,

"A wreke mi swithe of mi fon!"

halais/so faire/ d/

erles/ barons/ hit/ d/

o/ f/ o/

wel/ d/ f/

e/ e. o/ a/ wif/ u/

blef/ a/ o/ o/

d/ he/ d/ d/

o/ f/ d/ d/

to hire was mi meste/

to habbe/

is nyst zore ft me com

and fond hire wif hordom

to schame and des honour

in hire badde on mi tou

the hadde you told her hit is went

awreke me wif jugement

on in h  
r<sup>2</sup>

ner

d  
t

Deri f  
i. u

e

a

e

reth

The spak a king of that londe,

"We han iherd this schame and schonde,

"Ac er we hem to dethe weeke,

"We scholle heren tho children speke,

"What thai wil speke and sigge,

"Zif thai ouzt azein wil allegge.

"Hit ere nowt riht jugement,

"We outen answere to acouplement."

After the children nou men fendez,

Hem to brenne for men fendez,

Twaie sarazins forth hem bringez,

Toward here deth sore wepinge.

Ther were this children two,

Now ather bipepez otheres wo.

Florice saide to Blauncheflour,

"Of our lif nis not spour.

"Zif manken hit tholi mizt,

"Twies I schold die wiz rizt,

"One for miself another for the;

"For this deth thou hest for me!"

Blaunche<sup>flour</sup> said, azen tho,

"The gelt is min. of our bother wo."

Florice drow forth the ring,

That his moder him zau at his parting,

parme that a free burgeis  
it was hendes & curteis  
Nis an fli bee to diffe awreke

note / 1 i / d / e /

n / 3 / 1 elles / i / i /  
bip. d / u / d /

pe king of Arabie rede so  
for soþ me schalt hit most go so  
hit is riht þureg alle þing  
felous inome lond-habbing  
for to suffice jugement  
bipute answers oþer acouplement  
after so children me me send of  
hem to berne for me tandeþ

3. d / e / d / d /

d / u / 1 e / d / u / d /

ac min is þe guld & the rimeþ  
þt þu for me schalt þolie dæþ  
ac if crunde hit þolie myte  
ike gylt deus tynas wip gylt  
o dæþ for þe on oþer for me  
for þis þu polost me for me  
for if I here into þis þer icome  
wip mirg þe þu myttest her inme wode

h / 3 / a rike /

d / f. d /

**"Haue now this ring, leman min,**

"Thou ne schalt nowt die whiles hit is thin."

**Blancheflour said tho,**

**" So ne schal hit never go,**

**"That this ring schal ared me**

**"Me maicht no deth on the se."**

Florice the ring here awayt,

And he him azen hit breauzt.

On hire he had the ring ithrast.

And hi hit hauez awai ikast.

A duk hit sez and begh to grounde.

An was glad that ring he founde.

**On this maner the children come.**

**Weping to the fur and to hire dome.**

**Bifor al that fok thai ware growt ;**

Drer, was hire brother thouzt.

Ther was non so sterne man,

That these children looked upon,

That thai ne wolde alle, fulfawne,

Here judgement haue wizzdrawe.

And wiz gret garisoun hem begge,

**Zif thai dorste speke other sigge.**

So Florice was so fair a zongling,

And Blaunche flour so swete a thing,

Of men and wemen that both nouthe,

im/ i:/ d/

That god ~~ay~~ ridden and speketh wif mouthe,

ʃ/ n/ d/ seɪf/ ʃ/ d/

Beth non so fair in hire gladnesse.

ʌ n/ i:/ d/ ʌ/ e/

Als thai were in hire sorownesse.

ʃ/ hi/ e/ e/ i:/ d/ d/

No man ne knew hem that hem was wo

Bisemblaunt that thai made tho,

But be the teres that thai schadde,

And fellen adoun be here nebbe.

The amiral was so wroth and wod,

ʌ ac/ ʌ d/ i:/ ʃ/

That he ne mizt wizdraw his mod.

he quakede for gname for he stod

He bade binde the children faste,

and hat hem / wel/

In to the fir he hem caste.

ʌ and/ ʌ e/ d/ d/

Thil duk that the gold ring hadde,

e/ e/ d/ funder/

So to speke reuthe he hadde.

com to be admiral & runde

Fain he wolde hem help to liue,

and al togadere he gan him schewe

And told how thai for the ring ~~did~~ strive.

ʃ/ ʃ/ e children were biktene

The amiral het hem azen clepe,

ʌ d/ e/ d/

For he wolde tho schildren speke,

wif Floriz/

He asked Florice what he hete;

And he him told swithe skete.

"Sire, he saide, zif it were thi wille,

quaf Floriz/ for ʃ/ ike teller

"Thou ne anztest nowt this maiden spille.

ʃ/ d/ o d/ ʃ/ at/ d/ que/

"Ac, sire, lat quelle me,

ʃ/ al ʃ/ ike gilt she am to wite

"And lat that maiden aliue be."

she ofte daie & he go quite.

quaf Blaunchefflour aques for me  
and let Floris alive be

sef hit were for mi leues. The gilt is min of our both wo.

he were next from his londe iours  
quaf þe admirall to ic mot þe  
so schulle daie togadere be

"I wis ze stille die bo.

"Wiz wreche igh wille me awreke,

"Ze ne schølle neure go nō speke."

miself / h e / u /

u / d / e /

Floris forþ his orakke bad

& Blaunchefflour wifþdrage him yet

His swerd he braid out of his schethe,

Blaunchefflour bid forþ hire swere

and Floris agen hire gan hire

wisþer ne myhte þere wole

þe ofþer deide bifore

The children for to do to dethe;

And Blaunchefflour putt forth hire swire,

And Florice gan hire azein tire.

"Ich am a man, ich schal go ffore:

"Thou ne auztest nowzt mi dēz acore."

Florice forth his swire putte;

And Blaunchefflour azen it brutte.

Al that fezen this,

Therefore sori weren I wis,

And saide "dreri mai we be

"Biswiche children swich reuthe se."

1 for / a d / i / d / e z /

þer he / a e / his /

1 he sez þe / e y / a e /

1 for / 3 / d / d / de / i /

d / u / d / u / a e / at /

1 at / d / a e / d / y /

The ameral, wrothe that he were,

Bothe him chaunged mod and chere.

For oþther for oþther wolde die,

And he segh so mani a weping eye.

And for he hadde so moche loured the mai,

Weping he turned his heued away.

er

pro bi?

is azein h

e

a



And his sward hit ffl to grounde,  
He né mizte hit alde in that stounde.

*o/o/ of his hand/ o/*

*ho/ bulke/ o/*

Thilke duk that the ring founde,

*o/ here/ hadde/*

Wiz the ameral spak and round.

*for hem to speke wille he hadde.*

And ful wel ther wiz he spedde,

The children ther wiz fram dethe he redde,

"Sire, he sȳde, hit is litel pris,

*a admiral/ e/o/ iwis/*

"Thise children to sleȳ iwis,

*hit is þe wel litel pris*

"Hit is the welmore worsschipe,

*þis faire children for so qualle*

"Florice conseile that thou wif,

*ac bebere hit is þt hi þe telle*

"Who him tawzte thilke gin,

*hen he com in to þi tur*

"For to com thi tour wizin,

*to ligge þer bi Blanche flour*

"And who that him brouzte thaj,

*his engin when þu hit wite*

"The bet of other tho mizt be waj."

*þe bebere wif opore þu mizte þe wite*

Than said the ameral to Florice tho,

*alle þt herde wordes his*

"Tel me who the tauzte her to?"

*biseche þt he graunte þis*

"That, quath Florice, ne schall neuere do,

*he let him telle his engin*

"Bot zif hit ben forziuen also.

*he let him telle his engin*

"That þe gin me tauzte therto,

*he let him telle his engin*

"Arst ne schal hit neuer be do."

*he let him telle his engin*

Alle thai praied therfore I wis,

*þo þere bisech þis*

The ameral graunted this.

*and of/ a d/ i/ þi/ o/*

So euere word Florice hath him told,

*our ord & ende he haf/ e/ a/ i/*

Hou the maide was fram him sold,

*o/ Blanche flour/ a/ i/*

And hou he was of Speyne a kinges sone,  
For hire loue thider i cotne,

To fonden, wiz som gin,  
That faire maiden for to win,

And hou thorough his gold, and his garrisoun,  
The porter was his man bicom,

And hou he was in the coupe bore,  
And alle this other loven therfore.

Now the amérell wel him mote betide,  
Florice he sette next his side

And made him stonde ther uprizt,

And hath idubbed him to knizt,

And bad he schold wiz him be,

Wiz the formest of his mene,

Florice fallet to his fet,

And bit him zure his tip so wet.

The ameral zaue him his leman,

Alle the othere him thonked than.

To one chyrche hiet hem bringge,

And wedde here wiz here owen ringge.

Now bothe this children alle for bliss,

Fil the ameral ~~for~~ to kis,

And thorough counsel of Blauncheflour,

Clarice was fet down of the tour,

And the ameral here wedded to quene; *d/ a d/ i/ d/ i/ nam/*

Ther was feste swithe brette. *ilke/ a was wel/ my d/*

I ne can tellen alle the sonde, *for þer was alle kunnas glas*

Ac the richest feste in londe, *þt myght at ony briddale beo*

Nas hit nowt longe efter than, *a hit/ for after on þing longe/*

That Florice tidingge ne cam, *þt þere com to Floris writ & sonde*

That his fader the kng was ded, *and þt he scholde wimen his red*

And al the barnage zaf him red,

That he scholde wenden hom,

And underfongen his kyngdom,

As ameral he nom his leff;

And he him bad wiz him be lent.

Thanne bespake the ameral,

"Zif thou wilt do, Florice, bi mi counseil, *saide/ a d/ i/*

"Dwelle her, and wend nowt hom. *d/ d/ d/ st/ d/ d/ a/*

"Ich wille the zuew a kyngdom, *þilke wif me/ d/ a my d/*

"Also longe and also brod, *he/ a/ e/ d/ i/ e/*

"Als ewer zt thi fader bod, *d/*

"I nel beleue for so winne, *a o/ re/ e/ a i/*

"To bidde me hit were sinne."

Thai bitauzt the ameral our drizt.

And thai com hom whan thai mizt,

And let croune him to king,

And hire to quene that swete thing,

as Floris holde for no winne  
leuere him were wif his kinne  
þe admiral he bid god day  
a poukade clavis þt fair may  
& to hire he gaf golde  
twenti ponde of ride golde  
and to Dario þt hem so hayte  
twenti pund he arofte  
and alle þt for him dudan aidal  
he gafde here while oupe wel  
he bitayte hem alle god alomizte  
and com hom wthane he myzte  
he was king wif muchel honour  
and heo his quene Blanche flour.

And underfeng cristendom of prestes honde,

And thonked god of alle his sonde,

Now ben thai bothe ded,

Crist of heuen ~~hem~~ soules led,

Now is this tale browt to the ende,

Of Florice and of his lemans hende,

How after bale hem combote,

So wil our louerd that ous mote!

Amen sigges also,

And ich schal helpe zou thereto!

e

houre

d=

#

e

#

u ga habbeþ iherdt þane/

2/d/d/d/

u/d/d/1 eþ #/

'ed leme þt we a mote  
it we him mote loue so  
it we mote to heuene go.

Amen. Explicit.

These collections were finished by me on the 13<sup>th</sup> of April, 1888. John M. Kemble.

1 Explicit.

Roughly collated with the Auchinleck  
MS. B. L.

## PIERS OF FULLHAM.

EX. MS.<sup>10</sup> FF. 5. APUD TRIN: COLL: CANT.

---

Loo worshipfull Sirs here after ffolleweth a gently-  
māly Tretyse full conveyent for contemplatiff  
louers to rede and understond made by a noble  
Clerke Piers of ffulhā sum tyme ussher of Venus  
Schole, whiche hath brieflye compyled many praty  
conceytis in loue under covert termes of ffysshying  
and ffowlyng.

*Perdimus anguillam manibus dum stringimus illam.*

A MAN that lovith ffisshying and ffowlyng bothe,  
Ofte tyme that lyff shall hym be lothe,  
In see in ryver in ponde or in poole,  
Off that crafte thowe he knowe the scole,  
Thought his nett never so wide streiche,  
It happith full ofte hym naught to kethe.

What fische is slipperer than an ele ?  
Ffor whan thow hym grippist and wenest wele  
Too haue hym siker right as the list,  
Than faylist thou off hym, he is owte of thy fyst.  
Diches sumtyme there samons used to haunte,  
Lampreyes lucys or pykys plesaunt,  
Wenyng the ffisher suche fische to ffynde;  
Than comyth there a noyous north west wynde  
And dryveth the fische into the depe,  
And causeth the draught nat worthe a leeke;  
But in steide off sturgeon and lamprons  
He draweth up gurnard, and goions,  
Codlyng cungr, and suche coisy fische,  
Or wulwiche rochis, nat worthe a rysshe.  
Suche fortune ofte tymes on ffishers fallys,  
Though they on Petir prayen and callys.  
It profiteth nat and skille is why  
Ffor they to fisshyng goon wyth envy,  
And put it oute off hiernes and hooles  
Where as they ffynde the ffatt sooles,  
And wayte in waraynes all the nyght,  
Evene a non after the owls flight,  
Whan that true men shulde goo to rest  
To bribe and bere away the best.

That sojourne and kept bien in stiewe  
Ffor store that nothyng shulde hym remewe.  
But the goode man that oweth that gouernance,  
His costlewe catell and his purviaunce  
And severel oonly for to serue hym self,  
But nowe other that use anglyng ten or twelff,  
Wyth water hookys, and certayne baite,  
That makyth the fisse after their foode to wayt,  
To breeke trunks these traitours use,  
The cely fisses can nat hem self excuse;  
Tyll it be spitted like a sprotte,  
But the goodeman knoweth thereof no grott.  
That paieth for all though that he be blynde  
So that he his fille off fisse may fynde  
It suffiseth he seieth. No man will stele  
Thus berdes been maade all daye full feele  
With anglers and other gynnes ever all,  
There may no mans stiewe stonde seuerall,  
Be it closed neuer so well abowte,  
Therfor I stonde cliere out off doute,  
Shall I never ponde wyth pykes store  
Breame tenche. Perche neuer the moore.  
But in rennyng ryvers that bee commone,  
There will I fisse and taake my fortune

Wyth nettys, and with angle hookys,  
And laye weris and sprenteris in narrowe brookys,  
Ffor loochis, and lampreyes, and good layk,  
I will stele off no mans a strayke.  
Ffor whoo so usith that lyff too, and too,  
His fusteryng sothly is for doo.  
Idrowned, on day peraventure sodeynly,  
Taken to prison in povert dye.  
And therfor lett true men liven in pays,  
Stroye natt theire stiewes, stele nat theire plays.  
I see suche thynges afoore the eye  
That dayly encresith save the severalte  
Beeth wise and ware howe that ye wende  
Ffor off false fisshyng commyth a fowle ende.  
Therfor eschewe all suche prevy slaunders  
Com there nat dayly out off fflaunders  
Off ffat elys full many a showte?  
And grete chepe whoso waiteth aboute,  
But nowe men in deyntyes so hem delyte,  
To feede them on tendre fisshes lyte,  
As floundres, perches, and such pikyng waare,  
I see no man that will gladly spaare  
To suffre them wex unto theire age;  
Theye shullen be endyted for suche damage,



And ete the olde fische, and leve the yonge,  
Thought they moore towgh be uppon the tonge,  
And the belyes not shewyng an ynche resett,  
Yet savowre off sawce may make goode mete.  
Late this yonge fische lyve till certayn yeres,  
And payne us to fische oure olde weres,  
But stynkkyng fische, and unseasonable,  
Latt passe, and taake such as be able.  
Spaare no man, but love no wast,  
Beth well waare when ye feelee such tast,  
Ffor in fische ffatt is felt no boone,  
But whoo that about suche game shulde goon,  
Off governance he must have a name,  
And suffre no man to fische in others game.

*Ffistula dulce canit volucrem dum decipit auceps.*

Ffull swetely sowneth the pipe, and syngith,  
While the fowles with his deceyte bryngeth  
The byrdes in to his ffalse craft,  
Than som fowlyng wer goode to be lasite,  
There may no mannes snares by other stande  
No panteirs pight be water, nor by lande,  
Where a comone ffowlyng hath ofte be sayne  
In snowe, in ffrost, in hayle, and in rayne.  
Theyr may no man ever his grennes keepe,  
Ffor somtyme a mong a man must slepe,  
And wayte on his game at certayne tyme,  
Att noone, at nyght, or ellis at pryme ;  
To see iff any fowle be kyght,  
As meny as be taken at that fflyght,  
But than happeneth ofte that a nother,  
A man is deceyved off his owne brother,  
Nat levyng his lustys but folleweth the same,  
And steleth away his ffelowes game,

And that the ffayrest and fattest of the fflokke  
Enfeffying his felowe with a more cok ;  
And seyth sothely, I haue grete mervayle  
That thy panteirs catcheth no pullayle,  
And I haue the ffayrest that euer thou felt,  
But I trowe that thy grynnes been untelt,  
Ellys to fieble, or to many folde,  
Off queeres, or ells thy complexion is colde  
That it makyth that all this fowle is myne,  
Supposing that my baite is better than thyne ;  
Thou maiste see by all this store,  
Here is i nowgh ffor me, and moche moore ;  
Taake off the best that is off myne,  
And serue me the same another tyme,  
He is a gloton that wolde haue all,  
Ffor somtyme suffice shall.  
A queynt is used, a quayle pipe,  
In somer er the corne be ripe,  
Ffollewyng the sowne sewyng his maake,  
Tyll the byrde under the nett be taake,  
And giltles been begiled in suche a wise,  
But and ffishes and ffowles weren wyse,  
They myght euermore lyven in pease,  
Butt hungour it maketh wythouten leese,

And bayte suche as men for hem legge,  
Whiche causeth them to be taake or they be flegge,  
Wyth full meny kennys instrumentys.  
A gentyll fflowle can make no defence.  
Whan he is taake, save wrigge wyth the tayle a lite,  
But pyes, and crowes, can bothe cracthe and bytee,  
Kytes and bosardys, and suche boystous fflowles,  
It commyth by kynde, and eke owlis,  
It passith my witt in eny maner wise  
The craft off fisshyng and fflowlyng you to devyse.  
Off fisshyng, and fowlyng, I am to leere  
But men that medlith off suche matter,  
To fissahe, and fowle and ffayleth witte,  
Knowing where fflowles are wont to sitt  
Ffor their ffoode bothe day, and nyght,  
To wayte what thyng comyth to their sight  
And flayen thise fflowles from thire place  
Ffaarewell their sportis for lakk off grace,  
Ffor a wylde fflowle that was neuer tame,  
Is crafte to catche it in any game.  
And whane they be caughte, to hold them fast,  
yett but thowe please them whan they be past,  
Thy panteres, and playes, they will forsaake,  
And to others byrdys playntes maake.

That all gentyll fflowles shall the lothe,  
So may thowe leese thy game, and others bothe;  
Thy lyme twiggis shall the litill avayle,  
Thus unkonnyng may all craftis quayle.  
Butt an olde fflowle that hath the snares escaped,  
May cause many a fowle to be japed,  
Whooso canne suche olde fowles please,  
Ofte tyme in hungur it dooth grete ease;  
But men now adayes been so lycorouse,  
That fewe can lyve by stoore of howse,  
As brawne, bacon, and powder beeff,  
Suche lyvelod now is no man lieff,  
But volatile venyson and her onsewes  
So newefangle and nyce men been of thewes,  
Moche medlett wyne men all day drynke,  
I haue wylde fowle sum tyme stynke;  
Whan it is newe caught whoo can it knowe  
Nat byt by lookyng and tastyng lowe?  
And iff he ffynde so chafed that chaffre,  
That it late com out off the snare,  
Yet this condycyon myght cause debate,  
But men seen ofte that ffolke off symple estate,  
Shall haue moche happe as in this arte,  
Off partriches and plovers to haue their part.

Whan lordys shall lakke and that is wronge,  
But fflowlis syng thus in theire songe,  
Where baite is best there will we abyde,  
And love oure profyte for eny pride,  
My soueraynes I yowe ensure,  
Wyth fisshyng and fflowlyng I may not endure,  
My laste will shalle be ever moore,  
Whan deyntees ffayle, to taake me to stoore  
A mallard off the dung hill is good inought for me,  
Wyth plesaunt pykill, ells it is poyson perde :  
My stomak accordeth to every meete,  
Save reresoupers I refuse lest I sorfette ;  
Gouernaunce is goode ; who so it use can ;  
Piers of ffulham was a wele gouerned man.  
He knewe the condition off every byrde,  
There was no husbondry from hydde ;  
Off fisshyng and fflowlyng he wolde nat fayle  
But his enbatement were store on the taylor.  
So usen his eyres get at this day  
| It is full harde bothe to pycche and paye ;  
| An empty purse may evill accomptis yelde,  
Therfor I will my panteris untield,  
My gynnes, my japis, I will resigne  
To ffellowes, and to ffrendys off myne,

That han feeelyng in fisshyng, and fflowlyng eke,  
Ffor suche ffantesyes han maade me seeke ;  
By suche crafte may no man catche estate ;  
But he that laboreth bothe erly, and laate,  
And therfor I gave up all my geere,  
And pray yow that I may youre byrdys beere.  
That office will serue me at the ffull,  
To helpe ete them rost, or pulle,  
It sufficyth wold ye me so avaunce,  
Ffor translated is all my plesaunce  
| Dyverse fflowles han dyverse tast !  
A man may all day myshap for hast.  
| Hungur sparith no mete, though it be rawe,  
Yet suche licouresnesse is nat worth a strawe  
Thy stomak wyth corrupcion to encombre,  
For all the leches from Dover to Humbre,  
We myght save thy lyff so it myght happe ;  
Therfor in tyme tye up thy tryacle tappe.  
Latt neuer to longe thy ffawcett renne,  
Kepe allway some ynke in thy penne,  
To write wyth thyng that berith charge,  
Off thy litill lyveloode be nat to large,  
Lest thow takke whan thou levest weere,  
Whoso knoweth the so the needith nat to enquire.

But ofte tymes been ther bargaynes dryven,  
 And when ther is noon earnest gyven.  
 All is loste that thow hast goon abowte,  
 That is sothe this is no dowte.  
 A thryfty bargayn wold not be taryed  
 Whan it is maade but lightly caryed.  
 Into a certeyn place to receyve the paye  
 No lusshebornes, but money of ffyne assaye.  
 No nobles, nor groots, nor coyne iclypped,  
 But full payment, and no thyng over skyped.  
 A true payer may bargayne whan hym lyst,  
 But tollers off money been nat be tryste.  
 Ffor they token off that they shulde nat taake,  
 Off the marchaunt therfor they bee forsaake.  
 And that is becawse off covenantes brooken,  
 A man shulde nat contrary that his mowthe had  
 spoken.

And tyde tarieth no lenger than hym lyst  
 An hundred han been begiled wyth þadde I wyst 1/  
 Ffor southyn wyndys that som tyme blowe,  
 Makyn mastys to bowen and lye full lowe,  
 Ffor som havens wyll no anker holde,  
 The cablys crasen, and begynne to ffolde.  
 So myry, and so moyst is the grounde,  
 Than lakkyth the lyne wherewyth to sounde.



So is he begyled that stondith atte sterne,  
Ffor the loodsman that shulde hem lerne,  
Lakkyth brayne, and also the lanterne is out,  
That what worde to sey, he is in doute,  
Eyther warae the lof, or ells full and by  
And so is he chased out off the chanell sodeynly.  
Than is no helpe but strike sayle,  
I knowe noon so redy a ryvaile,  
As is the reedeclyff by this warine wose,  
There mayst thou savely as I suppose,  
Abyde for evry wynde, or storme that blowes,  
Itt is an open haven that meny men knowes  
And sielden been ther shippes seen goon to wrakk,  
But in the lethy mastis lieth all the lakke  
A man shulde his takle evene mesure,  
After the vessel may endure,  
Ffor as to rowe in a barge with a skull,  
It avayleth nat but the fflode be at the full  
Ffor and iff the streame stande styff a gayne  
Thanne all the laboure is loste in vayne.  
A man must his course as it commyth abowte  
An unredy rower shendith all the rowte  
As well in fisshyng as in other ffaare  
Trouthe wolde that every man shulde sparre  
His ffreindys game, and lyve in pays,  
Stroy nat their stewes stele nat their plays.

Here after follewyth the moralyte off this lytill  
processe in a fewe goode wordys. Iff any  
man and woman that hath a deuocyon to  
heire hit they shall haue peraventure for  
theire meede nat past C dayes of par-  
don.

Som men been so longe absent from their play  
That other men come and take their game away  
And therfor it is seid in wordys ffewe  
How that longe absence is a shrewe.  
Ffor loves myghty violence  
Apalled is wyth longe absence,  
And thus full ofte the game goth  
That ffirst was lieff it makith lothe  
For love stant in no certeyn  
Off ffolke that been selden sayne.  
And eke as I reherse can  
The tyde off love abideth no man.  
Looke theym that been ffurthest from the stronde  
Whoo rowyth best commyth first to londe  
Men rehersen in theire sawe,  
Hard it is to stryve wyth wynde or wawe,

| Whether it doo ebbe or ells fflowe  
But who that in lovis boote doth rowe,  
If that he to longe abide  
To cast an anker at his tyde,  
And fayleth off his lodemanage  
To waite uppon a sure passage,  
A tyme sett that he ne fayle  
In diepe to maake his a ryvaile.  
Whan the water is smothe, and stille,  
Wher ther be no wyndys ille,  
That contrarious will heve, and blowe,  
To make his ryvaile to be knowe,  
At Redeclyff on his sayle to shewe,  
In suche a caas absence is a shrewe.  
Absence haue well in mynde,  
He settith ffeeles folke ofte behynd,  
And loveship goth ay to wrakke,  
Where that presens is put a bakk,  
But he that is off custom nye,  
And off his porte queynt and slye,  
That erst waslieff he makyth loth  
That absent trustith uppon othe  
Ffor men han seen here to fforne  
| That love laughith whan men been forsworn.

Lapwynk playnly it is no fable,  
In theire hartys been so unstable,  
Whether they been olde or yonge off age,  
Upon the tyde of theire coorage,  
What thyng that commyth ffirst to hande,  
Itt is welcom unto the stronde,  
Off kynde they haue suche appetite,  
Ffor to fullfyll theire delyte,  
Whiche hath caused here to forne,  
That many a man hath hadde an horne.  
And unto suche myschieff fall,  
That he unware hath loste his galle,  
To make hym sure that he nat drowne,  
Nor wyth sodayn wawis swonne,  
Whyche as clerk ysdetermyn,  
Is a parfite medycyne,  
Bothe oon fresshe water, and on see,  
That ffolke shall nat drowned be.  
I meane hosbondys yong and olde,  
That beren the name off a cookeold,  
They be ensured from all suche rage,  
Off maryners the fel passage,  
Concludyng to speke in wordys fewe  
That longe absence is a shrewe.

Ffor thorowyth the yere som folke lyvyng  
Han harde the cokcowe ffresshly syng,  
In contreyes many moo than oon ;  
God save suche ffowlis euerychon  
As lapwinkys and thise cal mewes  
That swymme on wawes whan it flowes,  
And somtyme on the sondys goon,  
That can maake and put a bone  
In the hoodys off their husbond ;  
Whan they been goon fer out of londe,  
And can shewe their goodely chiers  
To knowen folke and to straungers,  
Namely to folke that been datyeff,  
They haue ther eyen vocatiff,  
Their purses been callyd ablatiff,  
That ffolke that be name genytiff,  
An erbe is cause off all this rage  
In oure tonge called culrage.

EXPLICIT PIERS OFF FFULHAM.

u/ Here foloweth a good ensample of a lady that was  
in dyspeyre.

EX M.S.S., ff. 2. 38. APUD BIBL: VNIV: CANT.

Cryst that was crucyfied for synners unkynde

v/ Gyf me very happe and tokyh in thys cas

To me~~x~~e of thys mat~~t~~er that y of mynde

Clenly to declare God graunt me hys grace

Y schall telle yow hyt was

5

dwellyd/ Of a lady that ~~lyved~~ in drede

u/ Sche ~~levyd~~ nothyng in the masse

That very God was in forme of bredd

(Various readings from M.S. Ff. 5. 48.)

1 God that on the rode was rent,

2 Graunt me grace redely to know this case

3 To meve this mater I haue ment

4 Lerely to declare God gif me grace

5 I shal yow tell right as hir was

6 Off. lyved

7 She levyd not in that was hir grace

8 Veray.

Sche had a lorde a gentyll knyght  
 That loued wele hys God the sothe to say 10  
 The lady was in sorowe pyght  
 Sche greydyd God false was hur lay.  
 Sche leydyd nothyng that ~~ys~~ preste can say  
 As clerkys in bookys can rede,  
 And for nothyng that men do may, 15  
 That very God was in forme of bredd.

Hyt be felle at Estur day, after the lente,  
 That every man to churche dud gone  
 To resceyve ther God in good <sup>d. entent</sup>  
 All but the lady sche was yn none. 20

10 Levyd wel in god.  
 11 In syn I plight.  
 12 To greve hir god that was hir grace  
 13 She belevyd in no masse that she sawe  
 14 But wroght aftur the fendys rede  
 15 Deest and. coud sey  
 16 Verray. formed in brede  
 17 On estur day aftur the lent  
 18 Every man to criste made his mon  
 19 Him in gode entent  
 20 And only that lady allon

Sche hydd the ooste on hur brest bon,  
 And bare hyt home to hur own stedd,  
 There gode dey<sup>o</sup>pyon had sche non,  
 That very God ys in forme of bredd.

u/c/

o/  
f/  
m'

There sche take that body bleste, 25  
 And in a kerchy/ sche can hyt folde  
 And in hur forcer sche can hyn<sup>e</sup> keste,  
 That same God that Judas solde.  
 And there sche keypd that body dere,  
 And wroght aftur the fendys redd, 30  
 When that was paste halfe a yere  
 Very God in forme of bredd.

21 She had criste vndur hir brest bon

22 Hym. til.

23 Ffor gode beleve.

24 Is formed in brede.

25 She bare him home, &c.

26 Did.

27 Deest can.

28 The same body.

29 Deest and.

31 Till it was passed. zere.

32 That veray God was formed in brede.



Be thys alhalow tyde nyhed nere, g/

The lady to hur forcer dud gon,

Sche beryed that body that sche put there 35

Under a pere tree hur selfe allon ; v/

In an erbere be syde hur halle,

That feyre and grene can spryng and sprede,

In gode ensample schew y schall u/ e/

That very God ys in form of brede. 40 e/

A ryall feste the knyghte ~~can~~ make, let/

So worschypfully on crystymas day, n/

Of lordys and ladyes that wolde hyt take

And knyghtes that were of gode array : g/

33 Tille alhalow day drew hym nere

34 Til hur forser she can goon

35 And ther she beryd that body dere

38 Began to groo.

39 Be this ensample.

41 Kyng.

42 Deest so.

44 And also knyghts.

y/  
 u/  
 An holy byschopp the knyght.dyd pray 45  
 So worschypfully to hys own stedd  
 That leydyd well in goddys fay  
 That very God was in forme of bredd.

y/  
 u/  
 So they waschyd and yede to mete  
 The byschop the grace dñd say 50  
 A squyer wyth owten lete  
 Seryyd them in gode array.  
 The squyer knelyd on hys knee  
 And sayde lordyngs wyth owten drede  
 Blessyd must that lorde bee 55  
 That ys very god in forme of brede.

45 Holy bisshoppia. can  
 46 Worshiplly to be at mete.  
 47 He lovdyd wel the sothe to sey.  
 48 Is formed in.

49 When they had wasshene and wene set  
 50 Worthely grace thei can sey  
 53 Down on knees he hym sett  
 55 Here is a peyre tre semely and gret  
 56 And fayre blomys began to sprede

Herkenyth now all wele to me (a)

And of my carpyng takyth gode hede,

Hyt ys a semely syght to see

Thys day a pere tre be gynyth to spredd.

A fayer syght may no man see

The blossomys be bothe whyte and redd

Thorow hys myght that dyed on tre

Very God in forme of bredd.

60 n/e/  
r/

The seconde cours came in full sone

Wyth grete myrthe and solempnyte

The lady dredd sche had wysdom

Anon when sche the pere tre see.

Often sche stodyed in hur thought

And in hur hert sche had grete dredd

And sayde to her selfe sche had mysdrogt

Ageyn hur God in forme of bredd.

65 o/

m/ne/  
e/

70 e/

u/ 3/

The thyrdd cours come in y wene

Ffull ryally in to the halle

Be this the pere tre was growen all grene

Wyth perys rype and downe can falle.

74/

75 y/

(a) 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. desunt in M.S. Ff. 5. 48.

67 The lady thost she hade mysdon

68 Can se.

u/  
3/v/  
Thys tydyngs had bothe grete and small  
Ffor fayrer fruyt was ney~~er~~ in lede  
Thorow hys myght that boght ~~ys~~ all  
Very God in forme of brede.

80

Brake a braunche the byschop seyde  
Of that fruyt that ys comen thorow godds  
grace ;

e/  
H/  
v/  
A squyer brake a bogh wyth grete breydd  
Kyt bledd on hym bothe honde and face ;  
The squyer sykyd, and seyde allas  
Upon hym bledd the blode so redd,  
Ffor he was beryed in that place,  
Very God in forme of bredd.

85

78 Ffayrer was neuer with outen drede  
79 Vertew of hym  
80 That veray, &c.

81 Brake vs.  
82 Deest fruyt owyn.  
83 Brake a braunch of the tre.  
84 The blode ran.

85, 86, 87. 88. desunt in M.S. Fl 5.

The byschop start ouyr the tabull anon  
 And hydd to the pere tre that syghte to see 90 # e/  
 To ihu cryst he had a boon b/  
 Ffayre knelyng on hys knee.  
 He sett the braunches ageyn to the tre,  
 Hyt grewe to the tre wyth oþten drede w/  
 By all gode sample men may see 95 u/  
 That very God is in forme of brede. y/

The byschop made to delue down to the rote  
 And put ther to hys men anon.  
 And found in a ^ \* \* \* \* \* e/ crysome oure sayour  
 A blessyd chylde formyd in blode and bon. 100 swete

- 89 Rose fro the bord anon.
- 90 And pressed the sirt to se.
- 91 To myghtfull god he made his mon
- 92 Fful fayre.
- 93 Deest agayn.
- 94 Hit closed ageyn long and brede.
- 95 Be this insampull ze may se.
- 96 Formed in brede.
- 97 Thei reised the erth fro the rote
- 98 Thei sowst on sadly eury chon
- 99 Ther thei fond the fode
- 100 A welfayre childe of flesh and bon

u/ He lokyd on the pere tre, the fryt was gon  
 Thechylde turnyd hym abowte wyth wounds redd,  
 And blessyd the pepull euery chon  
 God that was before in forme of bredd.

y/ #/ y/ The lady syk<sup>d</sup>, and sayde, alas! 105  
 Into the worlde that sche was wrought,  
 The chylde turnyd away hys face,  
 To loke on that lady wolde he noght.  
 f/ u/ Schryfte of the byschop the lady besought  
 I haue greuyd my god in worde and dede 110  
 e! #/ The byschop seydd thou haste mys wrought  
 A geyn thy God in forme of brede.

f sign! #/ The byschop \* \* in that stounde  
 And seyde woman wythowten drede,  
 y! y! u/ In better balys thou arte bounde 115  
 Schryfe the wele thus y the rede.

101 v. 103 comes before 101 in M.S. Ff. 5. 48, but the  
 M.S. is illegible on account of the damp it has sustained.

106 When she was forth brozt

108 The lady se wolde he not.

109 Soust.

110 And in hir hert she began to drede

112 The lorde in forme of brede.

v. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 112. 120. desunt in  
 M.S. Ff. 5. 48.

And thynk on hym that dyed on tre

And for <sup>us</sup> all hys blode hath schedde

v/

Here thy selfe the sothe may see

That very God ys in forme of bredd.

120

The byschop reveschyd hym in holynes

And bare that blessyd body to an autere

Wyth holy wordys in to bredd he can hym dresse

And there he <sup>^</sup> • • that lad<sup>e</sup> dere.

<sup>^</sup> housylde / y/

Sche resceyuyd hur god then

125

That for vs all hys blode hath schedd,

I take wytnesse of god and man

That very god ys in forme of bredd.

God as thou dyed on the rode

Ffor me, and yow, and al mankyde,

130

n/

And boght vs wyth hys precyoy<sup>s</sup> blode

u/

Thou haue vs euyr in thy mynde.

121 Armed him in his surplese.

122 And to the awter he hym bare.

123 In forme of bred he can hym dresse.

124 Hous.

v. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. desunt in M.S.  
Ff. 5. 48.

e/ Mary modur that art so hōnde!  
 v/ Saue <sup>ys</sup> fro the fendys redd,  
 u/en/e/ And geve vs grace when we haue wōnde 135  
 u/oure/ To resceyye God in forme of bredd.

*Collated with the original Mss. by me  
 Tho Wright*



## A BALLAD.

(EX M.S.S.<sup>to</sup> PP. 9. 38. APUD BIRL: VNIV. CANT.)

5. 48. A. 24.

Now of this feest telle I can  
I trow as wel as any man  
    Be est or be west,  
Ffor ouer alle in ilke aschire  
I am send for as a sire  
    To ilke a gret fest.

2 an/

Ffor in ferth ther was on  
Sich on saw I neuer non  
    In Ingland ne in Fraunce.  
Ffor they had I the maistry  
Of alle maner of cuftry  
    Sith then was myschaunce.

re/ c/

Ther was meyts wel ditz  
Well sesoned to the right  
    Off rost, and of sew,

a/

L

be/n/  
n/n/

Ther was meys to ~~he~~en  
That were a maistre al to ~~w~~en  
But sum I con yox.

w/

?r/  
?r/

Ther was pestels in po~~r~~ra  
And laduls in ro~~r~~a

Ffor po~~r~~d \* \* \* \* \*

taye . .

And somer saduls in sewys  
And mashefatts in mortrewys

the leafe . . . age /

Ffor the~~r~~ to \* \* \* \* \*

t/

Ther was plente of ale  
To theym that were in halle,

e/

To lasse and to more

v/

Ther was gryndulstones in gra~~y~~

u/

And mylstones in mawman~~y~~

h/

And al this was ~~th~~ore.

re/

But zet lett thei for no costs

Ffor in euery myl~~st~~ posts

iiij in a disshe

And bell clapurs in blawndisare

With a nobull cury

Ffor tho that ete no fissh.

Ther~~x~~ come in iordans in iussall  
 Als red as any russall

r/

                  Come ther among,  
 And blobsterdis in white sorre  
 Was of a nobull curry  
                   With spicery strong.

Ther come chese crustis in charlett  
 As red as any scarlett^

e/

                  With ruban in yise;  
 Cert~~s~~ of alle the festis  
 That euer I saw in gestis  
                   This may ber the prise.

r/

e/

Ther was c~~o~~strell in cambys  
 And capuls in cullys

a/

                  With blandamete~~x~~ in dorde  
 The nedur lippe of a larke  
 Was broght in a muk cart  
                   And set be for the lorde.

s/

Then come in stedis of Spayn  
 With the brute of Almayne  
                   With palfrayes in paste

And/ ~~.....~~ dongesterks in doralle  
 l/ Was forsed wele with charcoal  
 e/ e/ But certis that was wast.

o/ Then came in the fruture  
 u/ With a nobull sayoure  
 e/ With fetir loks fried,  
 And alle the cart whelis of Kent  
 With stonys of the payment  
 Fful wel were thei tried.

if. Then come in a horshed e #/  
 In the stid of french brede  
 With alle the riche hide,  
 is/ Now hade I not ther seen  
 sum/y/ Side of sow wold wene  
 Fful lowde that I lyed.

r/ Then came in the kydde  
 Dressyd in a horse syde  
 That aby l was to lese,  
 j/ a/ ii/ yron harows  
 a/ And many whele barows  
 In the stid of new chese.

When they had drawen the borde  
Then seid Perkyn a worde

Hymself to avownce,  
Syn we haue made gode chere .

*r/* I ~~zed~~ ilke man in fere

Goo dresse hym to a downce. *a/*

*g* There ~~ze~~ myght se a mery sight  
When thei were sammen knytte

*#/* Without any fayle,  
*i/* They ~~did~~ but ran ersward  
And ilke a man went bakward  
Toppe~~r~~ ouer tayle.

Tybbe were full tharre of hert  
As sche dawnside she lat~~t~~ a fart

Ffor sich \* \*

Now sirris for your curtesy

Take this for no vilany

But ilke man crye. \* \*

*e/*

*stumbling at . .*

*grow . .*

Off this fest can I no more

But certes thei made ham mery thore

Whil the day wold last,

Zet myght thei not alle in fere.  
 Haue eton the meytis I reckond here  
 But theire bodyes had brast.

EXPLIC, FF. \* \* \* \* \* a

*I have collated this with the original MS. and think that  
 it has been written as a sequel to the Tournement of Tottenham  
 which is contained in the same volume*

*Thos. Wright*

A T A L E  
OF THE UNNATURAL DAUGHTER.

EX M.M.S.<sup>60</sup> FF. 5. 48. APUD BIBL: VNIY: CANT:

---

HERKYNS now bothe more and lasse  
I wille yow telle of a heuy casse  
Listyns I wille yow telle,  
If ~~ze~~ this tale wille here  
Sum gode therein ~~ze~~ now lere  
At home if ~~ze~~ wille dwelle.

Ther was a man of myc~~all~~ mayne  
In the bisshope riche of Wyan  
Riche of londe and ledis,  
He hade a wyfe gentill, and fre,  
The best woman that myzt be  
And fulle of almys dedis.

A douzter they had betwen hem twoo  
The fayrest that myzt on erth goo,

Made of flesshe and blode  
 A fulle harde grace was hir lentre  
 Er she owt of this worde wentte  
 And alle hit turned to gode.

Sech dedis hade she wrouzt  
 In dedly synne she was brouzt  
 In wan-hope without bote,  
 Such a grace was hir lent  
 That she come to mendment  
 God graunte that we so mowzte.

The fende of hell agayn skyll  
 Put ~~on~~ hir a harde wille  
 Hur ~~fadur~~ luf to wynde,  
 And also temped was that man  
 His owne douzter for to tan  
 To do a dedly synne.

The fende temped hym on a day  
 The mayden came the sothe to say  
 In a preve stede,  
 Hur ~~fadur~~ prayed hir of luf derne  
 And she wolde h~~y~~ not werne  
 Thorow the fendis rede.



The fader with his douzter did his wille  
 They zede togeder priuely and stille  
 Thei were wonder wylde,  
 In holy churche as clerks fynde  
 On his douzter a gayn kynde,  
 Ther he gate a knave childe.

Zet thei wolde not of that blynne  
 But lyved forth in dedly synne  
 In romans as we rede,  
 Holy churche berys wytnesse sadde  
 Thre knave childen be hym she hadde  
 And alle she put to dede.

So preuely to gedur thei wrouzt  
 That no man perceyued hem nouzt  
 Wher aboute thei zede,  
 Vpon a day hir moder con gon  
 Ffulle preuely hir self allon  
 And fonde hem in this dede.

Alasse she seid that ze were borne  
 Fful wele I wot ze ar for lorne  
 Ze ar the deuils of hell,

Alasse he seyde now am I woo  
 I wot she wille be wrye vs too  
 Gret sorow con he make,  
 Nay seid his douzter so mo I the,  
 So shalle hit not be  
 And I may hir ~~ever~~ take.

^ t/

oure/

Thorow the deuils ~~notisment~~  
 After hir modur she went  
 Euen into the halle,  
 A knyfe in hir hande she hent ful smerte  
 And smote hir modur to the herte  
 That ded down can she fall.

o/ i/ n/ d/ a/ e/

When that synfull dede was done  
 They toke the body vp sone  
 And leyde hit in a cheste,  
 And beryd the cors with bothe her rede  
 As she sodenly hade be ded  
 That no man odur wiste.

Zet wolde thei not lese her foly  
 But lyued forth in lechory  
 Be day and eke be nyzt,

Alle on aday to church he went  
 With goode will and gode intent  
 Thorow the grace of god almyzt.

He be thouzt hym and vnder stode  
 In how synfull life he dede  
 His synnes he wolde for sake,  
 And if he myzt haue legeans  
 Ffor his synnes to do penans  
 Schrifte he thouzt to take.

When folke out of the kyrk wer gon  
 The man folowed the preest anon  
 Stille withowte strife,  
 He tolde the preest his synnes ychon  
 How he and his douztur had don  
 And alle was holden her life

The preest seid hast thou gode wille  
 Ffor they synne thou has don ille  
 Schrifte for to take,  
 Thou shalt not be thy douztur lye  
 Nor touche hir with no vilany  
 Thy synnes thou most for sake.

If thou thy penance wilt understonde  
 Thou most in to the holy londe  
 Where God was whik and dede,  
 This for sothe seid he  
 If my life wille last me  
 I wille do after thy rede.

When he was schryven of his synnes  
 He went hom vn to his innes  
 Where his douzter was,  
 His douzter hade his meyte made  
 She bade hur fader make hym glade  
 And made hym fayre solace.

No way douzter sich thyng  
 I wille no more of thy playng  
 At mete nor at mele  
 My synnes I haue forsake.

She seid fader wyckud man  
 Haste thou tolde the prest our synnes ychan  
 Ffull ille thou shalt hit like,  
 Thou made me furst my thre childer to sloo  
 And my dere moder also  
 To the herte for to smyte.

Thou wotte well that hit is soo  
 And other<sup>2</sup> gatis hit shall goo  
 Er to morne at pryme,  
 Thou hast me brouzt in to this ille  
 And I shalle ful wel haue my will  
 When I se my tyme.

1 e /

When it was tyme of the nytt  
 The gode man was to bed dize  
 His rest for to take,  
 The gode man thouzt when hit was day  
 In pilgremage to wende his way  
 Ffor his synnes sake.

c /

Thorow the fendis intisyng  
 The douzt<sup>2</sup> thouzt anoder<sup>2</sup> thyng  
 Hir fader<sup>2</sup> for to sloo,  
 When hir fader<sup>2</sup> on slepe was  
 She hyed to hye<sup>2</sup> a gret pas  
 And karve his hart in twoo.

When she hade don as I yow tell  
 Ther wolde she no longer<sup>2</sup> dwell  
 But she busyet hir son to gon,

a /  
 1 e /  
 1 e /

She /zede into a fer cuntre  
 There no man knew hir pryete  
 Nor fro what stid she come.

She toke tresur as I yow swere  
 Also mycull as she myzt bere  
 And other felawes thre,  
 Thei went out of that towne  
 To a borow of gret renowne  
 And ther wonned in that cuntre.

They spend it ther full fast  
 Whil that her gode wold last  
 In gret honoure and in pride,  
 Men of that cuntre as I yow say  
 Comyn thidur with hir to play  
 A bowte on ilke aside.

She was fair woman in alle thyng  
 She gaf to lechory hir likyng  
 And of hir life not to mende,  
 She hopid neuer heuen to wynne  
 Ffor the synne that she was in  
 But helle withoute ende

ae / d /  
 ae /  
 d /

Alle wyckud men that wer fals  
Thei came to hur stolis

She helde mony and fell,  
She for soke nouthur preest nor clerke  
Nor non that lechory wolde worke  
That wolde with hur dwelle.

So be fell thorow goddis sonde  
The bisshop that was of that londe  
Preschid in that cite,  
Alle gode men of that towne  
Come to his predicacion  
Hym to herkyn and se.

But that synfull woman  
With hir felows euerychon  
Lafte stille in that strete,  
Sory was she that ilke day  
That no man with hir wold play  
Siluer myzt she non gete.

Tille hur felowes she seide  
To the church go we I rede  
As swythe as we may,

*1c/*

Ther may we sum zangman fynde  
That is both curtesse and kynde  
That wille with vs play.

Thorow the grace of God almyzt  
That is mercifull to euery wyzt  
And thrus his modur mary,  
The holy bisshop that ther stode  
Prechid wordis bothe fayre and gode  
On hir he cast his ee.

*1c/**1 also/  
1 half/*

Ffoure fendis se he  
Hongyng fast aboute hir  
And with chenys hir ledde,  
In to the kyrke con thei gon  
The bisshop saw the fendis ilkon  
Ther of wondur he hade.

About her nek a coler strong  
Ffendis led hir with arrable song  
Be hynde and zeke before,  
The bisshop wist wel be tham  
That synfull was that woman  
Ffor hir he siked sore,



She putte to a squyer and on hȳn loogh  
And hȳn be the slefe she drowgh  
And other of hir felaws also,  
He bade hir go away  
Hit was apon agode friday  
With hir thei wolde not goo.

The bisshop lokid and saw all this  
Sore in hert he was I wys  
When he lokid hur vntill,  
The fende he thouzt to wreke  
Off goddis mercy cowde he speke  
Bothe lowde and stille.

Thorow the grace of God almyzt  
A worde in to hir body lizt  
That the bisshop speke,  
Terys fell hir een froo  
Down on hir brest cowth thir goo  
Hur colars thei alto breke.

Ffyndes that be the armes hur ladde  
The chenys breke away thei fledde  
They durst no longer abide,

M

She hade gret sorow with alle  
Vpon hir brest terys cowth downe fall  
Ffaste on ilke aside.

She sette hir down vpon hir kne  
And prayed to god in trinite  
Such grace she can hym craye,  
Bisshop she seid what may this be  
Alle day thou hast spoken of me  
And here thou may me haue.

I haue done the grettist synne  
That any woman may be in  
Agaynes god and his seynts ychan,  
With my fadyr I haue don foly  
Thre children I had hym by  
And I haue hem all sloon.

My modur I slow with a knyf also  
And karve my fadyrs hert in twoo  
Ffor sorow alasse I crye,  
Bisshop she seid if thy wil be  
Howfil and schrifte for charite  
Ffor sorow now I dye.

The bisshop seyð anōn ryzt  
 Abide woman in that tizt  
     Tille my sirmonde be done,  
 She swonyd and fel downe there  
 So ful she was of sorow and care  
     To berst hir hert began.

The bisshop saw she likid ille  
 He bade the folke sitte stille  
     And some tille hir he start,  
 Vpon hir fast con he call  
 And she was ded among hem alle  
     The bisshop was sory in hert.

He bade the folke that ther ware  
 Ffalle on knees withowten mare  
     A prayer for to make,  
 That god graunte the askyng of this  
 Whedur hir soule be in heuen blisse  
     Or to helle take.

When thei hade made theire oryson  
 A voyce came fro heuen down  
     That alle men myzt here,

And seid the soule of the synfull wyzt  
 Is wonnen into heuē bright  
 To ihu lefe and dere.

The voyce seid to the bisshop right  
 Asoyle the body with alle thy myght  
 And bery hit in a graue.  
 Alle if it did gret foly  
 With rufull hert hit cryed mercy  
 God graunt that hit shuld haue.

Gode men I warne alle  
 That ze in no wan hope falle  
 Zif ze haue don gret synne,  
 Ffor thynk hit sore and crye mercy  
 Were hit neuer so gret foly  
 And zet shalle ze heuon wyne.

## FFINITUR FABULA.

*Collected by me John M. Kemble.  
 Nov. 6<sup>th</sup> 1832.*

## THE MOURNING OF THE HARE.

(EX M.S.S.<sup>to</sup> PP. 5, 48. APUD BIBL: VNIV: CANT.)

---

FFER in frithe as I can fare  
My selfe syzand allone  
I herd the mournyng of an hare  
Thus delfully she made her mone.

She seid alas how shuld I lyfe  
Er thus my life to lede in lond  
Ffro dale to downe I am dryfe  
I wot not quedur I may sit or stond.

These hunters they wille here no masse  
In hope of huntyng for to wende  
They coupill her houndis both more and lesse  
And drife me to the felds end.

Rachis rennyng on euery side  
 Be falowe before me for to fynde,  
 These hunters will on her horses ride  
 And cast the cuntre with the wynde.

When they loken toward me  
 I loke asyde I herke full lowe  
 The furste man that me may see  
 Anon he cries, " se howe, se howe."

Lo he seith here sits an hare  
 Rise vp wat and goo be lyve  
 Then with my cull sorow and care  
 Vnneth I may scape with my lyve.

Thus I am in turnament  
 Be woode, be way, be more, be mede,  
 And other while my tayle is rent  
 Alle day thus my life I leede.

In wyntur in the depe snowe  
 On euery side the wil me trace  
 Be my steppys they wil me knowe  
 And seven me fro place to place.

Thow I me to townward drawe  
Andur to lurke or to leyke  
The wyves wil out me drawe  
And dere me with her doggus grete.

I dar not sit to croppe on hawe  
And the wyves be in the way  
Anon she swerith be cocks mawe  
Ther is a stoute hare in hir hay.

Smertly then she callis a knave  
Fful he hopeth wher I sitte  
He cometh stalkyng be hynde me with grafe  
Fful wel he troweth me to hitt.

Then thei haue doggus grete  
Aftur me thei bid hem goo  
And as aswyne thei wil me bete  
Then thei crye goo dogge goo.

Go bet wat with crysts curse  
The next tyme thou shal be take  
I have a hare pype in my purse  
That shall be set watte for thy sake.

The next tyme thou comes ther in  
     Be my crowthe I the be hete  
 Tho thou throwe the hege ren  
     Thou shall be hongut be the throte.

Thus I droupe I drede my deth  
     Alas I dye long or my day,  
 Ffor welle and woo a way it gothe  
     And this word hit wends away.



## A TALE OF A FATHER AND HIS SON.

(EX M.S.S. to FF. 5-48. APUD BIBL: UNIV. CANT.)

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fol. 14

MAN for thy myschif ~~thou~~ the amend  
And to my talkyng ~~thou~~ take gode hede  
Ffro vij dedly synnes ~~thou~~ the defende  
The lest of alle is for to drede.

Ffor of the lest I will now speke  
Ffor soule hele I wil you tech,  
Thynk no man god will hym wreke *m/*  
Of hym that is cause of spouse breke.

The furst sacrament that euer god made  
That was wedlok in gode fay  
Leve you hit with outen drede  
Ffor last hit shall till domesday.

Ffor his bonde we may not breke  
His owne worde and we wil holde  
Til deth cum that alle shall wreke  
And vs alle in clay to folde.

e/  
^/g/

The grettist kyng of all this worlde  
Be sum cause his crowne may for gon  
I take witnesse of kyng Richard  
Off kyng Sother and king Absolon.

And king Daid that made the sauter boke  
Ffor syn he did with Barsabe  
Criste fro hym his crown he toke  
Thus holy writte tellis me.

e/  
e/

The grettist clerk that euer thou seest  
To take hym vnder heuyn cope  
He may neuer take ordyr of preest  
But he haue licens of the pope.

e/

And he begetan in a voutre  
Or ellis a bastarde and he be borne  
This cause I tell wel for the  
The ordyr of preest he has lorne.

And the beggar that is so pore *e/*  
 To him wedlok is as fre  
 As to the riallest kyng of kynde thore  
 Ffor alle is but on dignite.

Man if thou wist what hit were  
 To take a nothyr then thy wyfe *e/*  
 Thou woldest rather suffir here  
 To be quyk slayn with a knyfe.

For if thou take a nothyr mannes wife *e/*  
 A wrong eyre thou most nedis gete  
 And thus thou bryngst thre soulis in stryfe *u/ i/*  
 In hell fire to ly and hete.

But wrecches thynken in her hert  
 That felis hem gitty in this case *l/*  
 With schrifte of mouthe and penans smert  
 They wene their blisse for to ynbras. *v/*

But and thei dye a soden dethe *s/*  
 Withouten schrifte or penans  
 To hell thei gon with outen les  
 Ffor thei can chese no nothyr chaunce. *e/*

A gode insampull I will yow telle  
 To my talke if ze take hede  
 In fele moneth this cas be felle  
~~Thirty~~ wyntyr syn the dede-

xxx<sup>ty</sup> / a / th /

e /  
 e / e /

Ther dwellid ij breth~~ren~~ in a towne  
 Be on fadyr and modyr getan and borne  
 Squyers thei were of gret renowne  
 So the story tellis me beforne.

e / e /

The eldyr brothy~~r~~ had a wyfe  
 The fayrest woman in alle this londe  
 And zet he v~~s~~ed a cursed life  
 And brozt his soule in bittyr bonde.

e /

He rougt not what woman he toke  
 So litull he set be his spouse hede  
 Till the deu~~all~~ cauzt hym in his croke  
 And with gret myschefe merkyd his mede.

o /

n<sup>se</sup> / e /

The ij bredyr vpon a day  
 With enmys wer slayn in saght  
 The eldyr to helle toke the way  
 The zongyr to paradys braght.

e /

e /

And this was knowen in sothnesse  
 Herkyn sirres what I wil say  
 Takis gode hede both more and lesse  
 Ffor goddis luff berys this tale away.

The elder brothyr had a son was a clerke e/  
 Wel of xv wyntyr of age e/  
 He was wytty and holy in werke  
 To hym shulde falle the heritage.

Ffor his fadyr he made gret mone e/  
 As fallis to a gode childe euer of kynde  
 Euery nyzt to his fadyr graf wold he gon e/  
 To haue his saule in speciall mynde.

Thus he prayed bothe day and nyght  
 To god and to his modyr dere e/  
 Off his fadyr to haue a sight e/  
 To wote in what place that he were.

The childe that was so nobul and wyse l./  
 Stode at his fadurs grafe at eve  
 Ther cōm on in a qwyte surplisse a/  
 And pryuely toke him be the slefe. i/

i/  
 i/a/  
 Come on childe and go with me  
 God has herd thy prayere  
 Child thy fader thou shall se  
 Wher he brennyys in hell fyre.

A/3/  
 o/  
 He led hym till a cumly hill  
 The erth openyd in thei gede  
 Smoke and fyre ther can out well  
 And mony gasts gloyng on glede.

e/  
 Ther he saw many a sore torment  
 How sowlis were put in gret paynyng  
 He saw his fader how he brent  
 And be the memburs how he hyng.

i/e/  
 v/  
 Ffendis bolde with hokis kene  
 Rent his body lith fro lith  
 Childe thou cometh thy fader to sene  
 Loke up now and speke hym with.

e/  
 is/  
 i/  
 Alas fader how stondis this cas  
 That ze be in the peynes strong  
 Son he seid I may sey alas  
 That euer I did thy moder wrong.

Ffor she was bothe feyre and gode  
 And also bothe trusty and trew  
 Alas I was worse then wode  
 Myne owne bale ther did I brew.

Ffadyr is ther any seynt in heuen *e/*  
 That ze were wont to haue in mynde  
 That myzt yow lifte out of this peyne  
 Oure lady mary or sum gode frende.

Son alle the seynts that be in heyūen *zn/*  
 Nor alle the angels vndyr the trinite *e/*  
 On here breyde out of this peyne  
 Thei haue no pouer to lift me.

Son if euery grosse were a preest  
 That growes vpon goddis grounde  
 Off the penance that thou me seest *u/*  
 Can neuer make me vn bonde.

Son thou shalt be a preest I wot hit wele  
 Onys or this day seugn zere *a/*  
 At masse matyns mete nor mele  
 Thou take me neuer in thy prayere.

4/e/  
Loke son thou do as I sey the  
Therfor I warne the wol before  
Ffor eu<sup>r</sup> the long<sup>r</sup> thou prayes for me  
My peynes shall be more and more.

e/  
Ffare wele he seid my dere sone  
The fadyr of heuyn be teche I the  
And warn euery man wher for thou come  
Off wedlok brekyng war to be.

The angel be gan the childe to lede  
Sone out of that wreched won  
In to a forest was fayre in brede  
The son was vp and brizt hit shone.

He led hym to a fayre erber  
The zatis were of clen cristall  
To his sizt wer passyng fayre  
And brizt as any beriall

The wallis semyd of gold brizt  
With durris and with toures strong  
They herd vpon the zatis on heght  
Mynstralsy and the angel song



The pellican and the popyniay  
 The ~~tomor~~ and the turtill trew *m/*  
 A hundirth thousand vpon hy  
 The nyztyngale with notis new. *at/*

On a grene hill he saw a tre  
 The saur of hit was strong and store  
 Pale hit was and wan of ble  
 Lost hit hade both frute and floure.

A rufull sizt that childe can se  
 And of that sizt he had ~~gret~~ gret drede  
 A dere lady how may this be  
 The blode of this tre bled is so rede. *u/*

The angel seid this is the tre  
 That god adam the frute forbede  
 And therfore dryvon owt was he  
 And in the erth his life he lede.

Ffor in the same place ~~that thou~~ seest hit blede *en/*  
 Grew the appull that adam bote  
 And that was thorow Evys rede  
 And the deuoll of hell wol I wot.

When any synfull comys her in  
 As ~~thou~~ seest now her childe with me

N

Ffor vengeans of that cursed synne  
The blode wil ren out of this tre.

He led hym forth vpon the pleyne  
He was war of a pynapull pizt  
Sechan had he neuer seyne  
Off clothes of gold burnysshed brizt.

c/ Ther vnder sate a creature  
As brizt as any son beme  
And angels did hym gret honoure  
Lo childe he seid this is thy neme.

c/c/ Thy fader brother thou may sene  
In heuen blisse with outen ende  
i/c/ So myzt thy fader haue bene  
And he to wedlok had be kynde

h/ But perfor he has geton hym helle  
o/ Endlesse in that depe doman  
Ther euer more for to dwell  
Ffor fro that place is no redempcion

i/ Man for thy myschif thou the amende  
And thou may sit al safe fro care  
Ffro dedly synne thou the defende  
i/ And streght to blisse thy saule shall fare.

*Collated with the M<sup>s</sup>. by me  
Thomas Wright*

## A TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.

EX M.S.<sup>to</sup> PP. 5. 48. ASSERVATO APUD BIBL : VNIV : CANT.

---

IN somer when the shawes be sheyn  
And leves be large and long  
Hit is full mery in feyre foreste  
To here the foulys song.

To se the dere draw to the dale  
And leve the hilles hee  
And shadow hem in the leves grene  
Vndur the grene wode tre.

Hit befell on whitsontide  
Erly in a may mornyng  
The son vp fayre can shyne  
And the briddis mery-can syng.

This is a mery mornynge seyd litull John  
Be hym that dyed on tre  
A more mery man then I am one  
Lyves not in cristiante.

Pluk vp thy hert my dere mayster  
Litull John can sey  
And thynk hit is a full fayre tyme  
In a mornynge of may.

Ze on thyng greves me seyd Robyn  
And does my hert mych woo  
That I may not no solem day  
To mas nor matyns goo.

Hit is a fourtnet and more sayd hee,  
Syn I my sauoy<sup>er</sup> see  
To day wil I to Notyngham seyd Robyn  
With the myght of mylde marye.

Then spake moche the myl<sup>der</sup> sun  
Euer more wel hym be tyde  
Take xii of thy wyght zemen  
Well weppynd be ther side.

Such on wolde ~~thy~~ selfe slon  
 That xii dar not abyde  
 Off all my mery men seid Robyn  
 Be my feith I wil non haue.

*e/*

But litull John shall beyre my bow  
 Til that me list to drawe  
 Thou shall beyre thin own seid litull Jon  
 Maister & I wil beyre myne  
 And we ~~wille~~ shete a peny seid litull Jon  
 Vnder the grene wode lyne.

*and/  
e/ 8.*

I wil not shete a peny seyde Robyn Hode  
 In feith litull John with the  
 But euer for on as thou shetis seid Robyn  
 In feith I holde the thre.

*A  
A.*

Thus shet thei forth these zemen too  
 Bothe at buske and brome  
 Til litull John wan of his maistr  
 Vs. to hose and shone.

*er/*

A ferly strife fel them be twene  
 As they went bi the way  
 Litull John seid he had won v shylyngs  
 And Robyn hode seid schortly nay.

*e/*

With that lyed Robyn hodelyed litul Jon  
And smote hym with his hande  
Litul John waxed wroth ther with  
And pulled out his bright bronde.

Were thou not my maister seid litull John  
Thou shuldis byhit ful sore  
Get the a man where thou wilt Robyn  
For thou getis me no more.

Then Robyn goes to Notyngham  
Hym selfe mornying allon  
And litull John to mery Scherewode  
The pathes he knowe alkone.

Whan Robyn came to Notyngham  
Sertonly with outen layne  
He prayed to god and myld mary  
To bring hym out saue agayne.

He gos in to seynt mary chirch  
And knelyd down be fore the rode  
Alle that euer were the church with in  
Be held wel Robyn hode.

Be side hym stode a gret hedid monk  
I pray to God woo he be  
Fful sone he knew gode Robyn  
As sone as he hym se.

*u'se/*

Out at the durre he ran  
Fful sone and anon  
Alle the zatis of Notyngham  
He made to be sparred euerychon.

*of.*

Rise up he seid thou prowde schereff  
Buske the and make the bowne  
I have spyed the kyngs felon  
Ffor sothe he is in the town.

I haue spyed the false felon  
As he stonds at his masse  
Hit is long of the seide the munke  
And euer he fro vs passe.

This traytur name is Robyn hode  
Vnder the grene wode lynde  
He robbyt me onys of a C pound  
Hit shalle neuer out of my mynde.

r/  
Vp then rose this prowd schereff  
And ~~z~~ade towarde hem zare  
Many was the moder son  
r/  
To the kyȝk with hym can fare.

In at the dures thei throly thrast  
With staves ful gode ilkone  
Alas alas seid Robyn hode  
Now mysse I litull John.

But Robyn toke out a too hond sworde  
That hangit down be his kne  
Ther is the schereff and his men stode thyckust  
e/  
Thiȝdurward wold he.

m/  
Thryes thorow at theȝ he ran  
e/  
Then for sothe as I yow say  
s.  
And woundyt many a moder song  
And xii he slew that day.

i/  
Hyȝ sworde vpon the schireff hed  
Sertanly he brake in too  
The smyth that the made seid Robyn  
I pray to God wyrke hym woo.



Ffor now am I weppynlesse seid Robyn  
 Alasse agayn my wyll  
 But if I may fle these traytors fro  
 I wot thei wil me kyll.

Robyns men to the churche ran  
 Thro out hem \* \* ilkon  
 Sum fel in swonyng as thei were dede  
 And lay still as any stone. .

*on/ A? show/*

*s.*

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

*no hiatus in Ms.*

Non of theym were in her mynde  
 But only litull Jon

Let be your rule seid litull Jon  
 Ffor his luf that dyed on tre  
 Ze that shulde be duzty mon  
 Hit is gret shame to se.

Oure maister has bene hard by stode  
 And zet scapyd a way  
 Pluk up your herts and leve this mone  
 And herkyn what I shal say.

*se/* He has seruyd our ladie many a day  
 And zet wil securly  
*ss ss* Ther fore I trust in her specialy  
*ss/* No wycked deth shal he dye.

*ss.* Therfore be glad seid litull John  
 And let this mournyng be  
*ss.* And I shal be the munkis gyde  
*ss.* With the myght of mylde marye.

And I mete hym seid litull John  
 We will go but we too

*no laura*

{ \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Loke that ze kepe wel youre tristil tre  
 Vnder the levys smale  
 And spare non of this venyson  
 That gose in thys vale.

*n/* Fforthe they went these zemen too  
*z/* Litul John and moche on fere  
 And lokid on moch emys hows  
 The hye way lay full nere.

Litul John stode at a ~~w~~indow in the mornyng *y/*  
 And lokid ~~f~~erth at ~~a~~stage *o/ #*  
 He was war wher the munke came ridyng  
 And wyth hym a litul page.

Be my feith seid litul John to moch  
 I can the tel tithyng ~~ye~~ gode *w/ S*  
 I se wher the munk ~~comes~~ rydyng *e/ cumys*  
 I know hym be his wyde hode.

Thei went into the way these zemen bothe *y/*  
 As curtes men and hende  
 Thei spyrrred tithyngus to the munke  
 As thei hade bene his frende. *y/*

Ffro whens come ze seid litul John *L/S*  
 Tel vs tithyngus I yow pray  
 Off a false outlay *w/*  
 Was takyn zisturday. *e/*

He robbyt me and my felowes bothe  
 Of xx markes in serten *e/*  
 If that false outlay be takyn *w/*  
 Ffor sothe we wolde be fayn.

*Li*  
*a/*  
So did he me seide the munke  
Of a C pound and more  
I layde furst hande hym *u*pon  
Ze may thanke me therfore.

*w/*  
I pray god thanke yow seide litull John  
And we wil when we may  
We wil go with yow with your leve  
And bryng yon on your way.

Ffor Robyn hode hase many a wilde felow  
I tell yow in certen  
If thei wist ze rode this way  
In feith ze shulde be slayn.

As thei went talkyng be the way  
The munke and litull John  
John toke the munks horse be the hede  
Fful sone and anon.

John toke the munks horse be the hed  
Ffor sothe as I yow say  
So did much the litull page  
Ffor he shulde not stirre away. 2

Be the golett of the hode  
 John pulled the munke down  
 John was nothyng of hym agast  
 He lete hym falle on his crown.

Litull John was so agrevyd  
 And drew owt his swerde in hye  
 The munke saw he shulde be ded  
 Lowd mercy can he crye.

He was my maistir seid litull John  
 That thou hase browzt in bale  
 Shalle thou neuer cum at oure kyng  
 Ffor to telle hym tale.

e/  
 8'  
 int 2/

John smote of the munks hed  
 No longer wolde he dwell  
 So did moch the litull page  
 Ffor ferd lest he wold tell.

Ther thei beryed hem both  
 In nouthur mosse nor lyng  
 And litull John and moch in fere  
 Bare the letters to oure kyng.

u/  
 u/

i/  
He kneled down vpon his kne  
God zow saue my lege lorde  
Ihū yow saue and se.

f/  
v/  
God yow saue my lege kyng  
To speke John was full bolde  
He gaf hym the letturs in his hond  
The kyng did hit unfold.

g/  
e/e/may/  
S/  
The kyng red the letturs anon  
And seid so mot I the  
Ther was neur zōman in inglond  
I longut so sore to see.

h/  
e/  
Wher is the munkethat these shuld haue browzt  
Oure kyng can say  
Be my trouth seid litull Jon  
He dyed aftur the way.

ti  
The kyng gaf mochn and litul Jon  
xx pound in sertan  
And made them zemen of the crown  
And bade them go agayn.

He gaf John the seel in hand  
The scheref for to bere  
To bryng Robyn hym to  
And no man do hym dere.

John toke his leve at oure kyng  
The soth as I yow say  
The next way to Notyngham  
To take he zede the way.

Whan John came to Notyngham  
The zatis were sparred ychon  
John callid vp the porter  
He answerid sone anon.

What is the cause seid litull John  
Thou sparris the zates so fast  
Because of Robyn hode seid porter  
In depe prison is cast.

8/8/

John and moch and wyll scathlok  
Ffor sothe as I yow say  
Thir slew oure men vpon oure wallis  
And sawten vs every day.

(3)

21/21

Litul John spyrrer aftir the schereff  
And sone he hym fonde  
He oppyned the kyngus pryve seell  
And gaf hym in his honde.

w/

8/

When the schereff saw the kyngus seell  
He did of his hode anon  
Wher is the munk that bore the letturs  
He seid to litull John.

21/

8/

a/

He is so fayn of hym seid litull John  
Ffor sothe as I yow sey  
He has made hym abot of westmynster  
A lorde of that abbay.

8/

The scheref made John gode chere  
And gaf hym wyne of the best  
At nyzt thei went to her bedde  
And euery man to his fest.

r/

8/

9/

9/

When the schereff was on slepe  
Dronken of wyne and ale  
Litul John and moth for sothe  
Toke the way vn to the dale.



Litul John callid vp the jayler  
 And bade hym rise anon,  
 He seid Robyn hode had brokyn preson  
 And out of hit was gon.

The porter rose anon sertan  
 As sone as he herd John calle,  
 Litul John was redy with a swerd  
 And bare hym to the walle.

g! Now wil I be porter seid litul John  
 And take the keyes in honde,  
 He toke the way to Robyn hode  
 And sone he hym vnbonde.

Adam Bell  
 &c.

He gaf hym a gode swerde in his hond  
 His hed with for to kepe  
 And ther as the walle was lowyst  
 Anon down can thei lepe.

s were

Be that the cok began to crow  
 The day began to spryng  
 The scheref fond the jayler ded  
 The comyn bell made he ryng.

ni!

o

e/ He made a crye thar<sup>o</sup>wt al the town<sup>7</sup>  
 Whedur he be z<sup>o</sup>man or knave  
 That cowthe bryng hym Robyn hode  
 His warison he shulde haue.

Ffor I dar neuer said the scheref  
 Cum be fore oure kyng  
 Ffor if I do I wot sertain e/  
 Ffor sothe he wil me henge.

The scheref made to ~~seke~~ Notyngham  
 Bothe be strete and stye,  
 And Robyn was in mery scherwode  
 As lizt as lef on lynde.

Then be spake gode litull John  
 To Robyn hode can he say,  
 # I haue done the ~~agode~~ turne for an euyll  
 a/ Quyte the wh<sup>e</sup>n thou may.

# e/ I haue done the ~~agode~~ turne, said litull John,  
 w/y. Ffor sothe as I yon<sup>e</sup> say,  
 I haue brouzt the vnder grene wode lyne  
 Ffare wel and haue gode day.

Nay be my trouthe, seid Robyn hode  
 So shall hit neuer be,  
 I make the maister seid Robyn hode  
 Of alle my men and me.

Nay be my trouthe, seid litull John,  
 So shall hit neuer be,  
 But lat me be a felow seid litull John  
 No noder kepe I be.

Thus John gate robyn hode out of presan  
 Sertan with outyn layn,  
 When his men saw hym hol and sounde  
 Ffor sothe they were ful fayne.

They filled in wyne, and made hym glade  
 Vnder the levys smale,  
 And zete pastes of venysan  
 That gode was with ale.

Than worde came to oure knyng  
 How Robyn hode was gon  
 Aud how the scheref of Notyngham  
 Durst neuer loke hym vpon.

*fr/* Then be spake oure cumly knyng  
 In an angur hye,  
 Litull John hase begyled the schereff  
 In faith so hase he me.

*4/* Litull John has begyled vs bothe  
 And that full wel I se  
 Or ellis the schereff of Notyngham  
 Hye hongut shuld he be.

*and gaf / see /* I made hem zemen of the crown,  
~~And~~ *of* hem soo with my hond,  
 I gaf hem grith, seid oure kyng,  
 Thorow out all mery Ingland.

*Reym* I gaf ~~hem~~ grith, then seide oure kyng,  
 I say so mot I the,  
 Ffor sothe sech a zeman as he is on  
 In all Ingland ar not thre.

He is trew to his maister, seide oure kyng,  
 I sei be swete seynt John,  
 He louys better Robyn hode,  
 Then he dose vs ychon.

Robyn hode is euer bond to him 4/  
 Bothe in strete, and stalle,  
 Speke no mēre of this matter, seid oure kyng, o/3/  
 But John has begyled vs alle,

Thus endys the talkyng of the munke,  
 And Robyn hode I wysse,  
 God that is ~~euere~~-a-crowned kyng oure  
 Bryng vs all to his blisse.

*Collected to p. 186. lin. 8 by J. M. Kemble.  
 The remainder by Thomas Wright.  
 See. 8th*

## THE TALE OF THE BASYN.

EX MSS.<sup>10</sup> FF. v. 5. 48. APUD. BIBL: VNIV: CANT:

i/  
m/      Off talys, and tr~~f~~fulles, many man tellys,  
Sum~~e~~ byn trew, and sum byn ellis,  
A man may dryfe forth~~e~~ the day that long tyme  
dwellis

i/  
i/i<sup>1</sup>am/      W~~y~~th harpyng and pipyng, and other mery spellis,  
W~~y~~th gle, and w~~y~~th game.  
Off a parson ze mowe here,  
In case that hit soth were,  
And of his brother that was hym dere,  
And louyd well same.

v/  
ex      The ton/ was his fadirs eyre of hows & of lande,  
The tother, was a parson as I ~~u~~nderstande,  
A riche man was he, and a gode husbande,  
And knowen for a gode clerke thoro goddis sande,

And ~~þy~~se was holde.      ω/  
 The tother hade litull thozt,  
 Off husbandry cowth he no~~xt~~zt,      8/  
 But alle his wyves will he ~~gro~~zt.      ω/

A febull husbande was he on, as many ar on lyve,  
 Alle his wyves biddyng he did it full ryve,

Hit is an-olde seid saw, I swere be seynt ~~þy~~ve,      T/  
 "Hit shalbe at the wyves will if the husbondethryve."

i/      Bothe wythin, and wyth~~out~~te,      i/ ω/  
 A wyfe that has an yvell tach,  
 r/o/ The~~s~~ of the husbond shalle ha~~ve~~ a smache,      ω/  
 But zif he loke well abowte.

Off that zong gentil man was a gret disese,

A/ Aft~~r~~ a zere or two his wyfe he myzt not please,  
 Mycull of his lande lay to this preests ese,      e/  
 Eche tauzt hym euer among how the katte did  
 snese

Rizt at hir owne wille.

He that hade bene a lorde

Was nouth~~r~~ at bedde ne at borde,

Ne durst ony~~s~~ speke a worde,      s/

When she bade be stille.

Litull of husbondry the gode man con thynke,  
And his wyfe louyd well gode mete, and gode  
drynke,

She wolde nouther therfore swete ne swynke,  
But when the baly was full lye downe & wynke,

*r/e/*  
*i/* And fest hir nedr ende.

Soo long thys life thei ladde,  
That spende was that thei hadde,  
The wife hir husbonde badde  
Be lyfe forth to wende.

*i/ e/*  
*i/*  
*e/o/* To the parson the brodr that is so rich a wrech,  
And pray hym of the sorow su<sup>m</sup>me he wold slech,  
Ffourty pounds of ~~er~~ fyfty loke of hym thou fech,  
So that thou hit bryng litull will I rech,

Neuer for to white.

*e/*  
*e/* To his brothr forth he went,  
And mycull money to hym ~~his~~ lent,  
And also sone hit was spent

Ther of they hade but lyte.

*e/* Micull money of his brothr he fette,  
Ffor alle that he brozt he ferd neuer the bette,  
The parson wex wery, & thouzt he wolde hym lette  
And he fare long thus he fallis in my dette,



And zet he may not the.  
 Be twene hym & his wife I wysse,  
 A drawzt ther is drawen amysse,  
 I will wete soo haue I blisse  
 How that hit myzt be.

Zet on a day afterwarde to the parson he zede,  
 To borow none and he ne myzt spede,  
 Brother, quoth the parson, thou takis litull hede *d/*  
 How thou fallis in my dett, ther of is all my drede,  
 And zet thou may not the.  
 Perdy, thou was my faders eyre,  
 Off howse, and londe that was so feyre,  
 And ever thou lyves in dispayre *u/*  
 What deyll how may thys be? *u/ i/*

I ne wot how it faris but euer I am be hynde,  
 Ffor to liffe manly hit comes out be kynde, *2/ me/*  
 I shall truly sey what I thynke in my mynde.  
 The parson seyde thou me telle.  
 Brother, he seid, be seynt Albon,  
 Hit is a preest men callis Sir John,  
 Sich a felow know I non,  
 Off felawes he berys the bell.

*enar/* Hym gode, and curtesse I fynde ~~did~~ moo,  
 He harpys, and gytryns, and synys wel ther too,  
 He wrestels, and lepis, and casts the ston also ;  
*d/* Brother, quoth the parson, be life hame ~~thou~~ goo  
 So as I the say.

Zif ~~thou~~ myzt with any gynne,  
 The vessell owt of the chaumber wyne,  
 The same that thei make water in,  
 And bryng it me I the pray.

*8/* Brother, he seid blithly ~~thi~~ wil shal be wrozt ;  
 It is a rownde basyn, I haue hit in my thozt,  
*h/i/u/* As ~~pry~~vely as ~~thou~~ may that hit behider brouzt.  
*t/* Hye the fast on thi way loke ~~thou~~ ~~hary~~ nozt  
 And come agayne anone.

Hame~~ward~~s con he ride,  
 Ther no longer wolde he byde  
 And then his wife ~~beg~~an to chyde,  
 Be cause he come so sone.

*v/* He hent ~~up~~ the basyn and forth can he fare,  
 Till he came to his brother wolde he not spare :  
 The parson toke the basyn, and to his chaumber it  
 bare,

*u/i/* And a pryve experyment sone he wrought thare.

And to his brother he seyde ful blithe,  
Loke thou where the basyn fette,  
And in that place thou hit sett,  
And than he seid with owtyn lette,  
Come agayne right swythe.

He toke the basyn, and forth wente,  
When his wife hym saw, hir browes she up hent;  
Why hase thy brother so sone the home sent? *i/*  
Hit myzt neuer be forgode I know it verament,  
That thou comes home so swythe.  
Nay he seid, my swetyng,  
I moste take a litull thyng,  
And to my brother I mot hit bryng,  
Ffor sum it shall make blithe.

In to his chaumber priuely went he that tyde, *u/*  
And sett downe the basyn be the bedde side,  
He toke his leve at his wyfe, and forth can he ride;  
~~7~~ She was glad that he wente, and bade hym not abyde,  
Hir hert began to glade.  
She anon rizt thoo  
Slew a capon or twoo,  
And other gode mete thertoo  
Hastely she made.

u/3/a/      When alle thyng was redy, she sent after Sir John,  
e/      Priely at a posterne gate as stille as /ony ston :  
They eton, and dronken as thei were wonte to done,  
Till that thaym list to bedde for to gon

Softly and stille.

With in a litull while Sir John con wake,  
And nedis water he most make,  
He wist wher he shulde the basyn take,  
i/      Ryzt at his owne wille.  
He toke the basyn to make water in,  
e/      He myzt not get his hondis away all this worde to  
wyn,

a/      His hondis fro the basyn myzt he not twyn !  
Alas ! seid Sir John, how shall I now begynne ?

m/      Here is sure wych crafte :  
Ffaste the basyn con he holde,  
d/      And alle his body tremel for colde,  
u/      Leyer then a C pounde he wolde  
That hit were fro hym rafte.

a/      Ryzt as a chapmon shulde sell his ware,  
e/      This basyn in the chaumber betwix his hondis  
he bare ;

e/      This wife was agrevyd he stode so long thare,  
And askid why so hit was a nyce fare

So stille ther to stonde?

What woman, he seid in gode fay,

Thou must helpe gif thou may

That this basyn were a way

Hit wille not fro my honde.

Upstert this godewyfe for nothyng wold she lette, *v/e/*

And bothe hir hondis on the basyn she sette,

Thus sone were thai bothe fast, and he neuer the bette,

Hit was a mysse felisshippe a man to haue I mette

Be day or be nyzt.

They began clepe, and crye,

To a wenche that lay thame bye,

That she shulde come on hye

To helpe zif she myzt.

Upstert the wench er she was halfe waked,

And ran to her maistrys all baly naked,

Alas! seid hir maistrys, who has this sorow maked? *e/*

Helpe this basyn were away that oure sorow were  
slyaked,

Here is a sory chaunce.

To the basyn the wenche she ~~p~~aste, *3 r/*

Ffor to helpe hade she cast, *e/*

Thus were they sone alle thre faste

Hit was a nyce daunce.

i/o/  
e/h/  
r/

Ther they daunsyd all the nyzt till the son can ryse,  
The clerk rang the daybell as it was his gise,  
He knew his maistres counsell and his ise, tre...ise/  
He thozt he was to long to sey his seryfse

His matyns be the morow.

Softly, and stille thider he zede,  
When he come thider, he toke gode hede  
er/  
How that his mastres was in grett drede  
And brought in gret sorow.

Anon as Sir John can se he began to call ;  
Be that worde thei come down in to the hall ;  
quod/  
Why goo ze soo, seyde the clerke, hit is shame for  
you alle

m/w/  
w/  
Why goo ze so nakyd foule not yow falle ?  
The basyn shalle yow froo.

o/e/  
To the basyn he made abrayde,  
And bothe his handis theron he layde,  
The furst worde that the clerke seyde,  
Alas what shall I doo ?

e/  
e/v/  
The carter fro the halle dure erth can he throw  
With a sheuell in his hande to make it clene I trowe,  
Whan he saw thaym go rounde upon arow,  
He wende hit hade bene folys of the fayr he told  
hit in his saw

He seid he wolde assay I wysse.

Ynneth he durst go in for fere, V/  
 Alle saye the clerke nakyd were, u/  
 When he saw the wench go there,  
 Hym thozt hit went amysse.

The wenche was his speciall that hoppid on the rowte,  
 Lette go the basyn or thou shalle haue a clowte!  
 He hit the wench with a shevell aboue on the towte,  
 The shevyll sticked there fast withowte any dowte,  
 And he hengett on the ende.

The carter with a sory chaunce,  
 Among thaim alle he led the dawnce,  
 In Englonde Scotl~~and~~ ne in Fraunce o/  
 A man shulde non sich fynde.

The gode man, and the parson come in that stounde  
 Alle that fayre feliship dawnsyng thei founde,  
 The gode man seid to Sir John, be cocks swete  
 wounde,

Thou shalle lese thine harnesse or a C pounde :  
 Truly thou shalle not chese.

Sir John seid in gode fay,  
 Helpe this basyn were away,  
 And that mone will I pay  
 Er I this harnes lese.

n/c/  
The parson charmyd the basyn that it fell thaim fro,  
Euery man there hastily on thaire wey can goo,  
The preest went out of contre for shame he hade  
thoo,

ir/  
And then thai leuyd thaire lewtnesse & did no  
more soo,

But wex wyse and ware.

Thus the gode man, and his wyfe,

Leuyd to geder with owt stryfe,

Mary for y hir ioyes fyfe

Shelde vs alle fro care.

FFINITUR.

*collated with the original MS by  
Thomas Wright —*



## THE COKWOLDS DAUNCE.

EX M.S. 5. 10 APUD MUS: ASHM: 61.

---

ALL that wyll of solas here  
Herkyns now, and ze schall here,  
And ze kane vnderstond;  
Off a bowrd, I wyll you schew,  
That ys full gode and trew,  
That fell some tyme in Ynglond.

Kynge Arthour was off grete honour,  
Off castellis and of many a toure,  
And full wyde I know;  
A gode ensample I wyll you sey  
What chause befell hym one a dey,  
Herkyn to my saw!

P

Cokwoldes he louyd as I zou plyzt,  
He honouryd them both dey and nyght,

In all maner of thyng ;  
And, as I rede in story,  
He was kokwold sykerly,  
Ffor sothê it is an losyng,

Herkyn Lordinges what I sey,  
How may ze here solas and pley  
Iff ze wyll takê gode hede.  
Kyng Arthour had a bugyll horn  
That ever mo stod hym be forn.  
Were so that ever he zede.

Ffor ~~wha~~ he was at the bord sete  
Anon the horne schuld be sette  
Ther off that he myght drynk,  
Ffor myche crafte he couth thereby  
And ofte tymes the treuth he sey  
Non over couth he thynk.

Iff any Cokwold drynke of it,  
Spyll he schuld withouten lette,  
Therfor theye were not glade.

Gret dispyte they had thereby,  
 Because it dyde their vilony,  
 And made them oftentimes sade.

m

When the kyng wold hafe solas,  
 The bugyll was sett into the plas  
 To make solas and game.  
 And a chargyd the Cokwold chere  
 The kyng them callyd ferre and nere  
 Lordyng by ther name.

?

s/

Than men myght se game jnowze  
 When every cokwold on other leuze,  
 And zit yet schamyd sore.  
 Where euer the cokwold was sought,  
 Befor the kyng they were brought,  
 Both lesse and more.

they

Kyng Arthour than verament  
 Ordeynd throw hys awne assent,

Ssoth as I zow sey,  
 The tabull dermonte with ontexlette,  
 Ther at the cokwold was sette  
 To have solas and play.

) withouten lette

x

Ffor at the bord schuld be non others  
 Bot euery cokwold to his brothers,  
 To tell treuth I must nede.  
 And when the cokwold<sup>^</sup> was sette,      7.      S  
Garland of wylos sculd be fette,  
 And sett vpon his hed.

Off the best mete with oute lesyng.  
 That stode on bord befor the kyng,  
 Both ferr and nere.  
 To the cokwold he sente anon,      3  
 And bad them<sup>^</sup> be glad euerychon  
 Ffor his sake make gode chere.

And seyde lordyngs for zour lyues  
 Be neuer the wrother with your wyues,  
 Ffor no manner of nede.  
 Off women com duke and kyng,  
 I zow tell with out lesyng,  
 Of tham com owre manhed.

So it be fell sertenly,  
 The duke off Glosseter comin byze      2.  
 To the courte with full gret myzht

He was reseyued at the Kyngs palys,  
With myrth, honour and grete solas,  
With lords that were well dygzht.

With the Kyng ther dyde he dwell,  
Bot how long I can not tell,  
Therof know I non name.  
Off kyng Arthour a wond case  
Frend herkyns how it was,  
Ffor now be gynes game.

Vppon a dey withouten lette,  
The duke with the kyng was sette  
At mete with mykill pride  
He lukyd abowte wonderous faste,  
Hys syght on euery syde he caste  
To them that sate be syde.

The kyng aspyed the erle anon,  
And fast he lowzhe the erle vpon,  
And bad he schuld be glad.  
And yet for all hys grete honour,  
Cokwold was Kyng Arthour  
Ne galle non he had.

So at the last the duke he brayd  
 And to the kyng the word sayd,  
 He myght no lenger for bere.  
 Syr what these men don  
 That syche garlond the were vpon?  
 That skyll wold I lere.

X, haue  
 -sk.i.s. came

^ ?

The kyng seyde the erle to,  
 Syr non hurte the haue do,  
 Ffor that was thrucht a chans  
 Serten they be fre men all  
 Ffor non of them hath no gall,  
 Ther for this is your penans.

—

Ther wyves hath ben merchandabull,  
 And of this ware compenabull,  
 Me thinke it is non harme.  
 A man of lufe that wold them craue  
 Hastely he schuld it haue  
 Ffor the couth not hym wern.

P<sup>2</sup>/

x ?

right

All theyr wyves sykerlyke,  
 Hath vsyd the baskefysyke  
 Whyll theyr men were oute.

And ofte they haue draw that draught  
 To vse well the l<sup>h</sup>chers craft,  
 With inbyng of this toute. ?

z e /

Syr, he seyde, now haue I redd ;  
 Ete we now, and make vs glad,  
 And euery man fle care.  
 The duke seyde to hym anon,  
 Thanke the cokwolds eurychon.  
 The kyng seyde hold the there.

z

e /

The kyng than after the erlys word,  
Said to the cokwolds bord,  
 To make them mery among,  
 All manner of mynstralsy  
 To glad the cokwolds by and by,  
 With herpe, fydell, and song.

—

z

X

And bad them take no greffe,  
 Bot all with loue, and with leffe,  
 Euery man with other.  
 Ffor after mete without distans,  
 The cockwolds schuld together danse  
 Euery man with hys brother.

x - ?  
e /

Than began a nobull game,  
The cokwolds together came  
    Befor the erle and the kyng,  
In skerlet kirtells on one,  
The cokwolds stody euerychon,  
    Redy vnto the dansyng.

z

Than seyde the kyng in hye,  
Go fyll my bugyll hastely,  
    And bryng it to my hond ;  
I wyll asey with a gyne  
All the cokwolds that her is in  
    To know the will and fond.

Than seyde the erle, for charyte,  
In what skylle tell me  
    A cokwold may I know ?  
To the erle the kyng ansuerd,  
Syr be myn here berd,  
    Thou schall se within a throw.

The bugull was brought the kyng to hond ;  
Then seyde the kyng, I vnderstond  
    Thys horne that ze here se,



Ther is no cokwold fer, or nere,  
Here of to drynke hath no power,  
As wyde as crystiante.

Bot he schall spyll on euery syde,  
Ffor any cas that may be tyde,  
Schall not ther of avanse.  
And zit for all hys grete honour,  
Hymselfe noble kyng Aurthour  
Hath forteynd syche a chans.

Syr erle, he seyde take, and begyn ;  
He seyde, nay, be seynt Austyn  
That was to me vylony.  
Not for all a reme to wyn,  
Be for you I schuld begyn,  
Ffor honour off my curtassy.

Kyng Arthour then he tuke the horn,  
And dyde as he was wont beforne,  
Bot this was zit gon a gyle,  
Bot he wend to haue dronke of the best,  
Bot sone he spyllde on hys brest,  
With in a lytell whyle.

*ei*  
The cokwolds lokyd eche on other,  
And thought the kyng was their awn brother,  
And glad thi was of that.  
He hath vs scornyd many a tyme,  
And now he is a cokwold fyne,  
To were a cokwold hat.

The quene was this of schamyd sore,  
Sche changyd hyr colour lesse and more  
And wold haue ben a wey;  
Ther with the kyng gan hyr behold,  
And seyde he schuld neuer be so bold,  
The soth agene to sey.

Cokwold no man I wyll repreue,  
Ffor I ame ane, and aske no leue,  
Ffor all my rent and londys.  
Lordyngs, all now may ze know,  
That I may dance the cokwold row,  
And take zow by the hands.

Than seyde the all at a word,  
That cokwolds schuld begyne to bord,  
And sytt hyst in the halle.

*the?*

Go we lordyngs all same  
And dance to make vs gle and game,  
Ffor cokwolds haue n~~e~~<sup>o</sup> alle.

And after that sone anon,  
The kyng causyd the cokwolds ychon,  
To wesch with outen les,  
Ffor ought that euer may be tyde,  
He sett them by hys awne syde,  
Vp at the hyze dese.

The kyng hymselff a garlond fette,  
Vppon hys hede he it sette,  
Ffor it myght be no other;  
And seyde, lordyngs sykerly,  
We be all off a freyry,  
I ame your owne brother.

Be Jhu cryst that is ~~aboffe~~,  
That man aught me gode loffe,  
That ley by my quene;  
I was worthy him to honour,  
Both in castell, and in towre,  
With rede skerlet and grene.

Ffor him me helpyd when I was forth,  
To cher my wyfe, and make her myrth,  
Ffor women louys wele pley.  
And therfor this haue ze no dowte,  
Bot many schall dance in the cokwold rowte,  
Both by nyght and day,

And therefor lordyngs take no care,  
Make we mery, for nothing spare,  
All brothers in one rowte.  
Than the cokwolds was full blythe  
And thankyd god a C syth,  
Ffor soth withouten dowte.

Euery cokwold seyde to other,  
Kyng Arthour is our awne brother,  
Therfor we may bi blyth.  
Thi erle off Glowsyter verament, *e*  
Take hys leue, and home went, *o*  
And thankyd the kyng fele sythe.

Kyng Arthour left at Skarlyon  
With hys cokwolds euery chon,  
And made both gam and gle.

A knyght this was withouten les,  
That sued at the kyngs des,  
Syr Corneus hyght he.

er /  
scrue

He made the gest in hys gam,  
And named it after hys own name,  
In herpyng or other gle.  
And after nobull kyng Arthour,  
Lyued, and dyed with honour,  
As may hath don sure.  
Both cokwold, and others mo.  
God gyff vs grace that we may go  
To heuyn. Amen. Amen.

a

?

TO ALL FALSE FLATTERING FREEMEN  
OF CAMBRIDGE, OPEN AND SE-  
CRETE ENEMIES OF THE POORE,  
JACK OF THE STYLE SENDITH  
GRETYNG.

(EX M.S.S.<sup>40</sup> CVI. 81. APUD BIBL: CORP: XTI: CANT:)

---

Though thow take much payne  
To ditche up ageyne,  
All that I make playne  
    I wolde yow scholde knooe,  
Yf I kepe this lande  
Yt shall not longe stande,  
But with foote and hande  
    I will yt outhrowe.

I coulde haue bene content  
Ye shold have put to rent,  
So they had bene well spent,  
    In susteyninge the pore,

Your osiers, and your holts,  
Your pastures for your colts,  
But now lyke folishe dolts  
    You shall have them no more.

For I will be bayly  
And them maynteyne dayly,  
Or ells dowtelesse nightly  
    To the use of the pore,  
Saye you all what ye will,  
Ye shall lytill skill,  
So I have my will  
    I passe of no more.

And that will I have,  
So God me save,  
Or ells sir knave,  
    Beware your pate.  
I speke to Mr. Capitayne,  
It may perchaunce come to his payne,  
Yff he stowtly maynteyne  
    Highe bullayne tate.

The last time he went,  
He was allmost spent,

Thoughe he had bowes,  
And raye with his gunne.  
Yt may so chaunce agayne  
That within nightes twayne  
Yf the moone shyne playne,  
But humbary hum.

Yow bragge, and yow bost,  
Yow will spare for no coste,  
To prepare an host  
To put me to flight.  
A better wage wolde be hadde  
My counsell is not badde,  
Trust neither boy nor ladde  
Lest ye lacke might.

Mr. Braysyewall  
Without erge or call,  
Shall have a great fall,  
Within short space.  
Nothing will I spare  
Neither for horse, or mare,  
But all shal be bare  
As the markett place.  
For except I do so  
You will dyke and plowe.



**BILLA POSITA SUPER HOSTIUM  
MAJORIS.<sup>1</sup>**

---

**Lookꝛ out here, Maire, with thie pilled pate<sup>2</sup>**

**And see wich a scrowe is set on thie gate  
Warning the of harde Happes**

**For and it lukke thou shalt have swappes :  
Therefore I rede keepe the at Home ;**

**For thou shalt abey for that is done :  
Or els kest on a coate of Mayle ;**

**Truste well thereto withouten fayle.  
And great Golias Joh Essex<sup>3</sup>**

**Shalt have a clowte with my Harille axe  
Wherever I may him hare**

**1** Thome Bilney.

**2** The word pilled occurs in the Statute relating to the Fishmongers at Cambridge temp: Hen: 7th. in these words, "nor that any such merchaunte or palyng man meddle any Galbitan, Sterver, or pilled eles with good eles."

**v.** Shakespeare in Henry the 6th "a pilled priest."

**3** John Essex was one of the Bailiffs of the town of Cambridge, anno 1407. 1411. 1414. 1416.

And the Hosteler Bambo,<sup>4</sup> with his goats beard  
 Once and it happe shall he made afeard,  
 So god mote me save.  
 And zif with thie catche—Poles hope I to mete,  
 With a fellow or twayne in the playne streete,  
 And her crownes brake :  
 And that Harlot Hierman, with his calves snowte,  
 Of buffets full sekerly shall bern a rowte  
 For his werkes sake,  
 And yet shall hankyn Attibrigge,  
 Full zerne for Swappes his Tayle wrigge,  
 And it hap aritt,  
 And other knaves all on heape  
 Shall take knockes ful good cheape,  
 Come once winter nith.  
 But nowe I praye to God Almyth,  
 That whatsoever thou spare,  
 That metche sorowe to him bedith,  
 And evill mote he fare.  
 Amen, quoth he, that beshrewd the Mairs very  
 visage.

*Ex registro Magistri Thoma Marc Counte.*

4 Q? if this is not meant for Simon Beauty bowe, who was Bailiffe in 1404 and Mayor in 1414. 1415.

## DOCTOUR DOUBBLE ALE.

EX LIBRO UNICO APUD BIBL: BODL: OXON.

---

ALTHOUGH I lacke intelligence,  
And can not skylle of eloquence,  
Yet wyll I do my diligence,  
To say sumthing or I go hence;  
Wherein I may demonstrate,  
The figure, gesture, and estate,  
Of one that is a curate.  
That harde is, and endurate,  
And earnest in the cause,  
Of piuish popish lawes;  
That are not worth two strawes,  
Except it be with dawes.  
That knoweth not good from euels,  
Nor Gods worde from the Deuels;  
Nor wyll in no wise heare  
The worde of God so deare,

Nor popishnes upreare,  
And make the pope Gods peare.  
And so themselves they lade  
Wyth bables that he made.  
And styll wyll holde his trade.  
No man can them perswade.  
And yet I dare say,  
Ther is no day,  
But that they may  
Heare sincerely,  
And right truly,  
Gods worde to be taught,  
If they wolde haue sought ;  
But they set at nought  
Christes true doctrine,  
And themselves decline  
To mens ordinaunce,  
Whych they enhaunce,  
And take in estimation  
Aboue Christes passion.  
And so this folish nation,  
Esteme their owne facion,  
And all dum ceremonies  
Before the sanctumonies

Or Christes holy writ ;  
And thinke their owne wit  
To be far aboue it,  
That the scripture to them teachis,  
Or honest meu preachis.  
They folowe perlowes lechis,  
And doctours dulpatis,  
That falsely to them pratis,  
And bring them to the gates  
Of hell and vtter darkenes ;  
And all by stubborne starkenes ;  
Putting their full trust  
In thinges that rot, and rust,  
And papisticall prouisions.  
Which are the deuels dirisions,  
Now let us go about  
To tell the tale out,  
Of this good felow stout,  
That for no man wyll dout,  
But kepe his olde condicions,  
For all the newe comyssions,  
And use his supersticions,  
And also mens tradicyons,  
And syng for dead folkes soules,  
And reade hys beade rolles,

And all such thinges wyll vse  
As honest men refuse. .  
But take him for a cruse,  
And ye wyll tell me newes.  
For if he one begyn,  
He leaueth nought therin,  
He careth not a pyn  
How much ther be wythin,  
So he the pot may wya ;  
He wyll it make full thyn.  
And wher the drinke doth please,  
There wyll he take his ease,  
And drinke ther of his fyll,  
Tyll ruddy be his byll.  
And fyll both cup, and can,  
Who is glad a man  
As is our curate than ?  
I wolde ye knewe it, a curate  
Not far without newgate,  
Of a parish large,  
The man hath mikle charge,  
And none within this border,  
That kepeth such order.  
Nor one a this syde Nauerne,  
Lowyth better the als tauerne,

But if the drinke be small,  
 He may not well withall,  
 Tush, cast it on the wall,  
 It fretteth out his gall.  
 Then seke an other house  
 This is not worth a louse.  
 As dronken as a mouse,  
 Mon syre gybet a vous  
 And ther wyll byb and bouse,  
 Tyll heuy be his brouse.  
 Good ale he doth so haunt,  
 And drynke a due taunt  
 That ale wives make ther vaunt,  
 Of many a peny rounde  
 That sum of them hath founde.  
 And sometyme mikle strife is,  
 Amonge the ale wyfes,  
 And sure I blame them not,  
 For wrong it is god wot,  
 When this good drunken sot  
 Helpeth not to empty the pot.  
 For sumtime he wyll go  
 To one, and to no mo,  
 Then wyll the hole route  
 Upon that one cry out,

I suppose the pro-  
 nunciation was  
 still on a oo as in  
 booge. A. S. hūs.  
 omis. hūs. and  
 so the Fr. vous  
 = vooz. So also  
 brū? I think the  
 A. S. form ought to  
 be brā, the brant.  
 However the word  
 might possibly have  
 changed. at the same  
 time the German  
 braunen is in  
 favor of A. S. brū.  
 M. brj, as omis  
 M. mjs.

And say she doth them wronge,  
 To kepe him all daye longe,  
 Ffrom commyng them amonge.  
 Wherefore I giue counsell  
 To them that good drink sell,  
 To take in of the best,  
 Or else they lese their gest,  
 For he is redy, and prest,  
 Where good ale is to rest,  
 And drinke tyll he be drest.  
 When he his boke shulde study,  
 He sitteth there full ruddy,  
 Tyll halfe the day be gone,  
 Crying "fyll the pot Jone,"  
 And wyll not be alone,  
 But call sum other one,  
 At wyndowe, or at fenestre,  
 That is an idell minestre,  
 As he him selfe is.  
 Ye know full well this.  
 The kinde of carion crows,  
 Ye may be sure growes,  
 The more for carion stinking;  
 And so do these in drinking.  
 This man to sum mens thinking,

? The deep sound  
 of the S. = a S. A.  
 Joane. give.  
 active. the = an.  
 not as we say  
were.



Doth stay hym muche vpon the kyng,  
As in the due demanding,  
Of that he calleth an head peny,  
And of the paskall halpeny,  
For the cloth of Corpus Christy,  
Four pens he claymith swiftly ;  
In which the sexton, and he truly,  
Did tog by the eares earnestly,  
Saying he cannot the king well paye,  
If all such driblars be take away. •  
Is not this a gentill tale,  
Of our Doctour Double Ale?  
Whose countenance is neuer pale,  
So wel good drinke he can vphale ;  
A man of learning great,  
For if his braynte he wolde beat,  
He coulde within dayes fourtene,  
Make such a sermō as neuer was sene.  
I wot not whether he spake in drinke,  
Or drinke in him ; how do ye thinke ?  
I neuer herde him preach, God wot !  
But it were in the good ale pot.  
Also, he sayth, that fayne he wolde,  
Come before the councell if he coulde,

For to declare his learning,  
And other thinges concerning  
Goodly counceils that he could geue.  
Beyond all mesure, ye may me beleue,  
His learning is exceeding ;  
Ye may know by his reading.  
Yet coulde a cobblers boy him tell  
That he red a wrong gospell ;  
Wherefore in dede he serued him well,  
He turned himselfe as round as a ball,  
And with loud voyce began to call,  
“ Is there no constable among you all  
“ To take this knaue that doth me trouble ?”  
With that all was on a hubble shubble.  
There was drawing, and dragging  
There was hugging, and lagging.  
And snitching, and snatchig,  
And ketching, and catching  
And so the pore ladde,  
To the counter they had.  
Some wolde he should be hanged,  
Or els he shulde he wranged ;  
Some sayd it were a good turne,  
Such an heretyke, to burne.

Some sayde this, and some sayd that,  
 And some did prate they wist not what;  
 Some did curse, and some did ban,  
 For chafing of our curate than.

He was a worthy no lesse,  
 For vexing with his pertnesse  
 A gemman going to Messe.  
 Did it become a cobblers boy,  
 To shew a gemman such a toy?

But it were well wayde,  
 Ye shuld fynde I am afrayde,  
 That the boy were worthy,  
 For his reading, and sobriatie,  
 And judgement in the veritie,  
 Among honest folke to be

A curate, rather than he.

For this is knowen for certentie,  
 The boy doth loue no papistry.  
 And our curate is called no doubte  
 A papiste, London thoroughout.  
 And truth is it they do not lye,  
 It may be sene wyth halfe an eye :  
 For if there come a preacher,  
 Or any godly teacher,

*hwa. This is  
 the origin d. s. form*

To speake agaynst his trüpery,  
To the ale house goth he by and by,  
And ther he wyll so much drinke,  
Tyll of ale he doth so stinke,  
That whether he go before, or behynde,  
Ye shall hym smell without the winde :  
For when he goeth to it he is no hafter  
He drinketh dronke for two dayes after.  
“ Wyth “ fyll the cuppe Jone,  
“ For all this is gone :  
“ Here is ale alone  
“ I say for my drinking ;  
“ Tush, let the pot be clinking,  
“ And let vs mery make,  
“ No thought will I take,  
“ For thought these fellowes crake,  
“ I trust to see them slake,  
“ And some of them to bake,  
“ In Smithfielde at a stake.  
“ And in my parysh be some,  
“ That if the tyme come,  
“ I feare not wyll remember  
“ (Beit August or September  
“ October or November  
“ Or Moneth of December)

- " To fynde both wood, and timber
- " To burne them euery member.
- " And goth to borde, and bed,
- " At the signe of the kinges head.
- " And let these heretikes preach,
- " And teach what they can teach,
- " My parish I know well
- " Agaynst them will rebell,
- " If I but once them tell,
- " Or giue them any warning,
- " That they were of the new learning.
- " For wyth a worde, or twayne,
- " I can them call agayne,
- " And yet, by the Masse,
- " Forgetfull I was,
- " Or els in a slumber.
- " There is a shrewde nomber,
- " That curstly do comber,
- " And my pacience proue,
- " And dayly me moue,
- " For some of them styll,
- " Contineu wyll
- " In this new way,
- " Whatsoever I saye,

“ It is not long ago,  
“ Syns it chaunsed so,  
“ That a buriall here was,  
“ Without dirige or Masse ;  
“ But at the buriall,  
“ They song a christmas caroll.  
“ By the masse, they wyll mar all,  
“ If they continew shall.  
“ Some sayd it was a godly hearing,  
“ And of their hartes a gay cheering  
“ Some of them fell on weping  
“ In my church ; I make no leasing ;  
“ They hard neuer the lyke thinge,  
“ Do ye thinke that I wyll consent  
“ To these heretikes entent,  
“ To haue any sacrament  
“ Minstred in English ?  
“ By them I set not a rysh,  
“ So long as my name is Hary George.  
“ I wyll not do it spight of their gorge.  
“ Oh ! Dankester, Dancastre,  
“ None betwene this, and Lancaster,  
“ Knoweth so much my minde,  
“ As thou my speciall frynde.

- " It wolde do the much good
- " To wash thy handes in the bloude,
- " Of them that hate the Masse.
- " Thou couetest no lesse,
- " So much they vs oppresse,
- " Pore priestes doubtlesse.
- " And yet, what than,
- " There is no man,
- " That sooner can
- " Perswade his parishons
- " From such condicions,
- " Then I perse I.
- " For by and by
- " I can them convert,
- " To take my parte,
- " Excepte a fewe,
- " That hacke, and hew,
- " And agaynst me shew
- " What they may do,
- " To put me to
- " Some hynderaunce.
- " And yet may chaunce
- " The byshops visiteur,
- " Wyll shew me favour.

“ And therefore, I  
“ Care not a fly ;  
“ For ofte haue they  
“ Sought by some way,  
“ To bring me to blame,  
“ And open shame :  
“ But I wyll beare them out,  
“ In spight of their snout,  
“ And will not cease  
“ To drinke a pot the lesse  
“ Of ale that is bygge ;  
“ Nor passe not a fygge  
“ For all their malice  
“ Away the mane, said Walis,  
“ I set not a whitinge  
“ By all their writing,  
“ For yet I deny not  
“ The Masses priwat,  
“ Nor yet forsake  
“ That I of a cake  
“ My maker may make.”  
But harke a lytle, harke,  
And a few wordes marke,  
Howe this caluish clarke,  
For his purpose couldde wark.



There is an honest man  
That kept an olde woman,  
Of almes in hyr hed  
Liyng dayly beddered.  
Whiche man coulde not, I say,  
Wyth popishnes away.  
But fayne this woman olde  
Wolde haue masse if she coulde ;  
The whiche this priest was tolde :  
He hearing this, anone  
As the goodman was gone  
Abrode about his business,  
Before the woman he sayde masse,  
And showe his prety popishnes  
Agaynst the goodmans wyll.  
Therefore, it is my skylle,  
That he shulde hym endight,  
For doing such dispight,  
As by his popish wyle,  
His house with Masse defyle.  
Thus may ye beholde,  
This man is very bolde,  
And in his learning olde  
Intendeth for to syt.  
I blame hym not a whyt,

R

For it wolde vexe his wit,  
And cleane agaynst his earning,  
To folow such learning  
As now a dayes is taught.  
It wolde sone bryng  
His olde popish brayne  
For then he must agayne  
Apply hym to the schole  
And come away a fole :  
For nothyng shulde he get,  
His brayne hath bene so het,  
And wyth good ale so wet,  
Wherefore he may now set  
In feldes, and in medes,  
And pray vpon his beades.  
For yet, he hath a payre  
Of beades that be right fayre,  
Of corall, gete, or ambre,  
At home within his chambre ;  
For in matins, and masse,  
Primar & Portas,  
And pottes, and beades,  
His lyfe he leades.  
But this I wota,  
Thet if ye nota,

How this idiota,  
Doth folow the pota,  
I holde you a grota,  
Ye wyle rede by rota,  
That he may wete a cota  
In cocke losels bota.  
Thus the durty doctour,  
The popes oun proctour,  
Wyll bragge, and boost,  
Wyth ale, and a toost,  
And lyke a rutter  
His latyn wyll vtter ;  
And turne, and tosse hym,  
Wyth " tu non possum  
" Loquere latinum,  
" This alum finum,  
" Is bonus than viuum.  
" Ego volo quare,  
" Cum tu drinkare  
" Pro tuum caput.  
" Quia apud  
" Te propiciacio  
" Tu non potes facio.  
" Tot quam ego,  
" Quam librum tu lego,

“Caue de me,  
“Apponere te.  
“Juro, per deum,  
“Hoc est lifum meum.  
“Quia drinkum stalum  
“Non facere malum”  
Thus, our dominus dodkin,  
Wyth it a vera bodkin,  
Doth leade his lyfe;  
Whiche to the ale wife  
Is very profitable.  
It is pitie he is not able  
To maynteyn a table  
For beggars, and tinkers,  
And all lusty drinkers,  
Or captayne, or beddle,  
Wyth dronkards to meddle.  
Ye cannot, I am sure,  
For keping of a cure  
Fynde such a one well,  
If we shulde rake hell.  
And, therefore, nowe  
No more to you  
Sed perlegas ista,  
Si velis Papista.

Fare well and a dewe ;  
With a whirlary whewe,  
And a tirlary typpe,  
Beware of the whyppe.

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FINIS.

Take this tyll more come

HERE BEGYNNETH THE JUSTES OF THE MONETH OF MAYE, PARFURNYSSHED, AND DONE BY CHARLES BRANDON, THOMAS KNYUET, GYLES CAPEL, AND WYLLYAM HUSSY. THE XXLI. YERE OF THE REYGNE OF OUR SOUERAYNE LORD KYNGE HENRY THE SEUENTH.

---

THE moneth of May, with ameraus beloued,  
Plasauntly past, wherein there hath ben pued  
Feates of armes, and no persones reproued  
That had courage,

In armoure bryghte to shewe theyr personage,  
On stedes stronge, sturdy and corsage ;  
But rather prayzed for theyr vassellage,  
As reason was.

In whiche season thus fortun'd the case,  
A lady fayre, moost beautuous of face,  
With servauntes foure, brought was into a place  
Stayed about.

Hereon stode lordes, and ladyes a gret route,  
And many a knyght, and squyer also stoute.  
That the place was as full as it be mought  
On euery syde.

That to behokle the justes dyde abyde  
Tyll that the pryse by the Judges was tryed,  
And by the heraldes that trouthe wel espyed,  
Therefore puruayde

Thus, these foure servantes of this lady foresayd,  
Entred the felde, therefore to be assayde,  
Gorgeously apparayled, and arayde,  
And for pleasaunce,

And in a maner for a cognysaunce  
Of Mayes month, they bare a sonenaunce  
Of a verte code was the ressemblaunce,  
Tatched ryght fast

About theyr neckes, as long as May dyde laste  
But about theyr neckes it was not caste  
For challenge, but they weere it tyll May was past  
Redy to just.

Theyr armure clere relucen without ruste,  
Theyr horses barbed trottyng on the duste,  
Promsed gentyll hertes vnto luste  
And to solace.

Specyally suche as Venus dyde embrace,  
Or, as of Cupyde folowed the trase  
Or suche as of Mars desyred the grace  
For to attayne.

And as touchyng this lady souerayne,  
Had suche beaute, it wolde an herte constrayne  
To serue her, though he knewe to lese his payne  
She was so shene,

She, and her seruantes clad were all in grene ;  
Her fetures freshe none can dyscrybe I wene,  
For beaute, she myght well haue ben a quene.  
She yonge of aege



Was set moste goodly hye vpon a stage,  
Under a hauthorne made by the ourage  
Of Flora, that is of heuenly parage  
In her hande was

Of halfe an houre with sande rennyng a glas,  
So contrived it kepte truely the spase  
Of the halfe houre, and dyde it neuer passe.  
But for to tell.

How this lady that so ferre dyde excell,  
Was named, yf I aduyse me well,  
Lady of May, she hyght ; after Aprell  
Began her reygne.

Whose tyme duryng her servauntes toke grete  
payne,  
Before her to shewe pleasure souerayne,  
So that in felde who that came them agayne  
In armour bright,

On horsbacke mounted for to proue theyr myght.  
Two seruantes of this lady of delyte,  
Sholde be mounted, (armed,) and redy dyght,  
At a tyltes ende.

That to parfurnysshe theyr chalenge dyde entende,  
Fyrst one of them halfe home sholde dyspende,  
With hym that came fyrste in felde to defende  
With coronall.

With grete speres that were not shapen small,  
And whan a spere was broken forth with all,  
The trompettes blewe with sounes musycall.  
Half nome done.

Another chalenger was redy sone,  
With another defendant to rone,  
And so the defendauntes one after one,  
Eche day by twayne.

Chalengers answered were to theyr grete payne,  
And artylled it was in wordes playne,  
That yf a chalenger ony hurte dyde sustayne,  
Another might

Of his felowes come to felde redy dyght,  
To maynteyne his felowes chalenge and ryght,  
Theyr artycles also dyde it recyte  
Those who came there

Horsed, and in armour burnysshed clere,  
As a defendaunt, he sholde chose his spere,  
And rynne halfe home with a chalengere.

Whiche season doone.

A trumpet blewe to gyve warnynge ryght soone,  
Thus the Justes helde frome twayne after none  
Tyll syxe was strycke of clockes mo than one

Whiche houres past,

The defendauntes the tylte about compast,  
And with trumpettes out of the felde they past ;  
The chalengers in the felde abode laste ;

Euery eche day.

And one of them the lady dyde convaye,  
That named was the yonge lady of May,  
From her hye stage with floures made so gaye,

And there redy

Was his felawe hym to accompany ;  
Thus the chalengers melodyously,  
About the tylte rode also ryght warrily,

In theyr armore.

Complete saue of theyr heed peres pure  
And in this wyse they made departure,  
Accompanyed with many a creature  
  Younge and lusty.

On horses gambawdyng wonderously,  
That it semed as to a mannes eye,  
That they wolde haue haryed styll in the skye.  
  Other there were

That were joly and gorgyas in theyr gere,  
And than they lyst, coude well handle a spere.  
That came eche day to serue other men there  
  On eche party.

And dyde in eche thyng indeferently,  
It came be ye sure of ryght grete curtesy ;  
Of the chalengers I shall you certify  
  How they were prest.

Twyse in the weke in the felde redy drest,  
Duryng the May, and chosen for dayes best,  
Were sondaye, and thursday, and merelyest  
  To shewe pleasure

With speres gete them to auenture,  
And who in presence of this lady pure,  
Brake most speres, a golde rynge sholde beure  
Of this lady ;

Aud agayne, on the party contrary,  
Yf the defendaunt on his party,  
Of speres alowed brake not so many  
As challengere ;

Or he went there humbly, he sholde apere  
Before this lady moost comely of chere,  
And to present vnto her a rynge there.  
This ordre set,

Was with artycles more whereof to treate,  
Sholde he to longe but who best had the feate,  
Was gladdest man but he the pryce dyde gete,  
That speres brake

Most in the felde, yet other had no lake  
Of speres brokyng, for to here the crake,  
Wolde cause ony lusty herte pleasure to take.  
What with the brute.

Of trumpettes, and many an other flute,  
Of taboryns, and of many a douce lute,  
The Mynstrelles were properly clade in sute.  
All this deuyse,

Was worthy prayre after my poore aduyse,  
Syth it was to no manner preiudyse  
To passe the tyme, this merciall exercyse  
Was commendable,

Specyally for folkes honourable,  
And for other gentylmen therto able,  
And for defence of realmes, profytable  
Is the vsage.

Therefore good is to haue parfyght knowledge,  
For all men that haue youth, or motely age,  
How with the spere theyr enemyes to outrage  
At euery neſe. *d*

And how he sholde also gouerne his stede,  
And for to vse in stede of other dede  
To were armure complete from fote to hede,  
Is ryght metely.

It encourageth also a body,  
Enforcynge hym to be the more hardy ;  
And syth it is so necessary,  
(I them commende,  
That to defende  
Them selfe pretende

Valyauntly.

(And dyscommende  
Them that dyspende  
Theyr life to ende

In vayne folly.

(Some reprehende  
Suche as entende  
To condescende

To chyvalry.

*m* (God then amende  
And grace them sende  
Not to offende

More tyll they deye.

(Thende of the Justes of Maye.)

## WILLYAM AND THE WERWOLF.

FRAGMENTUM APUD BIEL: COLL: REG: CANT:

---

HIT bi fel in that forest there ist by side,  
Ther woned a wel old cherl that was a couherde,  
That fele wintres in that forest fayre had kepud,  
Mennes ken of the cuntre as a comen herde.  
And thus it bitide that time, as tellen oure bokes,  
This couzherd comes on a time to kepen is bestes,  
Ffast by side the borwz there the barn was inne.  
The herd had with him an hounde, his hert to lizt,  
And for to wayte on his bestes wanne thai to brode  
went.  
The herd sat than with hound azene the hote  
sunne,  
Nouzt fully a furlong fro that fayre child,  
And louztand kyndely his schon also here craft  
failes.



That while was the werwolf went a boutē his praye,  
Wher behoued to the barn to bring as he mizt.  
The child than darked in his den dernly him one,  
And was a big bold barn, and breme of his age,  
Ffor spakly speke it conthe tho, and spedeliche to  
wawe.

Louely lay it a long in his lonely denne,  
And buskede him out of the buschys that were  
blouzed grene,  
And leued ful louely that lent grete schade,  
And briddes ful bremely on the bowes singe.  
What for melodye that thei made in mery sesoun,  
That litel child listely lorked out of his caue,  
Ffaire flowres for to feeche that he bi fore him seye,  
And to gadere of grases that grene were and fayre.  
And whan it was out went, so wel hit him liked  
The sauor of the swete sesoun, and song of the  
briddes

That ferde fast a boutē, floures to gadere ;  
And layked him long while to lesten that merye.  
The couherds hound that time, as happe by tidde,  
Feld foule of the child, and fast thider fulwes,  
And sone as he it seiz, sothe for to telle,  
He gan to berke on that barn and to \* \* \* it hold  
That it wax neiz of wi \* \* \* wod for fere,  
And comsed than to crye so kenely, and schille,

s

And wepte so wonder fast, wite thou for sothe,  
That the son of the cry com to the cowherde evene,  
That he wist witerly it was the wys of a childe.  
Than ros he vp radely, and ran thider swithe,  
And drouz him toward the den bi his dogges noyce.  
Bi that time was the barn for bere of that hounde  
Drawe him in to his den, and darked ther stille,  
And wept euen as it wolde a wede for fere.  
And euen the dogge at the hole held it at a baye,  
And whan the kouherd com thide he koured lowe,  
To bihold in at the hole whi his hound berkyd,  
Thanne of sauz he ful sone that semliche child,  
That so louelithe lay, and wep in that loyli caue,  
Clothed ful komly for an kud kinges sone,  
In gode clothes of gold a greyed ful riche,  
With perrey, and pellure pertelyche to the rizttes.  
The cherl wondred of that chaunce, and chastised  
his dogge,  
Bad him blinne of his berking: and to the barn talked.  
Acoyed it to come to him, and clepud hit oft,  
And foded it with floures, and with faire byhest,  
And hizzt it hastely to haue what it wold zerne,  
Appeles and alle thinges that childern after wilnen.  
So for to seiz al the sothe so faire the cherl glosed,  
That the child com of the caue and his crynge stint.  
The cherl ful cherli that child tok in his armes,

And kest hit, and clipped, and oft crist thonkes,  
 That hade him sent tho sonde swithe prey to finde.  
 Witzlich with the child he went to his house,  
 And bitok it to his wif tiztly to kepe.

A gladere wommon vnder god no mizt go on erthe,  
 Than was the wif with the child witow for sothe.  
 Sche kolled it ful kindly, and askes is name,  
 And it answered ful sone, and seide, "William,"  
                   y hizt.

Than was the godwif glad, and gan it faire kepe,  
 That it wanted nouzt that it wold haue.  
 That thei ne fond him as faire as for here state  
                   longed,

And the beter be the sure, for barn ne had thei none  
 Brouzt forth of here bodies, here bale was the more  
 But sothly thai seide the child schuld weld al here  
                   godis,

Londes, and ludes, as ether after here lif dawes  
 But from the cherl and the child now chaunge we  
                   oure tale.

Ffor i wol of the werwolf a wile now speke.  
 Whanne this werwolf awile was come to his wolnk  
                   denne,

And hade brouzt bil foder for the barnes mete,  
 That he hade wonne with wo wide wher a boutte,

Than fond he nest, and no neiz for nouzt nas ther  
leued.

And whan the best the barn missed so balfully he  
ginneth,

That alle men vpcn molde no mizt telle his sorwe.

Ffor reuliche gan he rore; and rente al his hide,

And fret oft of the erthe, and fel doun on swowe,

And made the most dool that man mizt diuise.

And as the best in his bale ther a boutte wente,

He fond the feute al fresh where forth the herde

Hade bore than barn beter it to zeme,

Wiztly the werwolf than went bi noze,

Euene to the herdes house, and hastely was thare,

There walked he a boutte the walles to winne in sizt,

And at the last leuth a litel hole he findes;

There pued he in priuely, and pertilich ebi holdes;

Now hertily the herdes wif hules that child,

And how fayre it fedde, and fetisliche it bathede,

And wrouzt with it as wel as zif it were hire owne.

Thanne was the best blithe, and now for the

barnes sake,

Ffor he wist it schold be warded wel thanne

at the best,

And hertily for that hap to heuene ward he loked,

And throlliche thonked god mani thousand sithes,  
 And seythen went on is way whider as him liked,  
 But whider ward wot i neuer witow forsothe.  
 At nowthe ze that arn hende haldes ow stille,  
 And how that best therwe bale was brought out of  
 kinde,

I wol zou telle as swithe trewly the sothe.

Werwolf was he non vox of kinde

Ac komen was he of kun that kud was ful nobul,  
 Ffor the kud king of spayne was kindely his fader,  
 He gat him, as god gaf grace on his ferst wyue,  
 And at the burth of that barn the bold lady deyde.  
 Siththen that kud king so bi his conseyl wrout

A nother wif that he wedded a worchipful ladi,  
 The princes douzter of portingale, to prue the sothe,  
 But lelliche that ladi in zouthe hadde lerned  
 miche schame,

Ffor al the werk of witchecrait wel y nouz che  
 couzthe ;

Nede nadde she namore of nigramauncy to lere,  
 Of coninge of witche craft wel nouz she couzde,  
 And braund was that bold quene of burnes y clepud.  
 The kinges furst child was fostered fayre as it ouzt,  
 And had lordes, and ladies it louely to kepe,  
 And fast gan that frely barn fayre for to wexe,

*Branka. The story  
 of the Jewess of  
 Portugal*

The quene his moder on a time as a mix thouzt  
How fayre, and how fetis it was, and freliche schapen,

And this thanne thouzt sche throlly that it no-  
schuld neuer

Knuere to be king ther as the kinde eyre,  
Whille the kinges ferst sone were ther alme.  
Than studies sche stifly, as stepmoders wol alle,  
To do dernly a despit to here stepchilderen,  
Ffeyli a mong foure schore vnnethe findestow on  
gode,

But truly tizt hadde that quene take hire to rede  
To bring that barn in bale botles for euer,  
That he ne schuld wiztli in this world neuer weld  
reaume.

Anoynement anon she made of so gret strengthe  
Brenchaunsnens of charmes that euel chaunche  
hire tide,

That whan that womman that wizt hadde that  
worli child,

Ones wel an oynted the child wel al a bowte,  
He wex to a werwolf wiztly ther after,  
At the making of man so mysse hadde she schaped,  
Ac his witt welt he after as wel as to fore.  
But leuth other likenes that longeth to man kynne,  
But awilde werwolf ne wele he neuer after.

And whanne this wityl werwolf wiste him so  
schaped,

He knew it was bi the craft of his kursed stepmoder,  
And thouzt or he went a way he wold, zif he mizt,  
Wayte hire sum wicked torn what bi tidde after,  
And as blin bote bod he braydes to the quene,  
And hent hire so hetterly to haue hire a strangeled,  
That hire deth was neiz ditz, to deme the sothe ;  
But carfali gan sche crie so kenely, and lowde,  
That maydenes and mizthi men manliche to hire  
come,

And wolden brusten the best nad he be the lizttre,  
And fled a way the faster in to ferre londes.

So that pertely in to poyle he yassed that time:

As this fortune bi fel that I told of bi fore.

Thus was this wityl best werwolf ferst maked.

But now wol I stint a stounde of this sterne best,  
And tale of the tidy child that y of told ere.

Thus passed is the first pas of this pris tale.

And ze that louen, and lyken to listen a ni more

Aue wizth on hol hert to the ben king of heuene

Preieth a pater noster priuely this time,

For the hend erl of herford sir humfray de bowne,

The king Edwards newe, at glouseter that ligges,

Ffor he of frensche this fayre tale ferst dede  
translate

In ese of Englysch men in englysch speche :  
And god graunt hem his blis that godly so prayen.  
Dene lordes now listenes of this litel barn  
That the kinde kowherde wif keped so fayre,  
And he wist it as wel, or bet as zif it were hire owne,  
Til hit big was, and bold to bunschen on felde,  
And couthe ful craftily kepe alle here bestes,  
And bring hem in the best lese whan hem bi stode  
nede,

And wited hem so wisly that wanted him neuer one.  
A bowe al so that bold barn bi gat him that time,  
And so to schote vnder the schawes scharplyche  
he lerned,

That briddes, and smale bestes with his bow he  
quelles,

So plenteousliche in his play, that pertly to telle,  
Whanne he went hom eche nitz with is droue of  
bestis,

He com him self y charged with conyng, and hares,  
With fesauns, and feld fares, and other foules grete,  
That the herd and his hende wif and al his hole  
meyne



That bold barn with his bowe by that time fedde,  
 And zit hadde fell felawes in the forest eche day,  
 Zong bold barnes that bestes also kept,  
 And blithe was eche a barn no best mizt him plesse  
 And folwe him for his fredom and for his faire  
       thewes,

For what thing William wan a day with his bowe,  
 Were it fethered foul, or foure foted best,  
 Ne wold this William neuer on with hold to him  
       selve

Til ane his felawes were ferst fessed to here paie,  
 So kynde, and so corteys comsed he there  
 That ane ledes him louede that loked on him ones,  
 And blessedon that him bare and brouzt in to this  
       worlde :

So moche manhed and murthe schewed that child  
       euer.

Hit tidde after on a time, as tellus oure bokes,  
 As this bold barn his bestes blytheliche kept,  
 The riche emperour of rome rod out for to hunte  
 In that faire forest, feithely for to telle,  
 With alle his menskful meyne that moche was, and  
       nobul ;

Then fel it hap that thei founde ful sone a grete bor

And huntynge with hound and horn harde alle  
sewede,

The emperowr entred in away euene to attelle  
To haue bruttonet that bor and the abaie seythen,  
But missely marked he is way, and so manly he rides,  
That ane his wies were went ne wist he neuer whider  
So ferforth \* \* \* his men, fethly for to telle,  
That of horn, ne of hound, ne mizt he here sowne,  
And boute eny living lud left was he one  
Themperour on his stif stede asty forth thanne takes,  
To herken after his hondes other horn schille,  
So komes a werwolf rizt bi that way thenne  
Grimly after a gret hert, as that god wold,  
And chased him thurth chaunce there the child  
pleide

That kept the kowherdes bestes i carped of bi fore.  
Themperour thanne hastely that huge best folwed,  
As stiffuly as is stede mizt strecche on to renne,  
But by than he com by that barn, and aboute loked,  
The werwolf, and the wilde hert were a weye bothe.  
That he ne wist in this world were thei were bi come,  
Ne whiderward he schuld seche to se of hem more,  
But thanne bi held he a boute and that barn of sethe  
How fair, how fetys it was, and freliche schapen;  
So fair a sizt of seg ne sawe he neuer one

Of lere, ne of lykaine lik him nas none  
Ne of so sad a semblant that euer he say with.  
Themperour wend witerly for wonder of that child  
That \* \* \* it were of feyrye, for faireness that it  
welt,

And for the curteys countenaunce that it kudde  
there.

Riztly thenne themperour wendes him euene tille  
The child comes him agayn, and curtesleche him  
gretes,

In hast themperour hendely his gretying him zeldes,  
And a non riztes after askes his name:  
And of what kin he were kome komanded him telle,  
The child thanne soberliche, seide "sir at zoure  
wille

"I wol zow telle as tyl trewely all the sothe.

"William sire wel y wot wizes me calles,

"I was bore here fast bi by this wodes side,

"A knowherde sire of this kontrey is my kynde  
fader,

"And my menskful moder is his meke wiue;

"Thei han me fostered, and fed faire to this time,

"And here i kepe is kyn as y kan on dayes :

"But sire, by crist of my kin know i no more."

Whan thempour hade herd holly his wordes,  
He wondered of his wis speche, as he wel mizt,

And seid, "thow bold barn bilme i the praye,  
" Socalle to me the cowherde thow clepus thi fadere,  
" Ffor y wold talk him tithinges to frayne."  
" Nay sire bi god," quath the barn, "be ze rizt sure  
" Bi crist that is krowned heye king of heuen,  
" Ffor me non harm schal he haue neuer in his line,  
" Ac peraventure thurth goddis to gode may turne  
it."

" Ffor thi bring him hider faire barn y preye."  
" I schal sire," seide the child, "for y saufl the y hope  
" I may worche on zour word to wite him fro harm."  
" Za safliche," seide themperour, "so god zif me  
ioie."

The child witly thanne wende with oute ani more,  
Comes to the couherdes hows, and clepud him sone,  
Ffor he feizliche wen that he his fader where  
And seide than, "swete sir szou criste help,  
" Goth yond to a gret lord that gayly is tyred,  
" And on the feirest frek for sothe that I haue seie,  
" And he wilnes witzli with zou to speke,  
" Ffor godis loue goth til him swithe lest he a  
greued wex."  
" What sone," seide the couherde, "seidestow i  
was here?"  
" Za sire sertes," seide the child, "but he swore  
formest

"That ze schuld haue no harm, but hendely for gode

"He praide zou com speke with him, and passe azem sone."

The cherl gotthing forth goth with the gode child,  
And euen to themperour thei etteleden sone.

Themperour anon rizt as he him of seie,  
Clepuð to him the couherde, and curteysly seide,

"Now telle me felawe, be thi feizth, for no thing  
ne wonde,

"Sei thou euer themperour so the crist help;"

"Nay sire, bi crist," quath the couherde, "that  
king is of heuen,

"I nas neuer zet so hardi to nezh him so hende,

"There i shuld haue him seie so me wel tyme."

"Sertes," than seide themperour, "the sothe for to  
knowè,

"Thattham that ilk weizh i wol wel thou wite

"Al the regal of rome to riztle the y weld

"Therefore couherde i the coniuier, and com-  
mande att alle,

"Bi vertu of thing that thou most in this world  
louest,

"The atow telle me tiztly truely the sothe,

"Whether this bold barn be lelly thin owne,

"Other comen of other kin, so the crist helpe."

The couherd comsed to quake for kare, and for drede,

Whanne he wist witerly that he was his lorde,  
And biliue in his hert be thou zif he him gun lye,  
He wold prestely perceyue pertiliche him thout ;  
Ther fore trewely as tyt he told him the sothe,  
How he him fond in that forest there fast bi side,  
Clothed in comly clothing for any kinges sone,  
Vnder an holw ok thurth help of his dogge,  
And how faire he hade him fed, and fostered vij winter.

“ Bi crist,” seide themperour, “ y cou the gret thonke,

“ That thou hast me the soth of this semly childe  
“ And tine schalt thou nouzt thi trawayle y trow at the last,

“ Ac wend schal it with me witow for sothe,  
“ Min hert so harde wilnes to have this barne  
“ That i wol in no wise thou wite it no lenger.”

Whan themperour so sayde, sothe for to telle,  
The couherde was in care, and can him no thing white,

Ac witly dorst he nouzt werne the wille of his lord,  
But graunted him goddeli on godis holy name  
Ffor to worchen his wille, as lord with his owne.  
Whan William this worthi child wist the sothe,

And knewe that the cowherde nas nouzt his kinde  
fader,

Hewas witzliche a wondered, and gan to wepe sore,  
And seide saddely to him self sone ther after

“ A gracious gode god thouz grettest of alle !

“ Moch is thi mercy, and thi mizt, thi menske, and  
thi grace !

“ Now wot i neuer in this world of wham y am come,

“ Ne what destene me is dize, but god do his wille.

“ Ac wel y wot witerly with oute ani faile

“ To this man, and his meke wif most y am holde

“ Ffor thei ful faire han me fostered, and fed a long  
time,

“ That god for his grete mizt al here god hem zeld,

“ But not y neuer what to done to wende thus hem,  
fro

“ That han al kindenes me kyde, and y ne kan hem  
zeld.”

“ Bi stille barne,” quath themperour, “ blinne of  
thi sorwe,

“ Ffor y hope that hai thi kin hastely here after

“ Zif thou wolt zene the to gode swiche grace  
may the faue,

“ That alle thi frendes for dedes faire schal scow  
quite.”

“ Za sire,” quath the couherde, “ zif crist wol that  
cas may tyde,

“ And god lene him grace to god man to worthe.”  
And than as tit to the child, he tauzt this lore,  
And seide “ thou swete sone seythe thou schalt  
hennes wende,

“ Whanne thou komest to kourt among the kete  
lordes,

“ And knowest alle the knythes that to kourt  
langes ;

“ Bere the boxumly, and bounre that ich burn  
the loue,

“ Be meke, and mesurabul, nouzt of many wordes ;

“ Be no tellere of talis, but trewe to thi lord,

“ And prestely for pore men profer the euer,

“ Ffor hem to rekene withthe riche in rizt, and in  
skille.

“ Be feiztful, and fre, and euer of faire speche,

“ And seruissabul to the simple so as the riche ;

“ And felawe in faire manere as falles for thi state

“ So schallow gete goddes, and alle gode mennes,  
loue.

“ Leue, sone, this lessoun me lerne my fader,

“ That knew of kourt the thewes for kourteour was  
he long,

“ And hald it in thi bert now i the haue it kenned,



The bet may the bi falle the worse boest  
neuere."

The child weped alway wonderliche fast,  
But themperour had god game of that gomes lore,  
And comande the couherde curtesli, and fayre,  
To heue vp that hende child bi hinde him on his  
stede;

And he so dede deliuerly thouz him del thouzt,  
And bi kenned him to crist that on croice was  
peyned,

Thanne that barn as biliue by gan for to glade,  
That he so realy schuld ride, and redeli as swithe  
Fful curteisle of the couherde he ca • • es his leue,  
And seythen seyde "swete sire i besche zou nowthe,  
" Ffor goddes loue gretes ofte my godelyche moder  
" That so faire hath me fed, and fostered til nowthe,  
" And lellyche, zif our lord wol that I luf haue,  
" Sche ne schal nouzt tyne hire trauayle, treuly  
for sothe:

" And gode sire, for godes loue, also greteth wel oft  
" Ane my freylichel elawes that to this forest longes;  
" Han pertilyche in many places pleide with ofte  
" Hugonet, and huet that Hende litel owery,  
" And Abelot and Martynet Hugones gaie sone,  
" And the cristen Akarm, that was my kyn fere,

T

“ And the trewe kinnesman the payenes sone :  
 “ And alle other frely felawes that thou faire knowes  
 “ That god mak hem gode men for his mochel  
     grace.”

Of the names that he neuemed, the mperour nam hede  
 And had gaynliche god game for he so grette alle  
 Of his • • pers that he knewe so curteysliche and  
     faire,

And than he kenned he the kouherde to crist, and  
     to al alwes,

And busked forth with barn bliue on his gate.  
 The kouherde kayred to his house karful in hert,  
 And neiz to barst he for bale for the barnes sake,  
 And whan his wuf wist wittow for sothe,  
 How that child from here warde was wente for euer  
     more,

Ther nis man on this mold that mizt half telle  
 The wo, and the weping that womman made :  
 Sche wold haue sleie hire self there sothly as bliue,  
 Ne hade the kind kouherde confortd here the  
     betere,

And pult hire in hope to haue gret help ther of  
     after.

But trewely of them at his time the tale y lete  
 Of the mperour, and the bold barn to bigynne to  
     speke.

Lordes lusteneth her to zif zou lef thinkes  
 Themperour blithe of the barn on his blonk rides  
 Ffast til the forest, til he fond al his fre ferd,  
 That hadde take that time moche trye game,  
 Both bores, and beres fele hors charge,  
 Hertes, and hindes, and other bestes manye :  
 And when the loneli hides seie here lord come,  
 Thei were geinliche glad, and gretten him faire ;  
 But alle awondered thei were of the barn him bi  
           hinde,

So faire, and so fetyse it was, and freliche schapen,  
 And freyned faire of themperour whar he it founde  
           hadde.

He gaf hem answeze agayn, that god it him sent,  
 Other wise wist not where he it founde.  
 Than rod he forth with that route in to Rome euene,  
 And euer that bold barn by hinde him sat stille,  
 So passed he to the paleys, and presteliche a lizt,  
 And William that choys child in to his chaumber  
           ledde,

A dere damisele to douzter this emperour hadde  
           thanne,

Of ane fasoun the fairest that euer freke seize,  
 And witerly William and she were of on held,  
 As euene as ani wizt schuld attely bi sizt,

And that menskful mayde Melior was hoten :  
A more curteyse creature, ne cunnyngere of hire  
age,  
Was nouzt thanne in this worlde that ani wist  
knewe.

Themperour to that mayde mekliche wendeth,  
And William that worthi child with him he ladde,  
And seide, “ dere douzter y do the to wite,  
“ I haue a pris present to plesse with thi hert,  
“ Haue here this bold barn, and be til him meke,  
“ And do him kepe clenly for kome he his of gode.  
“ I hent this at hunting, swiche hap god me sent.”  
And told here thanne, as til trewli al the sothe,  
How he hade missed is mayne, and maskrid aboute,  
And how the Werwolf wan him bi with a wilde hert,  
And how sadly he him sewed to have slayn that  
dere,

T’l thei hade brouzt him there that barn bestes kept,  
And how sone of his seizt the bestes seythen mare,  
And how the couherde com him to, and was a  
knowe the sothe,  
How he him fond in that forest ferst that faire  
child,

And how komeliche y clothed for ani kinges sone,  
And how the kouherde for kare cumsed to sorwe,  
Whanne he wold with the child wende him fromme,

And how boldely that barn bad the couherde  
thanne

To grete wel his gode wiif, and gamely ther after  
Ane his freliche felawes bi for as i told,

And "ther fore my dere dowter," themperour seide,

"Ffor mi lof loke him wel, for leily me thinkes,

"Bi his menskful maneres, and his man hede,

"That he is kome of god kin, to crist y hope,

"And seythe sike i, and sing samen to ge dere,

"And melt neizh for mournyng, and moche ioie  
make;

"Min hert hol i haue now, for al that hard y fele,

"Saue a fers feiutise folwes me oft,

"And takes me so tenefully, to telle al the sothe,

"That I mase al marred for mournyng neizh hondes

"But redeliche in that res the retunerere that me  
falles,

"As whan I haue ani hap to here of that barne

"Ffor whan myn hertis so hampered, and aldes so  
nobl,

"That flour is of alle frehes of fairnes, and mizt,

"Prince is non his pere, ne in paradizs non aungel,

"As he semes in my sizt; so faire is that burne

"I haue him portreide, and paynted in mi hert  
with inne,

"That he sittus in mi sizt, me thinkes euer more

? Lacuna.  
these words are  
surely the lady's

- “ And faire so his figure is festened in mi zout,  
“ That with no coyntise, ne craft ne can y it out  
    scrape.  
“ And, be marie, thouzh i mizt to mengge al the  
    sothe,  
“ I ne wold nouzt for al this world so wel it me  
    likes,  
“ Theiz i winne with mi werk the worse euer more,  
“ So gret liking and loue i haue that lud to bi hold,  
“ That i hade leuer that loue than lat al mi har-  
    mes,  
“ Nou certes, seythe it is so, to seie the trewthe,  
“ I hann haue y had gret wrong myn so to blame,  
“ Ffor eni werk that he wrouzt seythe, i wol it hold,  
“ Ne wold i it were non other al the world to haue.  
“ Whom schal i it wite but mi wicked eyzen,  
“ That lad myn hert throuz loking this langour  
    drye.  
“ Nad thei i aboute bale haue schaped,  
“ Redeli bi resoun, therfore, hem rette i mai mi  
    sorwe,  
“ But thanne thouzt che that throwe in this selue  
    wise,  
“ Min ezen sorly aren sogettes to serue min hert,  
“ And buxum ben to his bidding, as boie to his  
    master,

- " Eke, wite i al the wrong, the werk of mi eizen,  
 " And thouzh serres so may i nouzt by no sothe rizt  
 " Ffor seythe i knowe that mi sizt is seruanr to  
     mi hert  
 " And alle my nother wolnk wittes to wirthen his  
     hest,  
 " For thouzh i sette my sizt sadly on a thing,  
 " Be hit briztter, other bronn, beter other worse,  
 " Mi sizt may in no maner more barme wirche,  
 " But zif min hauteyn hert the harde asente,  
 " Eke, sothly my sizt is sojet to my hert,  
 " And doth nouzt but his dener, as destine wol falle.  
 " Than has my hasty hert holly the wrong.  
 " Him wol i blame, and banne, but he my bales  
     amende  
 " That hath him so strangely set in swithe straunge  
     burne,  
 " That wot neuer in this world whennes that he  
     come  
 " But as my fader him fond in forest an herd,  
 " Keping mennis kin of the kuntre aboute,  
 " What fy schold i a fundeling for his fairenesse  
     tak?  
 " Nay my wille wol not asent to my wicked hert,  
 " Wel kud kinges, and kayzers krauen me i now,

" I nel leie mi loue so lowe now at this time.

" Desparaged were i disgisil e zif i dede in this  
wise,

" I wol breke out finer that baret, and blame my  
hert."

Sche turned here than tiztly to haue slept a wile,  
And seide sadly, of hire hert sche wold seche,  
amendis,

Ffor sche so wrongly had wrouzt; but witzly ther  
after

Sche seide, sikeinde, to here self in this selue wise,  
" Nouz witterly ich am vn wis and wonderliche  
nyce,

" Thus vn hendly, and hard in hert, to blame,

" To whom mizt i me mene amendis of him to  
haue,

" Seythe i am his souerayn mi selue in alle thing,

" Nis he holly at my hest in hard and in nescche,

" And now, bi crist i knowe wel for al my care newe,

" He wrouzt neuer bot my worchepe ne wol nouzt  
i leue,

" I se wel he hath set him self in so nobul a place,

" That perles of alle puple is preised ouer alle,

" Of fairnesse, of facioun, and frely theuwes,

" Ffor kurteysie vnder krist is king, ne kud duk



- " And thouzh he as fundeling where founde in the  
 forest wilde,  
 " And kept with the kowzherde kin, to karp the  
 sothe,  
 " Eche creature may know he was kome of gode,  
 " Ffor first whan the fre was in the forest founde  
 in his denne,  
 " In comely clothes was he clad for any kinges  
 sone,  
 " Whan he kom first to this kourt bi kynde than  
 he schewde,  
 " His maneres were so menskful amende hem mzt  
 none,  
 " And seythe forsothe til this time non vn tettehe  
 he, ne wrouzt.  
 " But hath him bore so buxumly, that ich burn  
 him preyseth,  
 " And vth a burn of this world, worchipeth him  
 one,  
 " Kinges, and kud dukes, kene kniztes, and other,  
 " Thouzh he were komen of no ken but of kende  
 cherls,  
 " As i wot witterly so was he neuere.  
 " But with worchepe, i wene, i mizt him wel loue;  
 " And seythe he so perles is preised ouer princes,  
 and other,

- “ And eche lord of this lond is lef him to plece,  
“ Ffor most souereyn seg, and semlyest of thewes,  
“ Thanne haue i wited alle wrong the work of myn  
herte,  
“ Ffor he has don his denere dignely, as he out ;  
“ He het me most worthi of wommen holde in erthe,  
“ Kindely, thurth kinrade of cristen lawe,  
“ Ffor thi myn herte hendely has wrouzt in his  
dedes,  
“ To sette him self so sadly in the soueraynest  
burne,  
“ That lenis in ani lond, of alle ludes preised,  
“ I ne wot neuere in this world what wise he mizt  
betere ;  
“ Wirche forme in this world, my worschipe to saue,  
“ Ffor zif eny man on mold more worthi were  
“ Min hert is so hauteyn, that herre he wold  
“ And for i so wrongely haue wrougt to wite him  
me greues,  
“ I give me holly in his grace, as gilty for that ilk,  
“ And to mende my misse, i make myn a vowe,  
“ I wol here after, witerly with oute more strine,  
“ Wirche holly mi hertes wille to harde, and to  
nesche,  
“ And leye my loue on that lud lelly for euere.

“ To god, here i gif a gift, it gete schal neuer  
other,

“ Wile him lasteth the liif, my loue i him grante.”  
And whan sche sow as asented, sche seide sone  
after,

Sadli sikand, and sore for sorwe atte here hert,

“ Nas i trowe this bitter bale botlesse wol hende,

“ Ffor i not in world this how that worthi child

“ Schal euer wite of my wo with oute me selue,

“ Nay sertes my selue schal him neuer telle,

“ Ffor that were swiche a wozh tha neuer wolde  
be mended :

“ Ffor he mizt ful wel for a fol me hold,

“ And to him lothe in loue; zit haue y leuer deie,

“ Nay best beth it nouzt, so zif better mizt bi falle,

“ Ich mot worche other wise, zif i wol out spede;

“ What i suppose the selue zif it so bi tidde,

“ That i wrouzt so wodly, and wold to him speke,

“ That were, semlyest to seye, to saue my  
worchep,

“ Zif i told him treuli my tene, and myn anger,

“ What liif, for longyng of loue, i lede for his sake,

“ He wold wene i were wod, or witerly schorned,

“ Or that i dede, for despit, to do him a schoude,

“ And that were a schamly schenchip to schende  
me euer.

- " What, zif i saide him sadly, that i sek were,  
 " And told him al treuly the entetches of myn  
     euele,  
 " Heknoweth nouzt of that \* \* , bi crist, as it rowe  
 " Wherfore he ne schold in no wise wite what i  
     mente,  
 " But whanne i hade al me mened, no more nold  
     he seie"  
 But " serteinly swete damisele that me sore vexes  
 Thanne wold mi wo wex al newe,  
 " And doubel is nouz mi duel, for i ne dar hit  
     schewe,  
 " Allas! whi ne wist that wizt what wo that me  
     eyles!  
 " What sorwes, and sikingges i suffer for his sake!  
 " I sayle now in the see, as schip boutte mast,  
 " Boutte anker, or ore, or ani semlyche sayle,  
 " But heizh heuene king, to gode hauene me  
     sende.  
 " Other laske mi liif daywes with inne a litle  
     terme."  
 Thus that maiden Meliors in mornyng tha liuede,  
 And hit held hire so harde, i hete the for sothe,  
 And schortily with in seuenizt al hire slep sche  
     leues,  
 Here mete, and al merthe sche missed in a while,

And seccelede in a seknesse, the sothe for to telle,  
 That ther nas leche in no lond that liif hire bihizt.  
 Zit couthe non by no craft knowen hire sore,  
 But duelfulli sche dwined a waie, bothe dayes,  
     and niztes,

And al hire clere colour comsed for to fade.  
 Thanne hadde this menskful Melior, maydenes fele,  
 A begned hire to serue, and to seuwe hire aboute.  
 But, among alle the maidenens, most sche loued one,  
 That was a digne damisele, to deme al the sothe,  
 And komen of hire ounge kin her kosm ful nere,  
 Of lumbardie a dukes douzter, ful derworth in wede,  
 And that amiabul maide Alisaundrine a hizt,  
 And from the time that Melior gan morne so strong,  
 That burd was euer hire bi, busy hire to plesse,  
 More than an other damisele, so moche sche hire  
     louede.

And whan sche seiz here so sek, sche seide on a  
     time,

“ Now, for marie madame the milde quene of  
     henene,

“ Zut bi cas of cunsail, ful wel can ich hele,

“ And be tristly, and trew to zow for euer more,

“ And help zow hasteli at al zoure hele to gete,

“ Zif ze saie me zoure sores, and ith se what may  
     gayne.”

Whan Melior that meke mayde herd Alisaun-  
drines wordes,

And with a sad sikyng, seide to hire thanne,  
Sche was gretly gladed of hire gode bi hest,  
“ A curteyse cosyne crist mot the it zelde,  
“ Of thi kynde cumfort that thow me knyest nowthe  
“ Thow hast warsched me wel with thi mede wordes,  
“ I zine me al in thi grace to gete me sum hele,  
“ As thow me here has be hize of mi harde peynes,  
“ Now wol i telle the my tene, wat so tide after,  
“ Serteynly, this seknesse that so sore me greues,  
“ Is feller than any frek that euer zit hadde,  
“ And ofter than ix times hit taketh me a daye,  
“ And ten times on the nizt, nouzt ones lesse,  
“ And al comes of a throly thouzt that thirles min  
hert.

“ I wold meng al mi mater, zif i mizt for schame,  
“ Ac wond wol ich nouzt to the witow for sothe  
“ Ay whan ich hent the haches, that so hard aren  
“ It komses of a kene thouzt that ich haue in hert,  
“ Of William that bold barn that alle burnes praisen,  
“ Nis no man upon mold that more worchip winnes,  
“ Him so propirli haue i peinted, and portreide in  
herte,  
“ That me semes in mi seizt he sittes euer meke;  
“ What man so ich mete with, or mele with speche,

“ Me thinkes euerich throwe that barn is that other

“ And fele times haue ich fouded to flitte it fro  
thouzt,

“ But witerly al in wast ; than worche ich euer.

“ Ther for, curteise cosynes, for loue of crist in  
heuene,

“ Rithe now thi kindenes, and konseyl me the best,

“ Ffor but ich haue bote of mi bale bi a schort time,

“ I am ded as dore nail : Now do al thi wille.”

Thanne Alisaundrine, a non after that ilk,

Wax gretly awondered, and wel hire bi thouzt

What were hire kuddest comfort hire care to lisse,

And seide thanne til hire softly, sone ther after,

“ A madame for marie loue mornes no lenger.”

JACKE OF THE NORTHE BEYONDE  
THE STYLE SPEAKETH.

(EX M.S.<sup>40</sup> APUD BIBL: CORP: XTI: CANT:)

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It is yet but a whyle,  
Sens, that I Jacke of the Style,  
Came forthe of ye Northe;  
I tell ye evyn the trothe,  
Beyuge shamfully blamed,  
Yea, and gyltles dyffamyd;  
For it was reportyd than,  
That here I had slayne a man,  
That same shamefull report,  
Causyd me for to retort  
Evyn now hyther agayne.  
This truthe I tell playne.  
It was neuer my dede,  
No—so God me spede:  
For it was other man,  
That share nygh the brayn pan



It war allmost he war slayn  
For usyng suche a trayn,  
For kyllȳg of that pykerall,  
Makyng hym a funerall ;  
But than the bayles so wrought  
Agayn was out bought,  
Redemīg agayn for nought,  
The myschieve that he had soughte,  
In sleying that honest man  
With the stroke of a fyre pan.  
Now for that slawnder's sake,  
Companye be nyght I take  
And with all that I may make  
Cast bodye and \* \* \* \* in the lake,  
Fyxed with many a stake,  
Tho' it war never so faste,  
Yet asondre it is wraste.  
Thus I take do recompense  
Ther naughty slawnderous offense,  
Wher as they make me a murderer,  
And of dethe a furdurer.  
I take God to wytness  
I am of it gyltless.  
For as I am true speaker,  
I am but a hedge breaker,

U

I reporte me now oute  
To thes that be of my rowte,  
To bragge, so bolde, and stowte.  
How sayst thou Robyn Lowte:  
Is thys ryghte well wroughte,

ROBYN CLOUTE.

Ye syr wythout doughte  
Be God that me boughte,  
It is as ye do saye,  
But, syr, without delaye  
We thought it but a playe,  
To see ye stake fast straye,  
Down into the raye,  
Swymyng wer more awaye,  
Saylyng towarde the castylle,  
Lyke as the wolde wrastyll  
For superyoryte,  
Or ells for ye meyraltie.  
Truth now thou dost saye,  
It was evyn worthe a playe  
To see the stake jomblyng,  
And in the water tomblyng,  
And fast awaie they hyed,  
Lest they should been spyed,  
And withe a bote been followyd,

And with a sargeant arested,  
For to come to the mayer  
In all gudly affair :  
To be taken suspecyous,  
Or ells provyd felonous,  
Accordinge unto ther rate  
Mayteinȳg ther potestate.  
How sayst Tom of Trompyngton ?

TOM OF TROMPYNGTON.

For sothe, syr, down to Chesterton  
Grat store of stake begone,  
Juryng thither one by one,  
Glad they have escapyd,  
And not of the bayles attacked,  
Wherfore they hyed thē hense,  
Payeng yet no toll pence,  
Wytness Robyn with the red rose,  
And Benett with the blue hose,  
And frawnies few close ;  
Ye affirme the same, I suppose,  
How sayest Buttyng on the hyll ?  
Hast not yet wrought thy fyll ?  
Syr, I saye, so mott I leve,  
I wold be thus wrought tyll eve,

Than I see at such a bargony,  
You woldysterne money largely,  
For I thynke that thys worke,  
Was gud as to byld a kyrcke ;  
For Cambridge baylers truly  
Gyve yll examples to the countrye,  
Ther commyn lykewyse to engrose  
And from pore men yt to enclose.

## THE KYNG AND THE HERMYT.

---

IN<sup>ESU</sup> that is hevyn kyng  
Giff them all god endyng.

(If it be thy wyll.)

And gif them parte of heavenly game,  
That well can call gestes same

With mete and drinke to fylle.

When that men be glad and blyth,  
Tham were solas god to lyth,

He that wold be styлле.

Off a kyng I wyll you telle,

What a ventore hym be felle,

He that wyll herke theretylle.

It be felle be god Edwerd's deys,  
Ffor soth so the romans seys,

Herkyng I will you telle.

The Kyng to Scherwod gan wend,  
On hys pleyng for to lend,

Ffor to solas hym that stond,  
 The grete herte for to hunte,  
 In frythys and in felle.  
 With ryall fests and feyr ensemble  
 With all ye lordys of that contrè  
 With hym ther gan thei well.

Tyll it be fell upon a day.  
 To hys forstere he gan sey,  
 " Ffelowys were is the best ?  
 " In your playng wher ye have bene ?  
 " Were have ye most gam sene  
 " Off dere in this forest ?"  
 They answerd, and fell on kne,  
 " Over all, Lord, is gret plente  
 " Both est and west,  
 " We may schew you at a syht  
 " Two thousand dere this same nyht  
 " Or ye son go to reste."

An old forester, drew hym nere,  
 " Lyfans Lord, I saw a dere  
 " Under a tre,  
 " So grete a hed as he bare  
 " Sych one saw I never are,

" No feyrer myht be,  
" He is more than any two,  
" That ever I saw on erth go,"  
    Than seyde the kyng so fre,  
" Thy waryson I will ye geve  
" Ever more whyll you doyst lyve,  
    " That dere you late me se,

Upon the morne thei ryden fast  
With hounds and with hornes blast  
    To wodde than are thei wente  
Netts and gynnes than leyde he,  
Every archer to hys tre,  
    With bowys redy bent,  
They blew thrys, uncoupuld hounds,  
They reysed the dere up that stonds,  
    So nere that span and sprent  
The hounds all as they were wode  
They ronned the dere as they were wode  
    The kyng hys hors he hent

The kyng sate one a god coreser  
Ffast he rode after ye dere,  
    And chasyd hym ryght fast,  
Both throw thyke and thine,

Throw the forest he gan wyn  
     With hounds and hornes blast.  
 The kyng had followyd hym so long,  
 Hys god sted was ne strong,  
     Hys hert away was past,  
 Horn ne hunter myght he not here,  
 So ranne the hounds at the dere,  
     A wey was at the last.

The kyng had folowyd hym so long  
 Ffro mydey to the ev'ning song,  
     That lykyd hym full ille.  
 He ne wyst were that he was,  
 Ne out of the forest for to passe,  
     And thus he rode all wylle.  
 " Whyle I may the dey liht se  
 " Better is to loge under a tre"  
     He seyde hym selve untylle.  
 The kyng cast in hys wytte.  
 " Gyff I stryke into a pytte  
     " Hors and man myght spylle.

" I have herd pore men call at morow  
 " Seynt Julyan send yem god harborow  
     " When they had nede



" And that when that they were travyst,  
" And of herborow were abayst,  
    " He wole them wysse and rede.  
" Seynt Julyan, as I ame trew knyht,  
" Send me grace this iche nyght,  
    " Of god harborow to sped.  
" A gift I schall thee gyve,  
" Every here whyll that I lyve,  
    " Ffolke for thy sake to fede."

As he rode whyll he had lyht,  
And at the last he hade syght  
    Off an hermyte hym be syde,  
Off that syght he was full feyn.  
Ffor he wold gladly be in the pleyn  
    And theder he gan to ryde.  
An hermytage he found there,  
He throwyd a chapell that it were,  
    Than seyde the kyng that tyde  
" Now seynt Julyan a bone ventyll  
" As pylgrymes know full wele  
    " Yonder I wyll abyde."

A lytell gate he fond ney  
There on he gan to call and cry,

That within myght here.  
 That herd an hermyte there within,  
 Unto the gate he gan to wyn,  
 Bedyng his preyer.  
 And when the hermyt saw the kyng,  
 He seyde; "Sir gode evynyng"  
 "Wele worth thee, Sir Frere."  
 "I prey thee I myght be thy gest,  
 "Ffor I have ryden wyll in this forest,  
 "And nyght neyhes me nere."

The hermyte seyde, "So mote I the,  
 "Ffor sych a lord as ye be,  
 "I have non herborow tyll,  
 "Bot if it be soe pore a wyght,  
 "I ne der not herbor-hym a nyht,  
 "But he for faute schuld spyll.  
 "I wone here in wyldernes,  
 "With rotys and rynds among wyld bests,  
 "As it is my lords wylle."

The kyng seyde, "I ye beseche  
 "The way to the toun thou wold me teche;  
 "And I schall thee be hyght,  
 "That I schall thy trevell quyte

" That thou schall me not wyte,  
" Or passyth this fortnyht  
" And if thou wyll not, late thy knave go,  
" To teche me a myle or two,  
" The whylys I have dey lyght."  
" By Seynt Mary," said the frere,  
" Schorte sirvys getys thou here,  
" And I can rede a ryght."

Than seyde the kyng, " My dere frend  
" The way to the towne if I schuld wynd  
" How fer may it be?  
" Syr," he seyde, "so mote I thryve.  
" To the towne is myles fyve  
" Ffrom this long tre.  
" A wyld wey I hold it were,  
" The way to wend I you swere,  
" Bot ye the dey may se."  
Than seyde the kyng " Bi gods myght  
" Ermyte, I schall here abode with thee this nyght,  
" And els I were wo."

" Me thinke," seyde the hermyte, " thou art a  
" stoute syre,  
" I have ete up all the hyre

“ That ever thou gafe me,  
“ Were I oute of my hermyte wede  
“ Off thy favyll I wold not dred,  
“ Thaff thou were sych thre,  
“ Loth I were with thee to fyght,  
“ I will herbor thee all nyght,  
“ And it be-hovyth so be,  
“ Such gode as thou fynds here, take,  
“ And aske thyn in for God’s sake.”  
“ Gladly sir,” sayd he.

Hys stede in to the hous he lede  
With litter son he gaf hym bed  
Met ne was there now  
The frere he had bot barly stro,  
Two thake bendsfull without no,  
Ffor soth it was furth born.  
Before the hors the kyng it leyd.  
“ Be Seynt Mary,” the hermyte seyde,  
“ Every thing have we non,”  
The kyng seyde, “ Gramsy frere,  
“ Wele at ease ame I now here,  
“ A nyht wyll son be gon.”

The kyng was never so servysable,  
He hew the wode and kepyd the stable,

God far he gan hym dyght.  
And made hym ryght well at es,  
And ever the fyre befor hys nese,  
Brynand feyr and bryht.

"Leve Ermyte," seyde the kyng,  
"Mete and thou have any thing,  
"To soper you us dyght,  
"For sirteynly, as I thee sey,  
"I ne had never so sory a dey,  
"That I ne had a mery nyght."

The kyng seyde "Be Gods are  
"And I such an hermyte were  
"And wonyd in this forest  
"When forsters were gon to slep  
"Than I wold cast off my cope  
"And wake both est and weste  
"With a bow of hue full strong  
"And arowys knyte in a thong  
"What wold me lyke best.  
"The kyng of venyson hath non nede,  
"Hit myght me hape to have a brede  
"To glad me and my gest."

The hermyte seyde to the kyng,

“ Leve sir where is thy dwellyng .

“ I praye you wolde me sey”

“ Sir, he seyde, so mote I the:

“ In the kyngs courte I have be.

“ Duellyng many a day,

“ And my lord rode on huntyng,

“ As grete lords doth many tyme,

“ That giff them myche to play,

“ And after a grete hert have we redyn

“ And mekyll travell we have byden

“ And yit he scape a way.

“ To dey erly in the mornynge,

“ The kyng rode on huntyng,

“ And all the courte beden,

“ A dere we reysed in that stonde.

“ And gane chase with our hounds,

“ A feyrer had never man sene.

“ I have folowyd hym all this dey,

“ And ryden many a wylsom wey,

“ He dyd me trey and tene.

“ I pray thee helpe me, I were at es.

“ Thou bought never so god sirvege

“ In sted there thou hast bene

The ermyte seyde " So God me save,

" Thou take sych gode as we have,

" We schall not hyll with thee."

Bred and chese forth he brouht,  
The kyng ete whyles hym thouht,

Non othyr mete saw he,  
Sethen thyn drynke he droughe,  
Ther on he had sone inoughe,

Than seyde the kyng so fre,  
" Hermyt pute up this mete tyte,  
" And if I may I schall ye quyte  
" Or passyd be thes monthys thre."

Then seyde the kyng, " Be Gods grace!

" Thou wonys in a mery place,

" To schote thou schuld lere,  
" When the forsters are go to rest,  
" Som tyme thou myht have off the best,  
" All of the wyld dere  
" I wold hold it for no skath  
" Thoff thou had bow and arowys bothe,  
" All thoff thou be a frere.  
" Ther is no foster in all this fe  
" That wold sych herme to thee,  
" There thou may leve here.

The Armyte seyde, " So mote thou go  
 " Hast thou any othyr herand than so  
 " On to my lord the kyng,  
 " I schall be trewe to hym, I trow,  
 " Ffor to wayte my lords prow,  
 " Ffor dred of sych a thing.  
 " Ffor iff I were take with sych a dede  
 " To the courte thou wold me lede,  
 " And to prison me bryng.  
 " Bot if I myght my ransom gete,  
 " Be bound in prison and sorow grete  
 " And in perell to hyng."

Than seyde the kyng, " I would not lete  
 " When thou arte in this forest sette  
 " To stalke when men are at rest,  
 " Now as thou arte a trewe man,  
 " Iff you ouht a scheting can  
 " Ne hyll it not with your gest  
 " Ffor be hym that dyed on tre  
 " Ther schall no man wyte for me  
 " Whyll my lyve wyll lest  
 " Now hermyte for thy professyon  
 " Giff thou have any venison  
 " Thou giff me of the best."



The ermyte seyde, " Men of grete state  
 " Our ordyr they wold make full of bate  
 " And on to prison bryng

*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*

" Aboute schych mastery  
 " To be in preyer and in penans,  
 " And arne ther met by chans,  
 " And not be archery.

" Many dey I have her ben  
 " And flesche mete I ete non  
 " Bot mylke off the ky.  
 " Warme thee wele and go to slepe,  
 " And I schall lape thee with my cope,  
 " Softly to lyke.

" Thou semys a felow," seyde the frere,  
 " It is long gon seth any was here,  
 " Bot thou thy selve to nyght."

Unto a cofyr he gan go  
 And toke forth candylls two

And sone there were a lyght.  
 A cloth he brought, and bred full whyte,  
 And venyson ybake tyte :  
 Agen he yede full ryght,  
 Venyson salt and fresch he brouht,  
 And bade him chese wher off hym thought,  
 Colopys for to dyght.

Well may ye wyte ynow they had,  
 The kyng ete and made hym glad,  
 And grete laughtere he lowghe,  
 “ Nere I had spoke of archery,  
 “ I myht have ete my bred full dryhe,”  
 The kyng made it full towghe.  
 “ Now Cryst’s blyssing have sych a frere,  
 “ That thus cane ordeyn our soper,  
 “ And stalke under the wode bowe.  
 “ The kyng hym selves so mote I the,  
 “ Is not better at es than we  
 “ And we have drinke inowhe.”

The hermyte seyde, “ Be Seynt Savvoure  
 “ I have a pott of galons foure  
 “ Standyng in a wro.

" Ther is bot thou, and I, and my knave,

" Som solas schall we have,

" Sethyn we are no mo."

The hermyte callyd hys knave fall ryht,

Wyllyn Alyn for soth he hyght,

And bad hym be lyve and go.

And taught hym privetly to a sted,

To feche the hors corne and bred.

" And luke that thou do so"

Unto the knave seyde the frere,

" Ffelow go wyhtly here

" Thou do as I thee sey.

" Be syde my bed thou must goe

" And take up a floute of strawe

" Als softly, as thou may

" A hownyd pote ther standys there,

" And God forbod that we it spare,

" To drynke to it be dey.

" And bryng me forth my schell,

" And every man schall have his dele,

" And I schall kene us pley.

The hermyte seyde, " Now schall I se

" Iff thou any felow be,

" Or off pley canst ought."  
 The kyng seyð, " So mote I the,  
 " Sey you what thou will with me  
 " Thy wyll it schall be wrouht."  
 " When the coppe comys into the plas,  
 " Canst thou sey, ' fusty bandyas,' "  
 " And think it in your thouht.  
 " And you schall here a totted frere  
 " Sey ' Stryke pantnere,' (vel pantnere)  
 " And in ye cope leve ryht nouht."

And when the coppe was forth brought,  
 It was oute of the kyngs thouht,  
 That word that he schuld sey.  
 The frere seyð " fusty bandyas,"  
 Then seyð thee kyng " Alas ! alas !"  
 His word it was a wey  
 " What art you mad," seyð the frere,  
 " Canst thou not sey stryke pantnere,  
 " Wylt thou lerne all dey  
 " And if thou efte forgete it ons,  
 " Thou gets no drinke in this wons.  
 " Bot giff thou thinke upon thy pley."

*with a pellet of penicillones this had such a stroke,  
 but all the dayes of their lyf shal sick by their ribbes,  
 For, fusty bandyas som smelled of the smoke.  
 - saw divers that were caried away thence in criethes. &c.*

*Pithy, Pleasant & Profitable Works, of Skelton 1736. f. 29*

' Ffusty bandias,' the frere seyð  
And gafe the coppe such a breyd,  
That well nyh of izede,  
The knave fyllyd and up it zede in plas  
The kyng seyð " fusty bandyas."

Ther to hym stod gret nede.  
" Ffusty bandyas," seyð the frere  
How long hast thou stond here  
Or thou couth do thy dede  
Ffyll this efte and late us lyke,  
And between rost us a styke,  
Thus holy lyve to lede.

The knave fyllyd the coppe full tyte,  
And brouht it furth with grete delyte,

Be for hym gan it stand,  
" Ffusty bandyas" seyð the frere  
The kyng sey'd " stryke pantnere"

And toke it in hys hand,  
And stroke halve and more,  
" Thys is ye best pley, I suere,  
" That ever I saw in lond.  
" I hyght thee hermyte I schall thee give,  
" I schall thee quyte if yt I lyve  
" The god pley thou hast us fond."

" Than seyde the hermyte, " God quyte all,  
 " Bot when thou comys to thy lords haule,  
     " Thou wyll for gete the frere  
 " Bot wher thou comyst nyght ore dey  
 " Yit myght thou thynk upon the pley  
     " That thou hast sene here  
 " And thou com among gentyll men  
 " They wyll laugh then hem it ken  
     " And make full mery chere,  
 " And iff thou comys here for a nyht  
 " A colype I dere thee behyht  
     " All of the wyld dere."

The kyng seyde " Be hym that me bouht,  
 " Syre," he seyde, " ne think it nouht  
     " That thou be there forgets.  
 " To morrow sone when it is dey  
 " I schall quyte if that I may  
     " All that we have here ete.  
 " And when we come to the kings gate  
 " We shall not long stond there-ate  
     " In we schall be lete  
 " And by my feyth I schall not blyne  
 " Tyll the best that is there ine  
     " Be tween us two be sete"

The Ermyte seyde. " By him that me bouht,  
 " Syre," he seyde, " ne thinke it nouht,  
 " I swere ye by my ley,  
 " I have be ther and takyn dele.  
 " And have hade many merey mele.  
 " I dare full savely sey  
 " Hopys thou I wold for a mase  
 " Stond in the myre there and dase  
 " Neyhand halve a dey  
 " Ther charyte comys thorow such menys hend,  
 " He havys full lytell that stond at hend,  
 " Or that he go a wey

" Hopys thou that I am so preste  
 " For to stond at the kyng gate and reste,  
 " Ther plays for to lere.  
 " I have neyhbers her nygh hand  
 " I send them of my presente  
 " Be syds of the wyld dere.  
 " Off my presants they are feyn  
 " Bred and ale they send me ageyn  
 " Thus gates lyve I here."

The king seyde. " So mote I the  
 Hermyte, me pays wele with thee,  
 " Thou arte a horpyd frere"

The kyng seyde " Yit myght thou come in dey

" Unto the courte for to pley

" A venteroyes for to sene

" Thou wote not what thee be tyde may

" Or that thou gon a wey

" The better thou may bene

" Thoff I be here in pore clothing

" I ame no bayschyd for to bryng

" Gestys two or thre

" Ther is no man in all this wonys

" That schall myssey to thee onys

" Bot as I sey so schall it be,"

Sertis seyde the hermyte than.

" I hope you be a trew man,

" I schall a ventore the gate,

" Bot tell me first, leve syre,

" After what man schall I spyre,

" Both erly and late."

" Jhake Flecher, that is my name,

" All men knowys me at home

" I am at young man state,

" And thoff I be here in pore wede

" I sych a stede I can ye lede,

" There we schall be made full hate."



" Aryse up, Jake, and go with me,

" And more of my privyte

" Thou schall se som thyng."

Into a chambyr he hym lede,

The kyng sauwe aboute ye hermytes bed

Brod arowys hyng.

The frere gaff him a bow in hond.

" Jake," he seyde, " draw up the bond."

He myght oneth styre the streng.

" Sir;" he seyde, " so have I blys,

" There is no archer that may schot in this,

" That is with my lord the kyng."

An arow of an elle long

In hys bow he it throng,

And to the heule he gan it hale.

" Ther is no dere in this foreste,

" And it wolde one hym feste;

" Bot it schuld spyll his skale

" Jake sith thou can of flecher crafte,

" Thou may me ese with a schafte."

Than seyde Jake, " I schall."

" Jake and I wist that thou were trew,

" Or and I thee better knew,

" More thou schuld se"

The kyng to hym grete othys swer,  
 " The covennand we made whyle are,  
 " I wyll that it hold be."  
 Tyll two trowys he gan hym lede,  
 Off venyson there was many brede,  
 " Jake how thinkes thee ?  
 " Whyle there is dere in this forest,  
 " Som tyme I may have of the best  
 " The kyng wyte save on me.

" Jake and you wyll have a of myn arowys have  
 " Take thee of them and in thou leve  
 " And go we to our pley."  
 And thus thei sate with fusty bandyas  
 And with stryke pantnere in that plas,  
 Tyll it was nere hand dey.  
 When tyme was com there rest to take,  
 On morn they rose when they gon wake.  
 The frere he gan to sey.  
 " Jake I wyll with thee go,  
 " In thy felowschype a myle ore two,  
 " Tyll you have redy weys,

Then seyde the kyng. " Mekyll thanke,  
 " Bot when we last nyght to gether dranke  
 " Thinke what thou me be hyght.

" That thou schuld com som dey  
 " Unto the courte for to pley,  
 " When tyme thou se thou myght.'  
 " Sertis," seyde ye hermyte, than,  
 " I schall com, as I ame trew man,  
 " Or to morrow at nyght."

Either betaught other gode dey  
 The kyng toke the redy wey  
 Home he rode full ryght

Knyghtes and squyres many mo  
 All that nyght they rode and go  
 With syheng and sorowyng sore  
 They cryhed and blew with hydoys bere,  
 Giff they myht of there lord here,  
 Wher that ever he were.  
 When the kyng hys bugyll blew,  
 Knyhtes and forsters wele it knew,  
 And lystin'd to him there.  
 Many man that wer masyd and made,  
 The blast of that horn made them glad,  
 To the towne than gan they fare-

\* \* \* \* \*

**HEERE BEGINNETH A MERY IEST OF  
DANE HEW MUNK OF LEICESTRE, AND  
HOW HE WAS FOURE TIMES SLAIN  
AND ONCE HANGED.**

**" IN olde time there was in Leicester town  
An Abbay of Munks of great renown,  
As ye shall now after heer:  
But amongst them all was one there  
That passed all his brethern iwis,  
His name was Dane Hew, so haue I blis,  
This Munk was yung and lusty,  
And to fair women he had a fansy,  
And for them he laid great wait in deed :  
In Leicester dwelled a Tayler I reed,  
Which wedded a woman, fair and good ;  
They looued eche other, by my hood ;  
Seuen yeer, and somewhat more,  
Dane Hew looued this taylers wife sore ;  
And thought alway in his minde,  
When he might her alone finde;**

And how he might her assay,  
And if she would not say him nay.  
Upon a day, he said, fair woman free,  
Without I haue my pleasure of thee,  
I am like to go from my wit :  
Sir, she said, I haue many a shrewd fit  
Of my husband euery day.  
Dame, he said, say not nay ;  
My pleasure I must haue of thee ;  
What so euer that it cost mee.  
She answered and said, if it must needes be,  
Come to morrow vnto me,  
For then my husband rideth out of the town,  
And then to your wil I wil be bown ;  
And then we may make good game,  
And if ye come not ye be to blame ;  
But, Dane Hew, first tel thou me  
What that my rewarde shalbe.  
Dame, he said, by my fay,  
Twenty nobles of good money ;  
For we wil make good cheer this day :  
And so they kist and went their way.  
The tayler came home at euen, tho,  
Like as he was wunt to doo :

And his wife tolde him all, and some;  
How Dane Hew in the morning would come,  
And what her meed of him should be.  
What? dame thou art mad so met I thee,  
Wilt thou me a cuckolds hood gine?  
That should me shrewdly greeue!  
Nay, sir, she said, by sweet saint Iohn,  
I wil keep my self a good woman!  
And get thee money also iwis,  
For he hath made therof a promise:  
Tomorrow earely heer to be,  
I know wel he wil not fail me;  
And I shall lock you in the chest,  
That ye out of the way may be mist:  
And whē Dane Hew commeth hether early,  
About fve of the clock truely;  
For at that time his houre is set,  
To come hether then without any let;  
Then I shall you call full lightly,  
Look that ye come vnto me quickly.  
And when the day began to appeer in y<sup>e</sup>. morning,  
Dane Hew came thitherwarde fast renning;  
He thought that he had past his houre,  
Then softly he knocked at the taylers door;

She rose vp and bad him come neer ;  
And said, Sir, welcome be ye heer.  
Good morow (he said) gentle mistris,  
Now tel me where your husband is,  
That we may be sure indeed ?  
Sir, she said, so God me speed,  
He is foorth of the town,  
And wil not come home til after noon.  
With that Dane Hew was wel content,  
And lightly in armes he did her hent,  
And thought to haue had good game :  
Sir, she said, let be, for shame !  
For I wil knowe first what I shall haue,  
For when I haue it I wil it not craue ;  
Giue me twenty nobles first,  
And doo with me then what ye list.  
By my preesthood, quoth he, than,  
Thou shalt haue in gold and siluer anon ;  
Thou shalt no longer craue it of me,  
Lo my mistresse where they be ;  
And in her lap he it threw.  
Gramercy ! she said vnto Dane Hew,  
Dane Hew thought this wife to assay :  
Abide sir, she said, til I haue laid it away :  
For so she thought it should be best.  
With that she opened then a chest ;

Then Dane Hew thought to haue had her alone,  
But the tayler out of the chest anon,  
And said, sir Munk, if thou wilt stand,  
I shall giue thee a stroke with my brand,  
That thou shalt haue but little lust vnto my wife.  
And lightly, without any more strife,  
He hit Dane Hew vpon the hed,  
That he fel down stark dead.  
Thus was he first slain in deed ;  
Alas ! then said his wife, with an euil speed,  
Haue ye slain this munk so soone ?  
Whither now shall we run or gone ?  
There is no remedy, then said he,  
Without thou giue good counsail to me ;  
To conuay this false preest out of the way,  
That no man speak of it, ne say  
That I haue killed him, or slain,  
Or els that we haue doon it in vain.  
Yea sir (she said) let him abide,  
Til it be soon in the euen tide,  
Then shall we him wel conuay,  
For ye shall beare him into the Abba  
And set him straight vp by the wall,  
And come your way foorth withall ;



The Abbot sought him all about,  
For he heard say that he was out,  
And was very angry with him in deed,  
And would neuer rest, so God me speed,  
Vntil Dane Hew that he had found,  
And bad his man to seek him round  
About the place, and to him say  
That he come speak with me straight way.  
Foorth went his man, til at the last  
Beeing abrode his eye he cast  
Aside : where he Dane Hew did see ;  
And vnto him then straight went he,  
And thinking him to be aliue  
He said, Dane Hew so mut I thriue,  
I haue sought you and meruel how  
That I could not finde you til now.  
Dane Hew stood as stil as he that could not tel  
What he should say, no more he did good nor il.  
With that the Abbots man said with good intent,  
Sir ye must come to my Lord, or els you be shent.  
When Dane Hew answered neuer a dele,  
He thought he would aske some counsail ;  
Then to the Abbot he gan him hye,  
I pray you my Lord come by and by,

x

And see where Dane Hew stands straight by the  
wall,

And wil not answere what so euer I call.

And he stareth and looketh vpon one place,

Like a man that is out of grace ;

And one woord he wil not speak for me :

Get me a staf (quoth the Abbot) and I shall see,

And if he shall not vnto me answere.

Then when the Abbot came there,

And saw him stand vpright by the wall,

He then to him began to call ;

And said thou false Bribour thou shalt aby

Why keepest thou not thy seruice truely ?

Come hether he said, with an euil speed ;

But no woord that Dane Hew answered in deed.

What whorsō (q. the Abbot) why spekest not thou ?

Speak or els I make God a vow

I wil giue thee such a stroke vpon thy head,

That I shall make thee to fall down dead.

And with that he gaue him such a rap,

That he fel down at that clap.

Thus was he the second time slain,

And yet he wroght them much more pain ;

As ye shall afterwarde heer ful wel.

Sir, quoth the abbots, an ye haue doon il,

For ye haue slain Dane Hew now,  
And suspended this place I make God a vow.  
What remedy (quod the Abbot than?)  
Yes, quoth his man, by sweet Saint Iohn,  
If ye would me a good rewarde giue,  
That I may be the better while that I liue.  
Yes (q. the Abbot) xl. shillings thou shalt haue,  
And if thou can mine honor saue ;  
My Lord I tel you so mot I thee  
Vnto such a Taylers house haunted he,  
To woo his prety wife certain ;  
And thither I shall him bring again,  
And there vpright I shall him set,  
That no man shall it knowe or wit.  
And then euery man wil sain  
That the Tayler hath him slain.  
For he was very angry with him  
That he came to his wife so oft time.  
Of his counsail he was wel appaid ;  
And his man took vp dane Hew that braid :  
And set him at the Taylers door anon,  
And ran home as fast as he might gone.  
The Tayler and his wife were in bed,  
And of Dane Hew were sore afraid ;

Lest that he would them bewray,  
And to his wife began to say—  
All this night I haue dreamed of this false caitife,  
That he came to our door (quoth he to his wife)  
Jesus (quoth his wife) what man be ye  
That of a dead man so sore afraid ye be?  
For me thought that you did him slo.  
With that the Tayler to the door gan go,  
And a Polax in his hand,  
And saw the Munk by the door stand ;  
Whereof he was sore afraid ;  
And stil he stood and no woord said,  
Til he spake vnto his wife ;  
Dame now haue I lost my life,  
Without I kil him first of all.  
Foorth he took his Polax or mall,  
And hit Dane Hew vpon the head,  
That he fel down stark dead.  
And thus was Dane Hew three times slain,  
And yet he wrought him a train,  
Alas, quoth the Taylers wife,  
This caitife doth vs much strife :  
Dame, he said, what shall we now doo ?  
Sir, she said, so mote go.

The Munk in a corner ye shall lay,  
Til to morow before the day ;  
Then in a sack ye shall him thrast,  
And in the Mil dam ye shall him cast.  
I counsail it you for the best surely,  
So the Tayler though to doo truely.  
In the morning he took Dane Hew in a Sack.  
And laid him lightly vpon his back ;  
Vnto the Mil Dame he gan him hye,  
And there two theeues he did espye,  
That fro the Mil came as fast as they might ;  
But when of the Tayler they had a sight,  
They were abashed very sore,  
For they had thought the miller had come thoret  
For of him they were sore afraid.  
That the Sack there down they laid,  
And went a little aside I cannot tel where,  
And with that the Tayler saw the sack lye there.  
Then he looked therin anon ;  
And he saw it was ful of Bacon ;  
Dane Hew then he laid down there,  
And so the bacon away did beare ;  
Til he came home and that was true,  
The theeues took vp y<sup>e</sup>. sack with dane Hew,

And went their way til they came home.  
One of the theeues said to his wife anon,  
Dame look what is in that sack, I thee pray  
For there is good bacon by my fay ;  
Therefore make vs good cheer lightly ;  
The wife ran to the Sack quickly ;  
And when she had the Sack vnbound,  
The dead Munck therein she found.  
Then she cryed out, and said alas,  
I see heer a meruailous case,  
That ye haue slain Dane Hew so soon ;  
Hanged shall ye be if it be knowen.  
Nay, good dame, said they again to her,  
For it hath been the false miller !  
Then they took Dane Hew again,  
And brought him to the mil certain,  
Where they did steal the Bacon before,  
And there they hāged Dane Hew for store ;  
Thus was he once hanged in deed,  
And y<sup>e</sup> theeues ran hōe as fast as they could speed :  
The Millers wife rose on the morning erly,  
And lightly made herself redy,  
To fetch some Bacon at the last,  
But when she looked vp she was agast,

That she saw the munk hang there ;  
She cryed out, and put them all in fere ;  
And said heer is a chaunce for the nones,  
For heer hangeth the false Munk by cocks bones,  
That hath been so Lecherous many a day,  
And with mens wiues vsed to play.  
Now some body hath quit his meed ful wel,  
I trow it was the Deuil of Hel ;  
And our Bacon is stolne away,  
This I call a shrewd play.  
I wot not what we shall this winter eate,  
What wife (quoth the Miller) ye must all this  
forget ;  
And giue me some good counsail I pray.  
How we shall this Munk conuay,  
And priuily of him we may be quit ;  
Sir, she said, that shall you lightly wit.  
Lay him in a corner til it be night,  
And we shall conuay him or it be day light.  
The Abbot hath a close heer beside,  
Therein he hath a good horse vntide,  
Go and fetch him home at night,  
And bring him vnto me straight,  
And we shall set him there vpon in deed,  
And binde him fast so God me speed,

And giue him a long pole in his hand,  
Like as he would his ennies withstand.  
And vnder his arme we will it thrust,  
Like as he would fiercely iust.  
Fo[r] (she said) as ye wel knowe,  
The Abbot hath a Mare gentle and lowe,  
Which ambleth wel and trottesth in no wise,  
But in the morning when the Abbot dooth rise,  
He commaundeth his mare to him to be brought :  
For to see his workmen if they lack ought.  
And vpon the mare he rideth as I you tel,  
For to see and all things be wel.  
And when this Horse seeth this mare anon,  
Vnto her he wil lightly run or gone :  
When the Miller this vnderstood,  
He thought his wiues counsail was good.  
And held him wel therewith content,  
And ran for the horse verament,  
And when he the horse had fet at the last,  
Dane Hew vpon his back he cast ;  
And bound him to the horse ful sure,  
That he might the better indure,  
To ride as fast as they might ren ;  
Now shall ye knowe how the Miller did then,



He tooke the horse by the brydle anon,  
And Dane Hew sitting theron ;  
And brought him that of the mare he had a sight,  
Then the horse ran ful right.  
The Abbot looked a little him beside,  
And saw that Dane Hew toward him gan ride;  
And was almoste out of his minde for feare,  
When he saw Dane Hew come so neere,  
He cryed help for the looue of the trinitie,  
For I see wel that Dane Hew auenged wil be.  
Alas I am but a dead man !  
And with that from his mare he ran ;  
The abbots men ran on Dane Hew quickly,  
And gaue him many strokes lightly :  
With clubs and staues many one,  
They cast him to the earth anone ;  
So they killed him once again,  
Thus was he once hanged and foure times slaine ;  
And buried at the last as it was best,  
I pray God send vs all good rest.

Amen.



## NOTES TO PIERS OF FFULHAM.

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Page 117.

IN see in ryver, &c.

In se, in feld, and eke in ryvere.

*Life of Ipomydon*, v. 63.

In toun, in feld, in frith and fen.

*Minot's Poems*, p. 9.

Ibid.

What fishe, &c. Thus Plautus compares a slippery and uncertain fellow to an eel :

"Ps. Ecquid argutu' est? Ch. malorum facinorum  
sæpissime.

"Ps. Quid cum manifesto-tenetur? Ch. *anguilla et  
elabitur.*"

*Pseudolus*, A. II. Sc. iv. l. 57.

The excess in banqueting in Edward the Third's time was so great, that he was obliged in the seventeenth year of his reign to establish certain rules, forbidding any common man to have dainty dishes at his table, or costly drink.

Stowe says (Chron. p. 267,) at the marriage of Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III. with Violentia, the daughter of Galeasius the Second, Duke of Milan ; there was a rich feast, in which above thirty courses were served at the table, and the fragments that remained were more than sufficient to have served one thousand people.

The feast made in honour of the nuptials of King Henry the Fourth, with the Lady Jane of Navar, in the year 1403, consisted of six courses ; the first three were of flesh and fowls, the three last chiefly of fish.

In the first course of the wedding of Henry the Fourth, in 1403, we find *Fesaintys* ; in the second, *Partryche* ; in the third, *Woodecokke*, *Plover*, *Quaylys*, *Suytys*, and *Feldfare*. In the first course of fish, *Lampreys pouderyd*, *Pyke*, *Breme*, *Samoun rosty* ; in the second, *Samoun*, *Congre*, *Gurnarde*, *Lampreys in past* ; in the third, *Tenche embrace*, *Perchys*, *Lamprey roasted*, *Lochys*, and *Sturjoun*.

At the coronation feast of Catherine and Henry the Fifth, in 1419, we find *Pyke in erbage*, *Breme of the see*, and *Perche with goion*.

At the coronation feast of Henry the Sixth, 1429, was a *Heyron roasted*, *great pyke or luce*, and *Carps*.

In Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle are the following well-known verses :

Hops and turkies, carps and beer  
Came into England all in a year.

The opinion expressed in these lines was first controverted

by Walton in the Complete Angler; he says carp were introduced into this country by one Mr. Mascall about the year 1580. Juliana Barnes, who wrote her *Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an angle*, about the year 1400, or probably a little later, says, the carp "is a deyntous fysshe, but there ben but fewe in Englonde. And therfor I wryte the lasse of hym." This therefore was, no doubt, considered a rarity worthy to be placed "inter lanres mensasq: nitentes" of the coronation banquet of Henry the Sixth.

## Page 118.

"The Barbyll is a swete fysshe; but it is a quasy meete, and a peryllous for mannys body."—*The Treatyse of Fysshynge. W. de Worde*, 1496.

Could not the surging and distempered seas

Thy queasy stomacke gorged with sweet meats please.

*Verses on the Duke of Buckingham's Return from the Isle of Rees. MS. in Caii Coll. 143.*

## Page 119.

*Stew* also signifies a place of ill-fame, a brothel, in which sense it is used in Hycke-scorner.

"They twayne togyder had good sports;

"But at the stews syde I lost a grote:"

and farther on,

"At the stues we wyll lye to nyght,"

"And truly I thinke some of these places are little better than the stews and Brothell houses were in times past."—*Stubbes' Anatomy of Abuses*, p. 49.

## Page 119.

The cely fishes, &c. The verb *excuse* is used similarly in Hycke-scorner :

For and I had not *scused* me without fayle,  
By our lady, he wolde have lad me straye to jayle.

Also by Shakespeare,

And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
Myself condemned and myself *excus'd*.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, A. v. sc. iii.

## Page 120.

WARE, to *beware* ; warian, bewarian, A. S. the Gr. words *ᾠσσω* and *βλαπω*, answer to this, the latter of which in its primary signification means to see, in its secondary sense to take heed ; the same analogy may be remarked in the Sec. G. *War Videns*. "And but yf that a man be well ware how he goth, he may so doo he shall not come out agayn."—*Informacyon for Pylgrymes. W. de Worde*.

"Bot sho es war with his gilvy."

*Ywaine and Gawin*, v. 1604.

"Or ye bene war apoun you wil thay be."

*G. Dougl.* 4446.

*War* is also used in the sense of *aware off*.

" Off Nynve they wer *ware*."

*Richard Coer de Lion*, v. 636.

The word *WARE* is also used as an adjective, in which sense it is perhaps taken here ; *be a wise and prudent man* : thus in *Ywaine and Gawin*, v. 1241.

" He es cumen of hegh parage,

" And wonder doghty of vasselage,

" *War and wise* and ful curtayse."

Page 120.

*Off fiat elys*, &c. By a passage in Gammer Gurton's Needle, (Act II. sc. 1.) it may be inferred that eels in the reign of Edward the Sixth, were considered delicacies ;

" *Her eele*, Hodg ! who fisht of late ? *that was a dainty dish*."

Ibid.

*WARE*, *merchandise*, *goods*, *commodities*, &c. A. S. *waree* *merces*.

" Hue nolden take for huem raunsoun ne *ware*."

*A ballad against the French in Ritson's Antient Songs*, p. 22.

Page 122.

*PANTEIR*. S. a swoop net. F. *panthiere*, or better from *pantiere*, which come from the Greek *πανθηρα*, quia omnia obvia abripit.

" Tyll on morow when Tytan shone full dere

" The byrd was trappyd and cante wyth a pantera."

*Lydgates Chorl and the Byrde. MS.*

Page 123.

Finally he (Paul the Third) is a great astronomer, and so olde a man, that (as thei saie) for the most part he is nourished with the suck of a woman's breast : and to helpe his colde nature, hath, &c. &c.—*Thomas' Description of Italy*, p. 73, *Berthelett.* 1549.

" Wherefore he called his cone and prayed him for to  
" gyue hym a draught of muste. His sone answered and  
" sayd. That wyll not do for I must is not good for thy  
" complexyon."—*Gesta Romanorum. W. de Worde.*

" Also whan ye come to dyuers hauens be ware of fruytes.  
" that ye ete none for nothyng, as melons and such colde  
" fruytes, for they be not accordyng to oure complexion."  
—*Informacyon for Pylgr. W. de Worde.*

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LYME TWIGGES. S. twiggs covered with birdlime ; from  
the A. S. lime, bitumen, and twig, ramus.

" Thy lymetwyggs and panter I defy."

*The Tale of the Byrde and the Chorle, by  
Lydgate, MS. in Trin. Coll. Lib. Cant.*

" Comb down his hair ; look ! look ! it stands upright,

" Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul !"

*Hen. VI. p. 2. A. iii. S. 3.*



" You must lay lime, to tangle her desires."

*Two Gent. of Verona*, A. iii. S. 8.

" Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,

" The pit-fall, nor the gin."

*Macbeth*, A. iv. S. 2.

—" To birds the lime-twig, so

" Is love to man an everlasting foe."

*Fanshaw's Pastor Fido*, i. 4.

———" He throws,

" Like nets, or lime-twiggs, wheresoe'er he goes,

" His title of barrister."

*Donne*.

" York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

" Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings."

*Henry VI.* p. 2. A. ii. S. 4.

" Over her bylevith in folie,

" So in the lym doth the flye."

*King Alisaunder*, 419, 420.

LYCROUSE, adj. dainty-mouthed, or sweet-toothed :  
A. S. *llicera*, *gullcsus*.

" Let not Sir Surfeit sit on thy board :

z

" Love him not for he is lechyrous and licorous of tongue,  
 " And after many manner of meat his mawe is a hun-  
 gered."

*Pierce Plowman's Vision.*

" Certayne it is, that this life of ours is a continuall  
 " warrefare, a pitchte felde, wherein, as the lickerous  
 " toungue of our mother ene hath justly pruked the Lorde,"  
*&c.—Playes confuted in fise actions, by Step. Gosson. Lond.*  
*12mo. n. d. b. l.*

In the time of Elizabeth, they dined at one o'clock ;  
 and such as eat suppers most commonly sat down to meat  
 about seven o'clock in the evening, or a little before. In  
 Mary's reign, the hour of supper at court seems to have  
 been still earlier ; for in Fox's Martyrs, Weston promises  
 Bradford that he would go and say evening song before the  
 Queen, and speak to her in his [Bradford's] behalf ; but  
 [he adds] it is to be thought that the Queen had almost  
 supped at that present, for it was past six of the clock.

In an account (in Anthony Wood's life) of the extraor-  
 dinary custom at Merton College, of the indignity fresh  
 men then endured, we are told the fellows would go to  
 supper at six o'clock [this was in the year 1647].

And nowe a dayes, if the Table be not couered from the  
 one ende to the other, as thicke as one dish can stand by  
 an other, with delicate meate of sundrie sortes, one cleane  
 different from an other, and to euery dishe a searall sauce  
 appropriate to hys kinde, it is thought there unworthy the  
 name of a dinner: yea, so many disbes shal you haue

pestering the table at once, as the unsaciabest fellow, the devouringst glutton, or the greediest comorant that euer was, can scarce eate of euery one a little. And these many shal you haue at the first course, and as many at the second, and peradventure, more at the third: besides other sweete condiments, and delicate confections, of spicerie, and I can not tell what. And to these dainties, all kinde of wines are not wanting, you may bee sure. Oh what nisitie is this: what vanitie, excesse, riott, and superfluitie is heere: Oh farewell former worlde: for I have heard my father say, that in his dayes, one dishe or two, of good wholesome meate, was thought sufficient for a man of great worshippe to dine withall, and if they had three or foure kinds, it was reputed a sumptuous feast. A good peece of beefe was thought then, good meate, and able for the best, but now, it is thought too grosse for their tender stomackes to digest.—*Anatomie of Abuses*, p. 59.

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And hereby it appeareth, that no people in the world, are so curious in *new fangles*, as they of Aligna bee.—*Stubbe's Anat. of Abuses*, p. 7.

And licentious in all their wayes, whiche easely appeareth by their apparell, and newfangled fashions, eury day inuented.—*Stubbe's Anat. of Abuses*, p. 47.

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Save *rezenoupers*, &c.

The public suppers of the Normans were generally fol-

lowed by dancing ; and that by the rear-supper, or collation, consisting of spiced cakes and medicated wines.

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JAFE, v. to mock, deride, delude. Skinner deduces it from the F. Gaber, and gives it the respective meanings of comprimere, stuprare, vitiare.

Jamieson from the A. S. geap, fraudulentus.

JAFE, s. a jest. From this word is derived gibe, to jeer ; jybe, in the Yorkshire dialect, and signifies sport, jest, &c.

“ He gan his beste japes forth to caste,

“ And made her so to laugh at his folie.”

“ Wherefore notwithstanding that thou speak rebukefully to me, I tak it in iape.”—*Pasquil the Playne*.

“ Now thus it appereth that it is but a iape and a vanite.”—*Miles and Clericus*, p. 10.

“ And all his ernest tourneth to a iape.”

*The Mill. Tale*, 281.

In the sense of insulting over those under our subjection :

“ The God of love deliverly

“ Came lepande to me hastily,

“ And sayid to me in grete jape

“ Yelde the, for thou maie not escape.”

*Chauc. Rom. Rose*. 1927.

Gawin Douglas applies the word to the Trojan horse,

" Vnder the feit of this ilk bysnyng jaip."  
46, 47.

" Quhat wenys fulis this sexte buk be bot japis."  
*Prol.* 158. 16.

" To harberie that iaip."  
*Watson's Collect.* v. ii. p. 22.

" Thus in Braband has he bene,  
" Whare he bifore was seldom sene,  
" For to prove thaire japes."

*Minot's Poems*, p. 23.

" The two knyghtys grete yapys made."  
*The Erle of Tolous*, v. 697.

" He had a jape of malice in the derk."  
*Coke's Prol.* v. 4336.

" A litel jape that fell in our citee."  
*ib.* 4341.

" As he did erst, and all n'as but a jape."  
*Chauc.* v. 16780.

" That when the ende is known, all will turn to a jape."  
—*Gammer Gurton's Needle*.

" Also take good hede to your knyues and other small  
japes.—*Informacyon for Pylgrymes*.

" The pilfryng pastime of a crue of apes.  
" Sporting themselves with their conceited japes."  
*Longate verses*, &c.

" I jape not, for that I say weill I knaw."

*G. Douglas*, 41, 34.

" Thetis hath so bejaped Deidamie."

*Gower*.

—Be japed with a mowe.

*Gower. Conf. Am. f. 68. a.*

" Nay jape not hym, he is no smal fole."

*Skelton*, p. 236.

It was also used in another sense :—Now have ye other vicious manners of speech, but sometimes and in some cases tolerable, and chiefly to the intent to moove laughter and to make sport, or to give it some prety strange grace ; and is when we use such wordes as may be drawn to a foule and unshamefast sence, as one that should say to a young woman, I pray you let me jape with you, which is indeed no more but let me sport with you. Yea, and though it were not so directly spoken, the very sounding of the word were not commendable, as he that in the presence of ladies would use this common proverbe :

Jape with me, but hurt me not,

Bourde with me, but shame me not.

For it may be taken in another perverser sense by that sorte of persons that heare it, in whose eares no such matter ought almost to be called in memory.—*Puttenham. Art of Eng. Poetry*, B. III. c. 22.

For he japed my wyfe, and made me cuckold.

*Hyche-Scorner*.

A man may, &c.—Herrick has an epigram on this sentiment :

“ Haste is unhappy : what we rashly do  
 “ Is both unluckie, I, and foolish too :  
 “ Where war with rashnesse is attempted there,  
 “ The Soldiers leave the field with equall feare.

*Hesperides*, p. 99.

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Stubbes, in noticing “ the speedy decay of those that geue themselves to daintie fare,” says, “ doth not the whole bodie become pursie, and corpulent, yea sometimes decrepite withall, and full of all filthie corruption ?”

*Ibid.*

At the time of Henry II. kings sat at meat attended by their physicians ; which is confirmed by what Robert of Glocester says, for king Henry the First desirous to eat of a lamprey that was brought to the table, was advised by his physicians to forbear, because it was unwholesome for him :

He wylled of a lampreye to ete  
 But hys leches hym verbede, vor yt was a feble mete.

Leche was a term applied to all men who practised physic : the word is still retained in some counties ; a cow doctor is called a cow leche.

*Ibid.*

Allway kepe, &c.

And, when there is no *more inke in the pen*,  
 I wyll make a shift, as wel as other men.

*Lusty Juventus.*

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LYVELOODE, livelihood, liban, M.G. libban. A.S. to live. Hood, in composition, placed after a noun, signifies office, way of life, &c. and is perhaps derived from οδός, Gr. οδοῦ του βίου ταύτην τὴν οδὸν ἐπορεύθησαν.—Isoc.

“ And learn to labour with hand ; for *live-lode* is sweet.”

*Pierce Ploughman.*

“ And by this *lyve-lod* I must live till Lammas time.”

*Ibid.*

THE END.



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